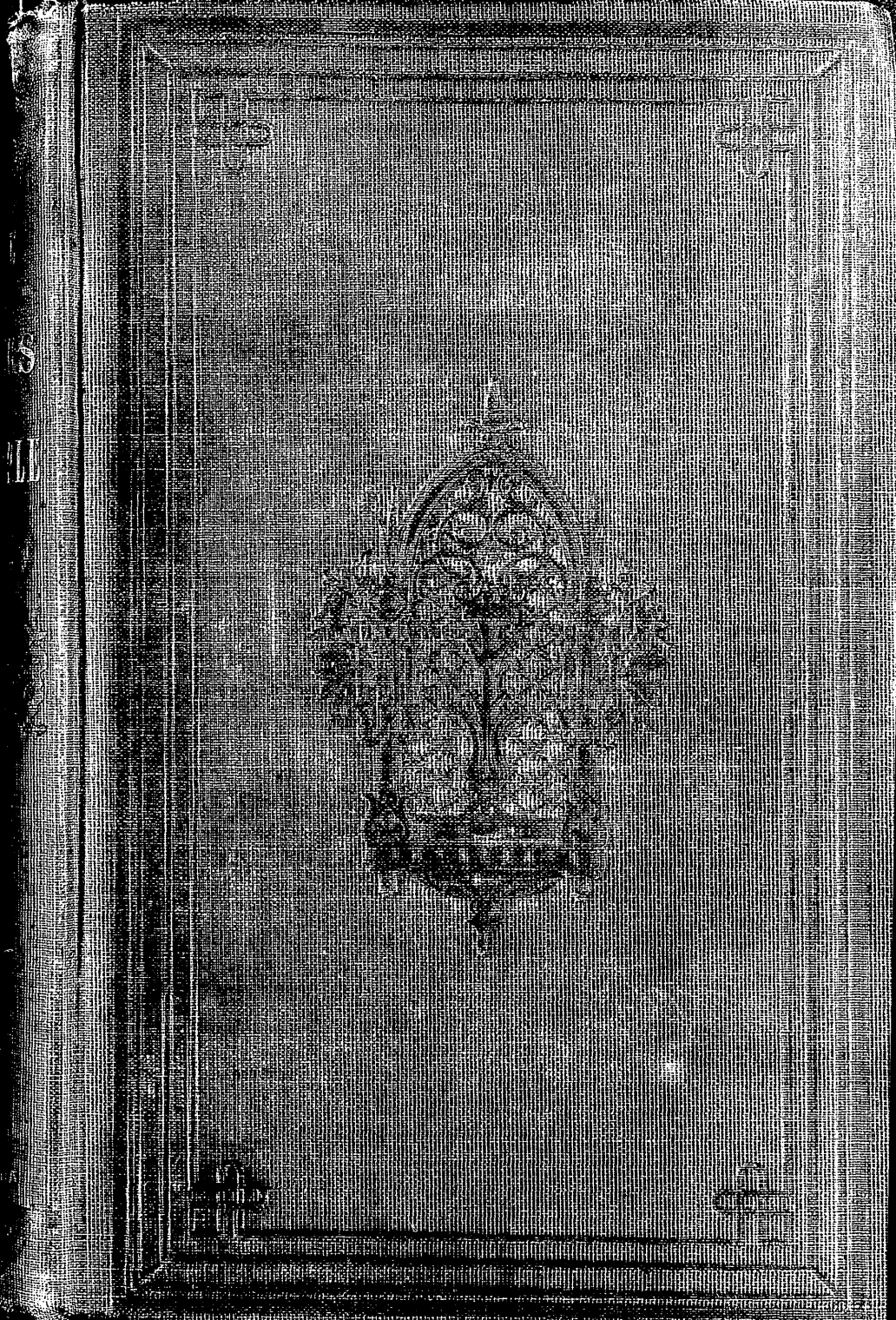

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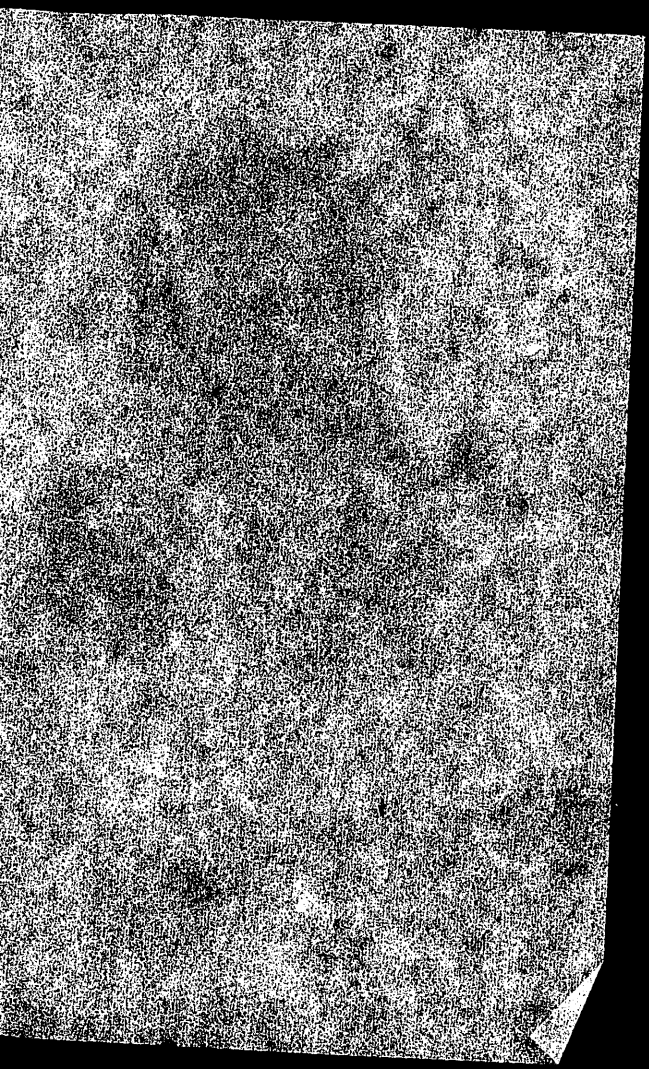


LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

REV. DANIEL TEMPLE,

FOR

TWENTY-THREE YEARS A MISSIONARY OF THE A. B. C. F. M IN WESTERN ASIA.

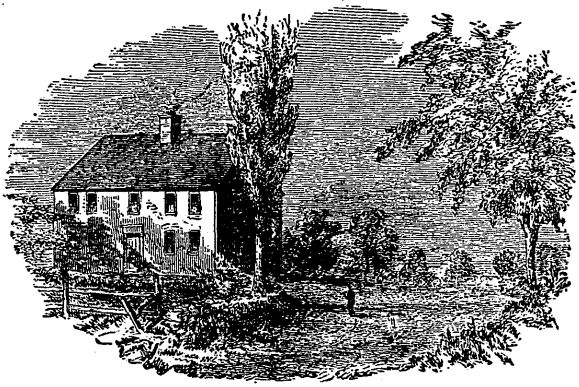
BY HIS SON,

REV. DANIEL H. TEMPLE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

BY

REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D.



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PREFACE.

THIS book has not been prepared as a tribute to the loved memory of one departed, but as a precious offering to the living. Affection and gratitude and deep esteem have not been wanting to prompt in surviving members of the family the desire that a Memorial of the departed Husband and Father should be given to the world; but the appearance of this volume is not to be ascribed to these feelings. It is issued not to cherish and honor the memory of the dead; but to edify and cheer and inspire living pilgrims on their way to the better land.

The pious thoughts and scriptural meditations and spiritual exercises of eminent Christians are the most precious legacy they can bequeathe the church. Like light and air, they should be the common possession of all. To hoard them up and garner them away, or to suffer them to be hid from the light and buried in oblivion, is an injustice by which many are defrauded of that which might have fed and watered and nourished and strengthened them in their Christian life.

The contents of the volume have been selected from about fifteen hundred letters. It will be noticed that very few appear to some, and none to others, of Mr. Temple's well-known friends. This is owing to the perishing of the letters to one friend in a conflagration at Constantinople, to the detention of those to another by the Austrian police at Vienna, and to the unexplained loss of a valuable package of select letters in course of transmission to the compiler. The numerous and valuable letters to Mr. Temple's sons are chiefly reserved for use in another form.

The compiler cannot omit to acknowledge his indebtedness to his Mother for her advice and aid in selecting, arranging, and combining the varied contents of the volume. Whatever of merit may characterize the preparation of the book, is due in no small measure to her taste and judgment and unwearied pains. With the fond, filial satisfaction which kindles in the heart of the son, who now sends forth the Life and Letters of a pious and beloved father, mingle gratitude and joy that this grateful notice of the part borne by her in the work, will meet the eye and gladden the heart of the surviving wife and mother.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

FEW men have lived who have borne more distinctively the impress of the Saviour's image, than the subject of the following Memoir. Others may have been more distinguished by genius, learning, brilliancy, and force of mind, though in these respects no deficiency appeared; but none have been more distinguished by simple and fervid piety, nor by unreserved consecration to the work of the Lord; even Herod observing him, must have recognized him as "a just man and HOLY;" not wanting in wisdom and affection, nor in activity and devotedness to the interests of humanity, his eye was yet turned first and last to God and the remembrance of his holiness; preëminently he lived in the atmosphere of heaven, and threw around him influences derived from intimate communion with the Father of Spirits. Holiness like that of God was the end for which he lived, the object of his constant aspirations, the element in which he had his being, the wide sea in which he daily bathed, and on whose bosom he rode securely into the haven of everlasting rest. The unvarying tenor of his life manifested this; his every-day occupations and ordinary social intercourse revealed it; for none could pass a half hour with him in any circumstances without perceiving that he was not of the world even as Christ was not of the world, but had his conversation in heaven.

His love of the Bible, though not singular in its kind, was extraordinary in its degree; literally, it was his medita-

tion by day and by night—the man of his counsel, the guide of his life, and the constant refreshment of his spirit; when not in his hand, it ever lay open on his desk; he studied it as a scholar, pondered it as a disciple, fed upon it as both meat and drink, and regaled himself with its perfumes, as if freshly exhaled from the bowers of Paradise; it dwelt within him richly, and was as living waters perennially welling up and creating beautiful oases in the desert around him; no subject was either so common or abstract, that upon his lips it dwelt not as a heaven-inspired theme, presenting eternal truths vividly to his mind. In common conversation, his language was eminently the language of the Holy Spirit, as his thoughts were the thoughts that dwell in the mind of God; so that one enjoying the privilege of his society, felt himself the companion of a fellow-citizen with all the saints, while listening to the breathings of his piety and devotion.

In his veneration for the Scriptures, and the diligence with which he treasured them in his heart, is discovered the secret of the unwonted spirituality that marked his course, from the first hour of his conversion to God down to the last moment of life. Whatever were his toils and conflicts, his duties or temptations; whatever his sphere of labor, in the field or the study, at the fireside or in the pulpit, in his native land or on foreign shores; whatever the character of those around him, friends or enemies, Christians or infidels; and whatever his circumstances of prosperity and joyfulness, or adversity and sorrow, the Lord was alway set before him;—he felt the beaming light of his eye, heard the accents of his voice, and saw his footsteps in every aspect and event of life; not a leaf trembled in the breeze, nor the foundations of the earth shook,—not a tear-drop glistened in another's eye, nor the fountains of grief broke up in his own bosom,—not a wing cut the air, nor a sword devoured flesh;—nor did a fellow-mortal die, or a kingdom fall in pieces, but to bear his mind upward to Him, who "weigheth

the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance," who "commandeth the morning, and causeth the dayspring to know his place."

Strong and sanctified were his native sympathies. Whoever rejoiced, he rejoiced with them, and wept with them that wept, for few are the joys or sorrows incident to humanity with which experience had not made him acquainted; and remembering that he himself was still in the body, needing support and consolation from above, he was never slow to impart instruction adapted to the diversified conditions of those about him, from his treasured stores of revealed truth.

No man ever believed more firmly or studied more carefully the providence of God, as concerned in all passing events, and directing every movement in the kingdoms of nature and of men; and, though too self-distrustful to attempt the interpretation of God's special designs in his dispensations, or a decision upon individual character in the light of them, he fairly expounded the general principles of Divine administration, and urged their faithful application. Deeply he felt his own ignorance of the vast profound of Divine counsels, but with other

> "Wise men and good,
> Accused himself, not God; and put his hand
> Upon his mouth, and in the dust adored,"

rejoicing fervently in the assurance of the perfect Righteousness that holds the throne. For him, it was enough to know that God has made of one blood all the nations of men that dwell on the earth; and that every man, wherever placed, and of whatever moral character or relations to himself, is his brother, and entitled to his sympathies and fraternal regards.

Prayer was his habitual occupation. If ever man prayed without ceasing, it was he; whether silent, or speaking with

a friend, — whether engaged in grave discussions, or lighter topics of conversation, the spirit of devotion ever shone in his countenance and animated his frame. On no theme did he better love to dwell in sermon, counsel, or free converse with his friends, than communion with his God and Saviour. In social and public prayer, the simplicity of his manner, the beauty of his language, the touching aptness of his scriptural quotations and allusions, the tender pathos of his appeals to God's compassions and the wonderful love of Jesus, the humility of his confessions, the gratefulness of his acknowledgments, the importunity of his petitions, the breadth and earnestness of his intercessions, never failed to render the spiritual listener more spiritual, and the most careless bystander solemn; heaven seemed present, while he wrestled with the angel of the covenant, as though his eye were opened on the invisible world, and as though he were standing amid scenes of grandeur and purity that no man can see and live; but his communion with God habitually was like that of a man with his friend, and gave to his face a lustre like that of Moses descending from the mount.

Tender and strong was his "love of the brethren." The image of the Saviour, wherever discovered, called out his warmest affections; nor did it concern him to know what denominational banner waved over the head of a Christian brother, for it was enough that he resembled Christ though imperfectly, in meekness, self-denial, and devotedness. If he had occasion to reprove a brother, he did it rather by turning the eye upon him like Jesus, than by the words of his lips; — or, if constrained to speak in the language of rebuke, it was with a simplicity and tearfulness that disarmed resentment, and became an excellent oil on the head. Though maintaining an elevated standard of piety, and even abasing himself in the dust before God, he saw the defects of his brethren as though he saw them not, carefully avoiding a censoriousness that wounds without benefit, and gives pain

without alleviation, while he labored earnestly to promote their sanctification and spiritual enjoyment. Nothing more rejoiced his heart than the visible progress in the Divine life of all who had named the name of Christ; for this he labored as for his own salvation, and the recovery of the world from Sin's dominion.

To his undying love of Jesus, as the all-sufficient Saviour of lost men, not a sermon, nor an exhortation, nor a prayer, nor a conversation, nor an epistle from his pen, fails to bear witness; this was the ruling passion of his soul; and to give it full indulgence, he pursued his various studies with diligence, disciplined his mind with carefulness, sought all knowledge with eagerness, and poured forth the treasures of his influence with copiousness; and, whether he explored fields of natural or theological science, nestled in the bosom of private friendship, or threw himself into the battle field of principalities and powers, — whether he traversed his native hills and vales, or crossed oceans and scaled mountains, or penetrated the recesses of iniquity, it was the love of Christ that constrained him, the instructions of Christ that guided him, — the example of Christ that encouraged him, — and the prospective companionship of Christ that elevated him above life's corroding anxieties; with him, Christ was the first and the last, the centre and circumference, of all that is precious and glorious in the universe; because Christ toiled and wept, suffered and died, he too gloried in toils and tears, in sufferings and deaths oft. His own unworthiness and guilt were ever present to his eye, and he felt himself the chief of sinners, deserving of endless death; hence, when he met the eye of Christ turned upon him with compassion, and felt within him the spirit of adoption, constraining the cry Abba, Father, astonishment at the riches of Grace overwhelmed him, and he exclaimed,

"O, to grace how great a debtor!"

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

If these allusions to a few of the many strongly marked features in the character of one that "Jesus loved," be allowed to a heart full charged with sentiments of fraternal affection, as the result of long acquaintance and confiding friendship — nothing more will be claimed in the form of "Introductory Notice," but the assurance that these and their kindred excellences will be found expanded and illustrated felicitously by his own and the compiler's pen in the volume now presented to the Christian public; not a page nor a sentence here will any warm-hearted disciple wish blotted; nor is there a sentiment or aspiration that every such disciple will not desire to make his own. Who is ever wearied with the lives of Brainerd, of Martyn, of Payson, or of Felix Neff! and what renders them ever fresh and ever new? The same inextinguishable love of Jesus, and entireness of consecration to the service of God, that eminently distinguished them in their generation, and identified them with the apostles of Christ, just as they distinguish "the man of God," whose portrait adorns, and whose developed resemblances to the Saviour beautify and enrich each succeeding page.

R. S. S.

BRAINTREE, Nov. 21, 1854.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

PART I.

EARLY LIFE.

DANIEL TEMPLE, the subject of this Memoir, was born at Reading, Mass., December 23, 1789. He was the first-born of thirteen children, of whom six died before him, and six still live. His parents were Daniel and Sarah Beard Temple. They were both pious, and trained their children faithfully in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The father was for many years before his death an officer in the church in his native place. His means were never large, and his family were trained to habits of industry and thrift. The village in which they lived was inhabited by a quiet and industrious people, most of them plain, substantial farmers, or mechanics. It was blessed with excellent gospel privileges, and the usual opportunities then afforded for a common school education. A strong religious sentiment prevailed. There was but one church in the place, and to that nearly all the inhabitants sustained the rela-

tion of church or parish members. The Assembly's Catechism was taught in the common school as regularly as any other branch of study. The Sabbath was a day of sacred and quiet rest.

Amid these influences, Mr. Temple passed quietly the first twenty years of his life. His taste for study was marked. He was a bright and correct scholar. To his parents he was ever dutiful and affectionate.

Mr. Temple's conversion occurred during a pentecostal season in Reading, when he was in his twenty-first year; and in December, 1810, he made an open confession of Christ before men, and became a member of the church in his native place. The change effected by his conversion was not slight and transitory, but deep and abiding. For a season, it led him to delight so much in solitude and meditation, that he usually walked to church across the fields alone, and constantly sought retirement. He rarely in after life spoke of his feelings at this time, but sometimes mentioned with deep emotion the unutterable delight he experienced, when first able to look up to God as his reconciled Father, and the joy and gratitude which overflowed in his heart, when he was made a visible member of the church.

His attachment to his pastor, Rev. Peter Sanborn, was very strong. He hung upon his words and drank them in with eager delight. They seemed to him in his new state almost like what the words of Christ were, "meat indeed and drink indeed."

A third of a century after this time, in writing to a son, he mentioned him as follows:—

"I once listened to him as to the voice of an angel, as an ambassador of God, and the earliest and most

permanent impressions of my heart were made by words uttered by his lips, and rendered quick and powerful by the energies of the Holy Spirit. I can never cease to remember and love and reverence that good man. How often did my heart throb with unutterable emotions of joy and gratitude in the sanctuary, when I united with him in prayer, and listened to the joyful sound of the glorious gospel from his lips! I felt, and had good reason to feel, that I was sitting in heavenly places in Christ. May his last days be as joyful and happy ever to him, as the first days of my young Christian hopes were to me."

During this winter, the perusal of Dr. Buchanan's Christian Researches in India, awakened in him feelings which resulted in a decision to become a missionary to the heathen. With this in view, he immediately commneced a course of preparatory study at Phillips Academy in Andover, where he remained two years, under the instruction of the venerable John Adams.

From Andover he went, in 1813, to Dartmouth College, where he continued through the four years' course of study, until his graduation in 1817, meeting most of his expenses by teaching grammar and singing schools, and receiving a small annual allowance from the funds of Union Academy, N. H.

During his college life a memorable revival of religion occurred, of which he spoke in after years as adding exceedingly to the profit and interest of his course.

The well-known conflict between the college and the authorities of the State, produced at one time

during these years a great excitement, in which the students took sides with the college officers, and Mr. Temple spoke facetiously sometimes of having gone "sword in hand" on one occasion, to guard the library and prevent the opposite party from taking forcible possession of it.

In college, he was distinguished for his conscientious and devout character. Seldom does a college student leave behind him the memory of equally exemplary and active piety. His Christian fidelity resulted apparently in not a few conversions. Several persons are known to the writer, who were led to attend seriously to their eternal interests, and devote themselves to the ministry, through his father's faithful efforts. Some of these have finished their course, and may be named. The late and lamented Prof. Fiske, of Amherst College, was one, and spoke to the writer, who was his pupil, of the affectionate and grateful interest with which he remembered Mr. T.'s faithfulness to him, when they were fellow-students at Dartmouth. To his winning earnestness of entreaty he ascribed, under God, the saving change in his heart. The father of John M. Mead, was induced to study for the ministry, by his urgent solicitations. Other names might be added, but they are less known.

The esteem in which Mr. Temple's character was held in college, is indicated by the fact that a lady in Hanover invited him to board gratuitously for some time in her family, for the sake of his influence upon her boarders.

After graduating at Dartmouth, Mr. Temple returned to Andover, and passed three years in theo-

logical study. He was one of those privileged to enjoy the teachings of Professors Woods, Porter, and Stuart, for all of whom he ever expressed feelings of deep respect and affection.

He was not less interested in doing good while at the seminary, than he had been in college.

An extract from a letter from one of his early friends, will show the character of those efforts:—

"In looking back over a period of more than thirty years, to those few weeks of vacation which he repeatedly spent in my father's family at Portsmouth, while an Andover student, much do I remember of the spiritual greatness, if I may so speak, which surrounded your excellent husband when a young man,—much of the strength and sublimity of his piety, resulting from his 'walk with God,'—much of his habit of prayer, formed, I believe, at the very commencement of his Christian life. Much do I remember, of his love for his Bible,—*his book*,—the book which impressed itself on every line of his character with the seal of apostleship. He loved to repeat it from Genesis to Revelation. It was a good commentary to hear him. Well do I remember the enthusiasm with which he dwelt on the rich imagery of the prophets, the far-reaching consolations of the Psalms, and more than all, how he loved to linger about the pathway of his Saviour through all his journey to the cross! How many times in all these years have I thought of him when meeting these very passages in the Bible, as we remember a favorite line of poetry uttered by some dear friend.

"He longed to have others love the Bible as he did, and gather riches from the same exhaustless

mine where he obtained treasure for an eternity. To most observers he walked apart from this busy world. To say, 'he was early weaned from it,' does not seem correct.

"I do not believe he ever loved it. But yet in his walks through it, though often stepping aside to commune with the unseen and the longed for, there was nothing wanting of the genial, the kind, sympathetic, and warm-hearted elements of character.

"You are aware that when Mr. Temple was connected with the Seminary at Andover, it was customary for many of the students to pass the vacation in the neighboring cities for the benevolent purpose of aiding the pastors of churches as missionaries; voluntarily assuming these self-denying labors for their Master's sake. Golden harvests were gathered by these devoted young men; and among the more favored, were Mr. Temple and his beloved associate Goodell. During one of these visits at Portsmouth, in his senior year, Mr. Temple was invited to extend his labors to Newcastle Island, which presented a most interesting field of usefulness in connection with the fort and navy yard established by Government. There are many living who yet remember the rich fruits gathered by these young men, Temple and Goodell, forming an era in the history of that island. The little band of Christians were strengthened, and others brought to the fold, among whom was Dr. G., a surgeon at the fort, a gentleman of great worth and intelligence, but whose ear had, till this period, remained closed to the invitations of the Gospel. To the earnest appeals and mild persuasions of the young missionary, he listened with

courtesy and respectful attention. Attention gave way to surprise at hearing unwelcome truths exhibited so clearly and forcibly. Still, Dr. G. could not absent himself. The ear was opened; the casement of skepticism which had surrounded the intellect of the strong man gave way, and he bowed down like a little child. I remember the glistening eye and trembling accent with which he first spoke of the love of Christ at my father's house, his hair, already silvered, just turning to go down the slope of life. What an influence followed this fearless but heaven-directed effort! High in office, commanding in position, with great urbanity of manners and kindness of heart, Dr. G. laid all his life-long acquirements at the feet of his Saviour, and from that period, till the hour of his joyful release, he labored for Christ.

"It was an affecting incident, that after the return of the wornout missionary from the East, on a visit to the western world, he called one evening at the house of a friend. A portrait hung on the wall which instantly fastened his attention. 'That face seems very familiar to me,' said Mr. Temple. 'It is my father, *Dr. G!*' replied the lady. Nearly thirty years ago, and on a spot a thousand miles distant, he led that man to the Saviour, and was now permitted to recognize the beloved features again. They are together now, before the throne.

"I used to think it a high privilege to sit in the room with Dr. Payson, to listen to his words, to breathe the same atmosphere. The same thing could be said of your husband. It is difficult to define the power, impossible to measure the extent of influence connected with a man of this stamp. The same

Christlike spirit dwelt in both, the same communion with heaven, the same love of the Bible, the same delight in exalting the Saviour above 'every name that is named in heaven or earth.' Let us ever ascribe to the glory of the Saviour all that we love to cherish in both. What a loss to the world when such lips of prayer are forever closed! What a treasure to the world when such a life of prayer can forever be remembered!"

During the years of academical, collegiate, and theological study, Mr. Temple's class mate and room mate was William Goodell, a name too well known to need more than bare mention. It is rarely the case that persons are found more unlike in almost every natural trait, but it is equally rare for persons to conceive for each other a stronger and more lasting attachment. From their long intimacy, and known affection, their names have come to be indissolubly associated at Andover and Dartmouth.

After they had known each other intimately more than thirty years, Mr. Temple wrote as follows to Mr. Goodell concerning the friendship between them:—

"When will the time come in which Christians will with one mind and one mouth glorify God! Nothing but the mind that was in Christ can lead to this happy result. Two persons can hardly be found on earth whose natural habits and temperament are more unlike, than yours and mine naturally were, and still I am inclined to think that two cannot easily be found whose views and thoughts are more alike than ours now are on most subjects. The happiest men in the world we should surely be, if, daily

sitting at the feet of Christ and beholding as in a glass his glory, we should become perfectly changed into his image. I long to see the last lineament in my natural image vanish for ever before the lovely and holy image of Christ rising up in my soul. May this image be perfect in us, our dear wives, and our children! What would heaven be without this! Restore this to the world, and heaven would come down to earth."

Both of these beloved friends were extremely fond of singing, and to this day is cherished by the older residents of Andover, the memory of the singing at the Seminary chapel, during the years passed there by them, and beloved associates of theirs, sweet singers also.

Before completing his course of studies, Mr. Temple offered himself to the A. B. C. F. M., and was accepted as a missionary, and designated to Palestine.

The missionary cause had not then obtained the hold upon the churches which it has now, and it was considered very desirable that he should pass a year in the service of the Board at home, before going abroad. The sphere of his labors was eastern and central Massachusetts, and they were very successful. He was received with great kindness and cordiality wherever he went, and formed many friendships which endured through his lifetime.

In a letter to his parents he said: —

"My business sends me into the society of some of the excellent of the earth, and it has often cheered me to see how much they feel interested

in my success and happiness. In all parts of our land, there are a few hidden and precious ones, whose prayers and alms are a constant memorial before God."

Mr. Temple's natural temperament unfitted him to enjoy travelling. He was always very domestic and systematic in his habits, and loved quiet and retirement too well to be happy when brought much into public notice. In his earliest correspondence may be found the complaint which he always made when away from his settled home, of not having sufficient opportunity for secret prayer and meditation. In the letter mentioned above, he says:—

"I painfully feel the want of that sacred retirement which I could enjoy and did enjoy when I was not obliged to fall almost every day and every hour into the society of strangers. Religion can hardly live without the nourishment it finds in retirement The breath of this world will blast it, and make it wither. If I did not feel that it would be hiding my talent in the earth, I would sink at once into retirement, and the great world should never see me again. But this I dare not think of doing. It is a privilege to be employed in any way in advancing the kingdom of God, however painful and unwelcome the labors of such an enterprise may be."

The Palestine Missionary Society, a cordial and efficient auxiliary of the A. B. C. F. M., was formed in connection with these labors in south-eastern Massachusetts. It undertook to support him in the missionary field, and has always paid into the treasury of the Board, more than enough to redeem this

pledge. He frequently corresponded with it while in foreign lands, ever cherishing a grateful remembrance of its early founders.

After spending a year in these labors at home, he set his face toward Palestine. He was ordained at North Bridgewater, Oct. 3, 1821. On this occasion Rev. Dr. Storrs preached the sermon, Rev. Daniel Thomas gave the charge, and Rev. S. Green, the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Isaac Bird, afterward a missionary in Syria, was ordained at the same time.

In alluding to his ordination in a letter written a month afterward, Mr. Temple said: —

"The day was one of the most interesting of my life. The sermon was full of pathos, and celestial inspiration."

Missionary ordinations were not so frequent at that period as they have since become, and very great interest was felt in these services by the good people of N. Bridgewater and its vicinity.

Mr. Temple was married December 4, 1821, at Littleton, to Miss Rachel B. Dix, daughter of Col. Timothy Dix, of Boscawen, N. H. His acquaintance with her had been formed many years before, while teaching at Boscawen, during a vacation from college.

A few days after his marriage he bade his parents farewell, and came to Boston to embark for Malta, to which island it had been determined he should first go for a short time, the political condition of Turkey and Syria at that time rendering it unsafe for a missionary family to settle there. It was expected that Mr. and Mrs. Temple's residence there would be short, and that while on the island, he

would be able to prepare tracts and books for circulation in Italy, Greece, and Turkey. In anticipation of this, a number of benevolent gentlemen in Boston provided a printing-press to be taken out with him.

The vessel in which Mr. and Mrs. Temple were to sail, delayed its departure two or three weeks later than they had expected. It was trying, after making preparations to leave, and bidding their nearest friends farewell, to be detained thus. But to this, as to all the other trials of his patience, he submitted quietly. To the friend who was ordained with him, and expected soon to join him in the Mediterranean, he wrote thus: —

Boston, December 18, 1821.

Dear Brother, — Contrary to my hopes and expectations, we are detained in town several days beyond the time appointed for sailing. I know not why it should be ordered thus; but as it is the allotment of Infinite Wisdom, I cannot doubt that it is right. I thank you for your acceptable letter, but regret that your pen was called, instead of your lips, to express the kind feeling of your heart. It is an affliction to me, that I am called to visit the Mediterranean unaccompanied by yourself and brother Goodell. The brig in which we take our passage is to sail on Sabbath next; but I am praying that our departure may not be on the Sabbath day, though it must be in the winter.

I am so much distracted with new and perplexing cares, that I can hardly tell you what my feelings are. Taking leave of my parents and friends at Reading made a much greater demand on me than I

had anticipated. It cost me many tears, but would not allow me to say many words. The *agony*, however, was transient, but the scene will never fade from my memory. I have left them, and now am going to put my trust under the shadow of Jehovah. I would not go back; the work is a good one; a work in which I think it will be my happiness to spend my life.

Before finally sailing, Mr. Temple preached, at the Old South Church, in Boston, a farewell sermon, which was published.

The long wished hour at last came, and on the 2d of January, 1822, Mr. and Mrs. Temple embarked on the brig Cyprus, Captain Dixon. By the return of the pilot, they sent to his parents a line, from which the following extract is taken, to show with what feelings they sailed.

At Sea, January 2, 1822.

I cannot consent to sail in this delightful manner without telling you how happy we are. The wind is blowing us away at the rate of ten miles an hour, and every thing is as pleasant as we could expect in such a situation. While the wind is wafting us away, our affections are going back to greet our dear friends behind. With ten thousand affections we are, dear parents, yours,

D. TEMPLE,
R. D. TEMPLE.

PART II.

RESIDENCE AT MALTA

1822.

The voyage to Malta was tedious, for its length, but not otherwise unpleasant. One violent gale was experienced, of which he wrote the following account in a letter to his parents: —

"The storm commenced with loud thunder and vivid lightning, which at sea is far more solemn and awful than on the land. During the storm, I and all the passengers were extremely sick in our berths. We all succeeded, however, in creeping on deck to witness the sublime and wonderful scene that opened around us on all sides. The wind roared aloud, a thick mist hung on the face of the deep, the waves mounted up to the skies, and carried us and our little bark along with them to an alarming height, and then plunged us down into a depth which seemed to threaten at every moment to be our grave. The foam that rode on the top of the waves gave them the appearance of dark rocky mountains covered with snow. Till that moment I had never seen the justice and beauty of that common expression, 'the mountain wave.'"

After a passage of fifty days, the vessel anchored at noon on the 22d of February, in the harbor of Valetta, the capital of Malta, and two days after the passengers were released from quarantine.

On landing, they were hospitably received and entertained at the house of Rev. S. S. Wilson, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, until, after a number of weeks, they went to their own hired house. The following extracts from letters to his friends, will give an idea of Mr. Temple's employments and feelings during these first scenes of his missionary life.

Malta, February 23, 1822.

My dear Parents, — I can only tell you that a kind Providence has constantly watched over us by day and by night. To me, the most unpleasant circumstance on our voyage has been that I could never enjoy a moment's retirement. The officers, the passengers, and crew, have treated me with great civility, and I wish I could say that the topic of religion has always, when introduced, been cherished as a welcome friend. I have seen happier periods than that which has passed since I left America, and I am not without hopes of seeing happier periods again. I have found some refreshing seasons when night had hushed our cabin to silence, and buried its inmates in slumber.

February 25.

Yesterday we set our feet on land, and were received very cordially. I cannot impart to you an idea of our feelings, when we first trod on firm land. We wept with mingled emotions of joy, gratitude,

and hope, known only to those in a similar situation.

There are many persons here, who speak English. The houses are spacious, the rooms from fifteen to thirty feet high, all of stone, and of course, at this season, very cold. Large and beautiful oranges are hanging on the trees in the gardens. Yesterday we had a fine melon on our table.

April 20.

Absence and distance do not in the slightest degree diminish my filial affection toward you; on the contrary I remember you with greater interest, than when I was within a hundred miles of your favored dwelling. I am happy, however, in assuring you that I find myself far more pleasantly situated in this island than I had any reason to expect. My life, I trust, is not passing away without profit to myself and others. It affords me great pleasure that I am allowed an opportunity of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, twice every week, to some who appear to receive the truth in love, and are a comfort to me. These persons belong to the congregation of Mr. Wilson, who has been here three years, and has generally preached three times a week. The labors are now equally divided between us, and therefore the burden does not rest heavily on either. Most of the English here are connected with the army and navy, and exhibit too much evidence that they have felt to a great extent the evils incident to such a situation. As it is rather a rare occurrence to find Christians in such countries as this, it is the more grateful to be thrown occasionally into their

society, and especially to meet them in the house of prayer. I have an ardent desire to contribute to their edification, but a painful conviction rests almost constantly on my spirit that my preaching is too imperfect to accomplish this object. I usually approach the pulpit with fear and hesitation, and retire from it under much depression; still, however, the people seem attached to me and always listen with profound attention, and I always speak to them with great freedom. A very few of the Maltese attend, but it is at the risk of much persecution from their superstitious friends, who regard us as so many heretics resting under a curse and in the highway to perdition.

May 15.

I am happy to tell you that I begin to understand the Italian so as to be able to collect the greater part of ideas expressed in ordinary conversation. It is difficult to acquire such a knowledge of a new language that one can easily express his thoughts in it. Whether toiling at my books, or in the society of my friends here, my thoughts carry me often with ardent affection to that dwelling, where the peaceful days of my childhood stole away, and around that spot my thoughts will always love to linger, wherever Providence may assign me a residence.

October 8.

My dear Parents, — When I thought of leaving my own country forever, I do not recollect any consideration that weighed more in my mind against the proposed enterprise, than the thought of leaving you as old age is coming on. It would have been pleasant

to me, and doubtless not less so to you, on many accounts, had I passed my days in America, where I might occasionally, at least, have enjoyed the privilege of seeing you. But the separation is less painful to me than I had anticipated, and I trust it is so to you.

Our little congregation grows more and more interesting every week, and I am assured that there has never been such an interest awakened in favor of religion as at the present time. One of the most influential families in the place has become apparently pious within a few weeks past. This has led to much inquiry on the important subject of vital piety.

November 19.

VERY DEAR BROTHER, — I have this moment returned from a visit to a physician, who is rapidly declining, and will probably continue with us but a little longer. He is a personal friend, has come generally to hear me preach, and often has wept abundantly while listening. He has very kindly attended us when we have needed medical aid, and without any compensation.

He informed me this evening that the discourses he has heard have greatly impressed his mind. He now seems truly penitent, and says he finds sweet communion with God. He wept and was much affected while we conversed, and I am not without hope for him.

1823.

Early in the year 1823, Mr. Temple was cheered by the arrival of Rev. W. Goodell and I. Bird, with their wives. The three families lived together for

some months, until Messrs. Goodell and Bird sailed for Beyroot, to commence their mission there. By this arrival, Mr. Temple received the first letters from home, and was thus cheered both by seeing the faces of old and loved associates, and by grateful tidings from his parents and kindred friends. The following extracts from his letters describe his feelings and occupations during this year.

January 27.

My dear Sister, — I greatly rejoice in the good news you gave me concerning our family. I was sorry, however, to meet with the expressions you employed concerning myself. I assure you that you have no reason to pity me unless it be that I am a miserable sinner, and for this I deserve rebuke rather than pity. You seem to suppose that our mission exposes us to the honor of becoming apostles much more than it does in reality. The hour of parting with you was indeed one of the most painful in my life, and one in which I think I betrayed more weakness than I had ever done before. I am not, however, much ashamed of it, as I have no wish to indulge the stoical apathy, which dries up the fountain of one's tears, and chills to death all the kindly feelings of human nature. Since the impressions of that scene have a little faded from my memory, I have been in a happy frame of mind the greater part of the time.

The gloomy air that spread over your last letter, made me a little sad. I am ready to hope, that it was only the shadow of a fugitive cloud, that is now gone, to visit you no more. Do you indeed fear that

your religion is but a flattering dream? If it does not warm your heart into life, you have too much reason to fear so. But what directions can I give you? An ordinary effort will not be sufficient to remove an extraordinary evil. I can assure you if you find your heart generally cold and dead, you have more than a hint within your own bosom that some new means must be employed, or old ones applied with greater vigor and perseverance than ever. Prayer, I suspect, vigorous and importunate prayer, will furnish you with effectual means of removing your painful anxieties. We must depend little on the prayers of others; we are not certain that they will pray in faith, and if they do, the blessing must not be expected till we have earnestly sought it ourselves. I feel for you, and endeavor to pray for you, and if I were with you, I could do no more.

Our evidence that we are Christians indeed, and our religious enjoyments, are generally measured by the pains we take to secure the one and the other. This is the result of my own experience, and I doubt not it is the result to which experience has led every Christian. Do not be contented by sending me, or by telling others the story of your darkness, but apply with all the vigor of your mind to Him, who can make darkness light before you, and turn the night of sorrow into the day of joy and thanksgiving. Do pray more fervently and more frequently, for God is only waiting to be sought in this manner, and then he will be found, and bless you.

I am ever your affectionate brother,

DANIEL.

April 7.

My dear Parents, — I have shed many tears of joy and gratitude, my dear father, in reading your letters, and felt very peculiar happiness in learning from them that my leaving you has not been to you and the family so great an affliction as you had feared it might be. I knew well that my departure would awaken for a season all the tenderness of parental affection in your bosoms, but I felt well assured that after nature had indulged one burst of feeling, you would be enabled rather to rejoice in our separation, than to mourn.

Your letters have led me to pray much for you, and I doubt not that mine have called forth your prayers for me, and probably with more fervency than when I was with you. I can assure you without hesitation, that I entirely approve the course I have pursued, though I see much reason to disapprove some of the motives that have influenced my movements. Alas! I fear the day will never come, in which I shall do right in all respects, and from right motives. It is, I think, my growing desire to do every thing "heartily as unto the Lord, and not as unto men." Many things we do may be right in the sight of the Lord, but we may at the same time lose the happiness and the reward of our labors, because we did them not with a perfect heart.

Our affairs are all going on prosperously. Our congregation has continued to increase from the first, and though we have seen only a few instances of apparent conversion, still there has been so serious and constant an attendance and so much apparent interest felt by our hearers, that we cannot but hope,

that good impressions have found their way to many hearts, and that a happy result may appear after many days. We leave this to the Lord, and wait in hope and prayer for the issue. Our Sabbath school is in a most encouraging state. It consists of more than fifty children in all, more than twenty of them Greeks. Several of them are from Scio, the sons of some of the unfortunate men whose lives were taken by the merciless Turks. Some of them commit to memory and recite from fifty to seventy-five verses in Greek and Italian. They appear much pleased with this exercise, and we anticipate the happiest results.

July 22.

In the midst of wide and dreary desolations we find some things to refresh and encourage us. Our little congregation continues to be attentive, and a few seem to be truly convinced of their sins, and to be inquiring, "what they must do." But you have no idea what obstacles the truth has to contend with here. Every thing that has the semblance of true religion is treated, by the majority of people, as the dreams of fools or enthusiasts. Those who attend our chapel, are called "Methodists," a term which implies the deepest reproach. The English are in general not less hostile, I fear, to the pure doctrines of the Gospel, and not less removed from the spirit of those doctrines, than the Roman Catholics. Notwithstanding all this, I am fully persuaded, that the truth is gradually making progress in the island.

My dear Brother, — Could you see the ignorance that prevails here, and the consequent wretch-

edness, you would be constrained to feel that education is worth almost every thing. Carmela, the Maltese girl that lives with us, has learned to read from Rachel, and has attended our Sabbath school. A few days ago we had occasion to employ a young Maltese woman, to sew for a day or two. The first day she attended prayers in the family, and took her meals at our house. At night, when she returned home, she told her mother, a poor, superstitious woman, what she had done, and she was so alarmed for her daughter, that she went without delay to the priest, to obtain absolution for her, for the great crime of attending our prayers. He told her that we are excommunicated and cursed heretics. The young woman came back the next day, and ventured to attend prayers with us again. But in the course of the day, she told this dreadful story to Carmela, and added, that she dared not taste a morsel of our food or drink a drop of our water, except she drew it with her own hands, for she feared we might put something into the food or the water that would operate as an enchantment to bring her over to our religion, and she should be inevitably lost! She told Carmela also, that it was wicked for her either to attend our prayers or the Sabbath school. Poor Carmela was so alarmed, that she did not eat any dinner that day; and we have not been able since to persuade her to attend family worship or the Sabbath school. For several days she did not dare to read a word in the Bible; but yesterday and to-day she has read again as usual. The Maltese boy who lives with us was as much alarmed as Carmela, and for his security he added a considerable number to the beads and

charms he had on his neck before. With all this protection about his neck, he has ventured to attend prayers constantly.

After a most happy residence together of nine months, we are now looking forward with very painful feelings to the separation which we expect will soon take place in our family, as Messrs. Bird and Goodell contemplate leaving Malta within a few weeks for Mount Lebanon. We have enjoyed that harmony which only Christian love can produce, and the idea of a separation is to me peculiarly painful, as I am then to be left with the responsibility of the press and of a little congregation resting on me alone. Oh that I may be enabled to say to our Heavenly Father, "All my expectation is from thee!" I do indeed feel a peculiar pleasure in the belief, that if I am called, in the course of Divine providence, to perform difficult services, He who has always supported and assisted his people, will afford me all needful aid.

July 27.

My dear Sister, — We have an exceedingly interesting Sabbath school, amounting to about sixty children and youth, more than twenty of them Greeks. We are permitted to see some pleasing evidence that our preaching is not quite in vain. A few soldiers and others appear to have been brought to feel a strong conviction of sin, and to have secured the good part.

A cloud began to be cast over Mr. Temple's prospects, after a year or two, by the declining health of his wife. Preaching to the English population, and

superintending the translating and printing of books in Italian and Greek, kept him very fully employed. The oppressive and prolonged heat of the summers levied a severe tax upon his energies, and prostrated the health of the other members of his family. He was not without encouragement, however, in his work, and his letters were in a hopeful and cheerful strain.

His oldest sister, but little younger than himself, who had always been singularly devoted in her attachment to him, grieved for his departure most bitterly, and refused to be comforted. In a letter to her, after a strain of very grateful and affectionate remark, he wrote as follows:—

"I was exceedingly grieved at the brief notices you gave me of yourself. Dear sister, have you established it as a principle that you cannot, and will not be reconciled to that providence which has separated us? Because a brother that travelled with you for twenty years at the commencement of life's career, is no longer permitted to be your companion, will you sink into seclusion and solitude, and refuse to receive or communicate happiness in the society of others? Was it not the hand of our Heavenly Father, that effected the separation, and does he not still allow us to cherish the hope of being united for ever in his heavenly kingdom? How lovely is Christian submission! How does it adorn the character in which it is displayed! But what is submission? Is it submission, to say to our Heavenly Father when in his wise and righteous providence he removes from us some one of the many blessings we enjoy, 'take this, but I will never more enjoy those

what are left? If this one blessing, by me more highly valued than all others, is taken from me, the world from this moment shall be a blank to me, for I will neither open my eyes to behold its beauties, nor suffer my heart for a moment to feel another of its joys! In voluntary exile from all cheerful society and Christian friends, I will be deaf to the voice of friendship, and dead to the social sentiments of piety!'

"Dear sister, are these the sentiments and is this the language of submission? Do you wish to see a dark and dismal cloud gather upon your mind, then avoid society and bury yourself in solitude. Do you wish to suppress all kindly feelings and Christian sympathy, to quench the last spark of piety and kill every cheering hope, to induce upon your soul the agonies of insufferable melancholy, and crush into the dust before its time a frame already debilitated by sickness, then fly from the face of the living world, and hide yourself in solitude! Solitude! What have you to do, my dear sister, with it? I beg you will not abuse yourself and others by retiring into it.

"True religion does not flourish in seclusion, but only the dreams and evanescent shadows of religion are to be found there. In solitude, the imagination seems mad, a morbid sensibility is induced, and most persons become dead while they live.

"My dear sister, I doubt not that your affection for me is, and always has been sincere, but you will give me a better testimony of this than I have at present, if you will accept my advice, which I am certain is dictated by the kindest feelings. Shun

seclusion, except so far as devotion requires it. Inquire how you can be useful to some of your friends, or to others. A little good done to our fellow men is more acceptable to God than ten thousand tears shed in seclusion from the cloud that brooding melancholy spreads over our minds. If we would do good or get good, we must not pass our life among the tombs. The devil possessed the man who lived there, in our Saviour's time, and the devil will not fail to possess us in one form or another if we sink into solitude, or dwell among the tombs in reality or imagination.

"I hope you will write me another letter very soon, and that I shall be constrained to feel, that it was dated not among the tombs, or in the gloomy desert, but from the top of Pisgah, whence a better country than the promised land can be distinctly seen. Oh, my sister, look to Jesus! He is all and in all! He can enlighten your darkness, for he is the light of the world. Cast all your burden on him, for he careth for you. As for me, my cup runneth over; I am exceedingly happy with my beloved and invaluable companion. Goodness and mercy follow me all the days of my life, and I trust I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever and ever, where I hope I shall meet you with all the redeemed."

To the same dear sister he wrote as follows concerning the difficulties he experienced in endeavoring to preach.

"It would be impossible for me to communicate to you an adequate idea of the state of mind in which I almost always retire after I have been attempting to preach the unsearchable riches of

Christ. The reflections of every day, and the return of every Sabbath, deepen on my mind the impression of the extreme difficulty of preaching the gospel in a proper manner. I have no difficulty in finding words to express my thoughts, or in finding thoughts enough to be expressed within the ordinary period of time allotted to a sermon; but the difficulty which I meet is of another character. I find it hard to dissipate the mist which hangs over every subject that comes under my serious consideration, hard to pour a flood of light upon all the dark points of it, and to render prominent its more important outlines. I generally feel, when attempting to discuss any important truth from Divine Revelation, that I am like a boy skating over an ocean whose bottom is covered with pearls of which he has no knowledge and no conception."

The following extracts from letters to his parents, contained the principal items of interest in his history during the year 1824.

January 22.

We shall probably stay at Malta for the present, for the brethren beyond think this much the best place for the press. We cannot print half as many tracts as are wanted in different parts of the Mediterranean.

The weather is rather cold here now, though we never see any frost. We have no fire, except a little in the kitchen for cooking.

I send by the Cyprus, four lovely Greek lads from the island Scio. Poor lads! they have lost their dear native country, and three of them their father. I have had much pleasure in giving them instruction,

and now send them to my own dear country, hoping and praying that they may become able ministers of the gospel, and render important services to their afflicted nation.

You, my dear parents, will never know the full value of the blessings of your country, for, probably, you will continue there till you go to a better one above. I rejoice in the thought that you will spend your days in New England, that Eden of this world; and, as I write, I pray with the most affectionate interest for you, that peace and heavenly consolation may attend you to the close of your mortal pilgrimage.

May 1.

My labors are at present rather hard, as I am called to preach three times a week, beside attending to the press, in which five hands are now employed. My health, I fear, will suffer if I am not relieved from a part of this burden, before the summer months are past. It is Saturday afternoon, and my thoughts carry me to your happy and quiet homestead, for happy you would deem it, could you spend a single month in these countries, where the Sabbath indeed comes as it does to you, but comes only to call the people from the ordinary routine of other days, to engage in scenes of pleasure and dissipation. I rejoice that you will probably enjoy such a Sabbath as I have not known and cannot know here, a day of stillness and devotion. I love the Sabbath, and my heart is pained to see it profaned, as it is almost universally in this city.

It is currently reported, that Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, in the Morea, on the 23d of last month.

At Cephalonia, he had many interesting conversations on Christianity with a pious surgeon, a very learned and most excellent man, who is my friend and correspondent. He informed me that his Lordship was studying Christianity attentively, and he hoped he would become a sincere Christian. Whether he became so or not, I do not know, but probably shall soon hear more on this subject.

The attendance at our chapel is good, and one instance of hopeful conversion has come to my knowledge within a few weeks. But alas! true religion is much persecuted and despised in this island. I do not mean to intimate open persecution, but a covert kind, which is perhaps more mischievous.

1825.

From extracts from letters to his brothers, sisters, and parents, it will be seen how the cloud which had for some time cast a shadow over Mr. Temple's future, grew darker and darker. The health of his wife declined apace. Meantime more encouragement was afforded him in his work, and the candle of the Lord burned brighter and brighter in his heart.

June 19.

The doings of the "Methodists," as they call us all here, have of late awakened very great attention in the island, and not a little opposition. I can hardly say I am sorry for this, for I feel well assured that nothing of any importance will ever be accomplished here until great opposition is called forth. Good has been done already. The people begin to

inquire what these strange doctrines are, which are brought to their ears.

August 1.

You will be sorry to hear that Rachel is very feeble, and this debility is accompanied by symptoms of an alarming character. Her feeble health, as well as the extreme ill health of the babe, induced us to take a house in the country, in one of the most healthy spots in the island. There she and the children spend the principal part of their time.

The press necessarily keeps me in the city during the day, but I spend my nights with them. Their residence in the country has been most manifestly useful to the babe, and R.'s health has been apparently improved by so good and pure an air. My own health was never better. My walk of two miles into the country does me no harm, when I rise early enough in the morning to avoid the burning rays of the sun, and the walk out in the evening is very delightful.

It will not seem strange to you, I am confident, that we should have painful apprehensions for Rachel's health. It is, however, such an admonition as I need. May we both be admonished as we ought, and feel that, endeared as we are to each other, a separation must come, and may come soon. Such a blow to me, a stranger in a strange land, would be heavier than you can possibly conceive. If I am called to it, I have no doubt that He who has called me, and enabled me to leave my kindred and my father's house to go to a people whom I knew not heretofore, for the purpose of preaching his gospel, will remember me in the day of my afflic-

tion, and bear me through all my troubles. I have hitherto been, comparatively, a stranger to trouble. My morning has been one without clouds. If the remainder of the day is to be dark and stormy, may the Lord be my light and my comforter.

August 27.

VERY DEAR MOTHER, — You will be concerned to learn that Rachel's health is still very feeble, and that she has symptoms which have awakened in my bosom no small degree of anxiety. I feel a little solitary, passing as I do, my days at home alone. Sometimes a host of painful anticipations rush upon me, and cause a torrent of tears to gush from my eyes, and a pang of sorrow to agitate my heart. But prayer, for the most part, helps me to dry up my tears; and the exceeding great and precious promises of the Bible, when I am enabled by faith to appropriate them, generally remove grief, and bring gladness and joy to my heart. Oh! that I could live only to him, who in infinite mercy endured the agonies of the cross for me, and encourages me to hope, that if I am faithful to the end a glorious crown of life will be given me.

[To his Mother-in-law.]

November 28.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — My letter to you a few days ago, was not a messenger of good tidings, and this must be like it. For some months past, my letters have contained sentences which I hoped would be understood by you, and would serve, in some measure, gradually to prepare your mind to hear heavy

tidings concerning one deservedly dear to you, and still more dear to me. I perceive from your kind letters, that your sagacity has foreseen what my dear Rachel's state of health really is. I will not aggravate your grief by telling you what is mine. To you who have been long in the school of affliction, I need not add more to give you a picture of my sorrow. But shall a living man complain? Though I am afflicted, I am not forsaken; though I am chastened, I am not killed; though I am cast down, I am not destroyed; but God that comforts them that are afflicted, comforts me, and sustains me, otherwise I feel that I should be pressed to the dust. The thought that my dear children are to live without a mother, in a strange land, at an age when a mother's eye, and ear, and hand, and heart, are needed every hour, would quite overwhelm me, did not the exceeding great and precious promises of the Bible pour their consolations into my otherwise agonized bosom.

Before this letter shall reach you, it is more than probable that the petition of our Lord Jesus will be answered in reference to her, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;" and that when you shall read these lines, I shall be looking toward heaven, as the place to which my dear Rachel shall have taken her flight from the sins and sorrows that may still encompass her orphan babes and her widowed husband; but I trust that God, who has supported all his people in trouble, will enable me to honor him more than I have ever done. I trust I shall not be left to undervalue the blessings that may

remain in my hands when she shall be with me no longer; but at present it seems to me, that all which can render any thing in this world dear to me will have been taken away.

1826.

The forebodings expressed in the last of these letters were not at once realized. For some months Mrs. Temple's health was better than it had been for two or three years, but she was still feeble and unable to attend fully to the cares of her family. The care of the press became constantly more burdensome, and discouraging circumstances occurred in the missionary work toward the end of the year. The following passages portray these various features of Mr. Temple's experience.

January 25.

VERY DEAR MOTHER, — When I wrote you last, I had scarcely any expectation that at this moment my dear Rachel would have been among the living. The most skilful physicians here told me there was almost no chance for her recovery, as she had manifest symptoms of being far gone in consumption. Infinite mercy, however, has spared her. When I wrote you last, it was with a heart full of grief and eyes swimming in tears. How shall I praise and bless our covenant Father and God, whose mercies encompass the universe, and flow in copious streams upon me and mine, redeeming the life of my very dear Rachel from the hand of the grave, and adding another precious immortal to our family?

May 29.

My dear Father, — I cannot tell you how much gratified I was on receiving your two letters a few days ago. Their perusal brought an unexpected pleasure to me in two respects, bearing on their very face evidence of your improved health, and what is of still greater moment, giving me the most grateful tidings, that some of the members of your own family begin to inquire with interest what they must do to be saved; and that the influences of the Holy Spirit are shed upon the people of my native place in such a manner as to induce them to throng the house of God, and listen in attentive and solemn silence to the words of everlasting life. No news could have been more grateful to my heart than this. That is indeed a land abounding with rivers and fountains of water, a land refreshed with the rain of heaven; but this is like Egypt, where the rain never falls.

My work here is, in a peculiar sense, the work of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for; and without some small measure of that faith, I know not how one could labor in it without fainting. You can form no adequate idea of the degraded and wretched state of these people. But God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

I now preach one sermon every Sabbath in Italian in Mr. Keeling's chapel; but it is the day of small things at present. I have generally not more than three or four natives to hear me. There are many, I have reason to believe, who would be glad to come, but dare not, through fear of the priests.

I endeavor to pray constantly, and beg that you

will help me by your prayers, that God would open a wide and effectual door, to preach the gospel to these poor souls dying in ignorance and sin, without any one to care for them. All things are possible with God. He can, and in due time I believe he will, cause his precious gospel to have free course and be glorified here. At present it is shut up, and cannot come forth.

June 22.

My very dear Sister, — Your letter of April 11 was more welcome than I can tell you. The pleasure which I felt in reading it was, however, mingled with pain, for I perceived that you wrote in great dejection of spirits. I heartily wish you could overcome this gloomy disposition; but perhaps nothing except better health will ever give you a perfect exemption from it. There is a vein of the same disposition extending through my own constitution, but I endeavor to resist its influence as much as possible, and for the most part am tolerably successful.

If you examine the matter, you will probably find that pride dictated what you said about writing a decent letter. It is wrong to indulge feelings of that description, and I beseech you to conquer them. Our Heavenly Father has placed us in such circumstances as his infinite wisdom has seen best. To murmur and repine on this account is to complain of the allotments of infinite wisdom and benevolence; it is to rebel against God. Rather be thankful that you are not buried in that profound darkness and ignorance which extend their iron reign over nine tenths of the human race. Not one in a hundred of the females of this island can read or write her own

name. It is to me a matter of heartfelt thankfulness to God that he has given you the power of writing so well, and I hope you will not dishonor him and vex yourself with ungrateful repinings, because you have not the means of mental cultivation to the extent you wish.

Dear sister, it is a most noble employment to teach the young. Every day makes me feel it more and more. Our early and pious instructions remain with us when other things fade from the mind and are forgotten. Endeavor much to impress on the minds of your pupils the fear of God, by teaching them that he is always present to take notice of their actions, and will call them to an account at another day. Repeat this idea a thousand times over till every one shall have it imperishably impressed on his heart. Should you succeed in fastening, in a whole season, this one idea on the mind of a child, you will have done him more good than you can now comprehend.

I am happy in my family, and should be happy in my work, could I see evidence that it is not in vain in the Lord. I am sowing now in tears, though not without hope that I shall, at a future day, bring in my sheaves with joy. At present I see no evidence that any of the natives are truly converted. In fact, they all seem perfectly blinded by the god of this world, and led captive by him at his will. You cannot easily form an idea how deceitful they are, and what liars. Sometimes my staggering faith says, Can these dry bones live? "All things are possible with God," the holy oracles reply; and when I hear this, I take up my parable and prophesy again.

July 7.

My dear Brother, — Every thing that relates to you and your family is to me highly interesting; more so than you can easily imagine, not having been placed by the hand of Providence four thousand miles from all your relatives and earliest friends.

I perceive from your letter, that losses and disappointments still attend you; but that, in the main, you enjoy as full a tide of prosperity as is safe for any one.

I feel very little concern for myself or any of my friends in regard to the good things of this life. These will undoubtedly be furnished by our Heavenly Father as fast and as long as we shall need them. The losses to which you refer may give you a little, possibly much, inconvenience; but how little and how trifling will they appear to you when you shall have gained heaven, as I trust you will at last. We can lose nothing if we gain heaven, but every thing if we do not.

I hope you will be daily talking with your children about the God that made them, and the Saviour who died for them and rose to redeem them. Communicate to them all that you know yourself about the Bible, and repeat it again and again, until these instructions shall be so deeply impressed on their minds that time and death cannot blot them out. Never attempt to induce them to obey you by presenting to them wrong motives. Never deceive them, nor raise in them expectations which you do not mean to satisfy. Never say to them, or allow any one to say, "Charles, if you will not have this or that, I will give it to Daniel." This will awaken a

feeling of hatred in Charles against Daniel. Many parents fan to a flame the sparks of envy which are naturally in the bosoms of their children; but we should always aim to extinguish them. Do not bluster and scold when some little inadvertencies happen among your children. Let your own example teach them to command their temper. Endeavor to impress it well on their hearts, that all they do should be done heartily as to the Lord, and not to men; that God is always present to see them, and knows what they do and say and think. If you can succeed in fixing this impression on their hearts, you will have rendered them a most valuable and important service. But, when we have done all, our children will continue to be what they were by nature, depraved and desperately wicked, unless the grace of God give effect to our instructions. The faithful have the promise that God will bless them more and more, both them and their children. This I have no doubt will be found true in nine instances in ten. Let us not spare any pains and labor to train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

St. Julians, October 12.

My very dear Sister, — From your kind letter, by Mr. Smith, I learn that your health had seriously declined, and I am sorry to learn, from another source, that you are so far reduced as to render the prospect of recovery extremely small. My feelings were not a little moved when I had read Mr. A.'s letter, and I could not refrain from weeping. While, however, I am shedding the tears of natural and sincere affection, I cannot but rejoice in the full belief

that if you are indeed near to death, you are equally near to the end of all your troubles, and to the beginning of joys that will have no end. It is an ineffable consolation to me to think that God has been pleased, in his infinite mercy, to make you acquainted with himself, who is the Father of mercy and God of all comfort, and is able to support them who are in any kind of trouble. It is the fervent prayer of my lips and my heart that you may be enabled to glorify him in this day of your visitation. I hope you are looking to Christ with a simple, but vigorous faith, holding fast his exceedingly great and precious promises, and saying to him, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." With such a faith and such affections it will be a privilege to you to die; it will be to you, as the apostle was certain it would be to him, great gain. Be comforted, then, my very dear sister, in all your troubles, with the thought that he who loved you when you were dead in sin, and far off from him and from all righteousness, will never, no, never forsake you, now that you have come, through his beloved Son, to put your trust under the shadow of his wings, and seek protection and salvation in his new covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure. Meditate often, I beseech you, on that precious declaration of our Lord, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Where he is I trust we shall be, when he shall give us permission to leave our

earthly house and friends. With this cherished and cheering hope, I remain your very affectionate

DANIEL.

1827.

The sister to whom the last letter was addressed recovered, and lived several years; but far deeper sorrow visited Mr. Temple than that he anticipated in her removal to the mansions in her Father's upper house, toward which he had pointed, as he supposed, her dying gaze.

The opening days of the year 1827 introduced him suddenly to scenes of sorrow, the distant vision of which had deeply distressed him months before. Amid these sorrows his heart poured itself out fully in letters to his parents and intimate friends.

January 20.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER, — What would I not give could I be permitted now to sit by your side and mingle my tears with yours, while I tell you that the dear treasure, which the Father of mercies lent me for a season, is no longer in my possession; that the amiable daughter whom you loved, because she was affectionate, lovely, and pious; that Rachel, dear to us all, and to *me* dearer than all that earth contains, has fallen asleep in Jesus, uttering triumphantly, in her last accent, this memorable language, "I thank God he does give me the victory!" . . . .

During the last three days of her life, I was absent from her bed scarcely fifteen minutes at a time, and a very large portion of this time was spent in reading or

reciting the Scriptures, or in prayer and religious conversation. She was never weary of hearing conversation on any topic of experimental and spiritual religion, and wished to hear no other. I think we prayed together not less than twenty times during those three days; and no period of my life is now within my recollection which seems to me to have been so profitably spent, or to have secured to me so great an amount of spiritual and solid edification.

More than once on the last day of her life, which was Monday the 15th instant, she said, "I am going," and indeed she seemed to be dying and reviving all the day, but always in the perfect possession of all her mental faculties.

In the evening, when I perceived that she was actually dying, we took each other by the hand, and went down together to the edge of Jordan. There she opened her eyes, which had been closed for several hours, and looked steadily into the promised land, till after a few faint gasps, but without a struggle, she ceased to breathe, and ascended, as I cannot doubt, to our Lord in heaven!

You may think it strange, perhaps, but I could not help saying, when the spirit had fled and the victory was gained, "I congratulate you, my dear Rachel, on your happy escape from a body of sin and death, that you may be forever with the Lord!"

On the following Wednesday at nine in the morning, accompanied by my friends who respected and loved her, I followed her mortal remains to the English burying ground in Florian, a little out of this city, and Mr. Jowett, my valued and beloved Christian brother, read over her grave, in an impressive

manner, the burial-service of the Church of England, interrupted more than once, as he proceeded, by feelings which he could not suppress. There, on this isle of the shipwrecked apostle, with feelings that language intermeddles not with, like the ancient patriarch Jacob, who buried his beloved Rachel in the way of Ephrath, I buried my Rachel, not less beloved, nor less lamented by me, than her namesake was by the good patriarch three thousand years ago. He erected a pillar over her, and I intend to erect a simple and modest stone over my Rachel, simply recording her name, her age, the date of her death, and the language she uttered in her dying hour. Here, my dear mother, I must stop, though my heart would urge forward my pen to a much greater length. Let us be comforted with the thought that she has entered into the joy of her Lord, freed from the burdens and groanings of the flesh, and from the power and consequences of sin. May the Lord comfort your heart as he sends you sorrow upon sorrow by the frequent departure of your friends to the unseen world! May our Lord Jesus Christ and God, even our Father, who hath loved you, give you everlasting consolation and good hope through his abundant grace!

The mother had not slept long in the grave, before one and another of the motherless children followed. The sorrows of the afflicted father found expression as follows.

March 10.

My very dear Mother, — The wise man has exhorted us to remember our Creator while the evil days come not, while the sun, or the light, or the

moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain. To you, the clouds have many times returned after the rain, and they have now returned to me, after the rain! Poor little William is gone to his long home! Often, with a look that penetrated my heart, he seemed to say to me, "My dear father, I cannot remain with you in this evil world, I must hasten away to the land where my dear mother is gone!" And now he is sleeping quietly close by her side in the land of forgetfulness!

His disease was evidently of the same nature as that which had made him an orphan by removing his mother. About a fortnight before his death, his symptoms became very decisive. From day to day he withered like a tender plant, till he expired, apparently without pain.

I will not attempt to tell you what a voice I hear within the silent and desolate walls of my lonely habitation. Had not God in his infinite mercy afforded me his peculiar assistance, I feel that the balance of my reason might have been lost. Such a change! My purposes seem broken off, my dear companion is covered by the darkness of death, my children are gone from me, and all my earthly connections are far away! There seems to me to be almost nothing left but God, and I am enabled to feel that he is with me. I have not been left to say or feel like Micah, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" The Lord is my portion, saith my soul. I long to have my heart more perfectly filled with his love.

Time seems long to me now; I am almost impatient to hear from you. But probably my letters

have hardly made you acquainted yet with my afflictions, and two or three months more must pass, before I can reasonably expect to hear from you. I must wait in patience. The Lord knows all my afflictions, and I am persuaded that he will supply all my wants, and make all things work together for my good. All I need is submission to his will.

April 26.

My very dear Mother, — Our beloved and lamented Rachel is no longer alone in the grave, little William and Catharine are both gone to slumber with her there. Thus, my little family is riven asunder and one half laid low in the dust of the earth. I can say it is well with my dear companion, it is well with the children, though I say it with a sorrowful heart when I recollect that I am to see them no more on earth.

When I returned from the grave of William, I found Catharine ill in Mrs. Jowett's arms. From that moment her symptoms became more and more discouraging till she sank into the arms of death. Like her mother, she was an example of patience and submission, seldom crying or complaining in any way. Mrs. Jowett was as tender as a mother could have been. Her disease assumed all the symptoms which appeared in Rachel; hectic fever, cough, and extreme difficulty of respiration, to such a painful degree, that sometimes in the night when she took any nourishment she seemed likely to suffocate. I had been with her several hours, when she died. She had been in great distress for six hours or more, but about an hour before she died, she said, "by

by," signifying that she wished to be rocked in her cradle. As it was now eleven at night, Mr. and Mrs. Jowett persuaded me to lie down. I did so, and about an hour after, was called up to see her breathe her soul out to God who gave it. She died apparently with little pain and without a struggle.

I desire to imitate the example of Job who fell down and worshipped, and said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," and most happy should I be if it may be said of me as of him, "In all this Job sinned not, neither charged God foolishly." I trust I have been enabled to feel that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; that Rachel and my little ones, all dear to me beyond expression, were the Lord's, and dearer to him than to me. Their departure, however, has stripped the earth of almost every thing that seemed in any measure charming to me before. It has not, however, robbed the Bible and prayer and communion with God of any part of their value; on the contrary, it has made them appear a thousand times more precious than before.

April 29.

My very dear Parents, — It is a relief to my feelings under my present trials to pour out my heart to you though you are four thousand miles away. The hand of God has touched me of late again and again, and I find trouble and sorrow. I may now say with the sorrowful and weeping prophet, "I am the man that hath seen affliction. The Lord hath bent his bow and set me as the mark for his arrow. He hath caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into my reins." My dear Rachel is not, William is not

and Catharine is not! One half of my family has already bowed to the king of terrors and gone to sleep in the land of forgetfulness till the heavens shall be no more! And what shall I say? "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him. Surely it is meet to say unto the Lord, I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more."

Under these painful events I have been enabled to feel, that it was the Lord whose hand was thus stretched out against me, and I trust I have been enabled to say from my heart, "Let him do what seemeth good to him." But I cannot tell you what I feel when I look upon these two surviving little ones without a mother in a strange land. The sight of them makes me very often seek where to weep, and I may truly say it makes me often pray that God would give me both the faithfulness of a father and the tenderness of a mother toward them, and what is better still, that he would be a Father to them and put them among his redeemed and sanctified children.

I cannot tell you how often and how powerfully I have been reminded of late of my immense obligations to you for the cares and kindnesses you bestowed on me when I was too young to know or acknowledge their value. I trust you do feel grateful, as I certainly do, to God, for having spared you both to guide all your children through the days of their childhood. I tender you now, out of the fulness of my heart, my most thankful acknowledgments, for all the corrections and restraints to which I was subject when I was under your care, and it

is now my daily prayer that God may abundantly reward you for all this labor of love to me.

I bless Him that he has permitted you to pursue your pilgrimage together with so much comfort and edification for so many years, allowing you to see peace and truth in your days. If it be for his glory, I would pray that many years may be added to your lives, before such a stroke shall fall on either of you as that which has smitten down at my side the beloved companion of my life.

Time, I find, does not heal my wound. I feel that nothing but Divine grace can save me from being swallowed up with overmuch grief. I am thankful to say that, for the most part, I am in a tolerably cheerful frame of mind. I endeavor to feel that Rachel and the departed little ones were not *mine*. I cannot pretend, however, that I feel this as I ought, but I think I do feel it more than I once should have anticipated. If I compare these afflictions with what I deserve, with what the lost feel and with what Christ felt, they appear to be extremely light and but for a moment. I can assure you, however, that for the present they appear not joyous but grievous; but God can enable me to bear them with patience and submission, and teach me to profit by them.

I remain, your afflicted and affectionate

DANIEL.

Immediately upon the death of his wife, Mr. Temple was obliged to place his children in the families of friends, who most kindly offered to take care of them. They were tenderly watched over, but

he was left alone with a man-servant in a large house occupied only by himself and the printing establishment. His desolate and lonely situation can scarcely be realized. Had not the Lord sustained him with strong consolations, he must have sunk under the burden. His letters at this time abounded in expressions of pious and submissive feeling, and showed plainly the steady, refining process, through which he was passing. To the sister whose death he had reason to expect, he wrote: —

My very dear Sister, — I begin this letter with the impression that before it reaches America you may probably have reached the land of eternal rest; still, however, as there is a possibility that it may find you among the living, I am induced to write you. It gives me joy greater than I can express, to be persuaded that God, who is rich in mercy, has already called you to the fellowship of his beloved Son, and that he will at a future day raise you up literally, and make you forever sit with him in heavenly places. Rachel is gone thither already, as I feel fully persuaded, and thither God will bring in due time all his people without one exception.

Of late I have been made better acquainted with sorrow than ever before, but I cannot yet ascertain what effect it has produced upon me. At times I hope it has softened my heart, but again I fear it has not. I am often painfully oppressed with the sense I have of being a sinner. I try to be holy, but lo! holiness is far from me, and sometimes it almost seems to me impossible that I shall ever be holy. If it were not true that all things are possible with God,

I should surely feel that I can never be entirely delivered from sin. Our Lord was made perfect through sufferings, and I feel well persuaded that in general it is only through sharp sufferings that his disciples attain to perfection.) It is my constant prayer, that the God of all comfort may comfort and support you while he calls you to pass through the fire. If he is with you it is enough. You cannot want more. Your situation is rather to be envied than otherwise. May you be enabled to set your affections so strongly and constantly on things above, that all things below will appear to you in their proper light.

I dreamed two nights ago of being with you and witnessing your dying hours, but this was a dream. Faith tells me I shall be with you, and witness your resurrection from the dead, when the Son of God shall descend from heaven to call his people from the grave and give them immortal life, and this is not a dream. May we both be prepared for his coming!

Dear sister, with a heart of affection I write *farewell*, not for ever, for I shall meet you again, not perhaps in this land of the *dead*, but certainly in the land of the *living*. The Lord be with your spirit.

Your very affectionate DANIEL.

To the missionary brethren in Syria who had been members of his family, he wrote fully. The following passages have been selected from his letters to them: —

DEAR BRETHREN, — I have tried to serve the Lord for many months past, but it has been with very,

very many tears and temptations, or rather trials, which have befallen me. Out of them all, however, the Lord will deliver me as soon as his own benevolent purpose shall have been answered by them. They have not been too numerous, nor too sharp, and perhaps many more need to be added. I rejoice that he knows the measure I need, and will not exceed it. I cannot tell you how much I would give to spend one week with you; to pray with you, and your dear little ones; to talk with you, and hear you speak to me about that dear friend to whose grave I often go to weep there, and more still, of Him whom she and we love and adore.

I have reason to rejoice that she is called away from so unedifying a companion as she had in me, to enjoy the companionship of holy angels who always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven, and to be equal to them. If I could open all my heart to you who are very dear to me, it often seems to me that it would be a great comfort. But, beloved brethren and sisters, we shall soon see each other in our Father's house, and be no more strangers and pilgrims. I feel exceedingly like a pilgrim and a stranger since my beloved Rachel left me. My prayer for you all is, that the Lord Jesus Christ may be with your spirits, and that in preaching, you may be a simple echo of the gospel, and then you will not be what I too often am, sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. I seem to have some new views of the value of the gospel. It is so precious that it is profane for us to wander away from it, in preaching. May you preach it with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and with much, much assurance.

You desire an epitome of my feelings and experience under those troubles which have been sent upon me by our Heavenly Father. This I will give you with pleasure, in the hope that it may be useful to you.

It would not be possible to describe the feelings of my heart for a few hours after my dear wife closed her eyes in death, or for any one to comprehend them who has not been similarly circumstanced. I had distinctly seen death steadily approaching for many days previous to his arrival, and had known, or at least fully expected that he would soon separate me from my dearest friend on earth, in whom my heart was bound up. I knew that he would make my house desolate, and my children motherless; but, till he came, I knew not what death is; till my dear Rachel was lying lifeless in his arms, I knew not and felt not what desolation is! All that I had known before about the pain of such a separation, was but as the image of pain, floating in the imagination, to the reality of it when it is racking the whole frame.

I was like one astonished, and could hardly lift my thoughts to heaven, or suffer them to remain on earth. At first I could not weep, for my feelings were so swollen as to close all the sluices through which tears flow to relieve the distressed. After a few hours, however, they came and ministered in some slight degree to my relief; but with them came also such a sense of my sinfulness as I do not recollect ever to have had before. I seemed to hear my Heavenly Father say to me, "See, *your* sins have compelled me to take away with a stroke the desire

of your eyes, the object of your fondest affections, the object that had stolen your heart from me. See there in the pallid features and lifeless corpse of her you loved so much, how great is my displeasure at sin. I have told you on the pages of my word, that sin is the abominable thing which my soul hates, but you have never felt this as you ought, and now I have come to impress it on your heart. I have done this to bring your sins to remembrance. It is I, your injured Father, who have done this. It is I who speak. Hear me! hear me!"

Such language as this came to my heart with a pungency never felt before, and never to be forgotten, I hope. My heart seemed broken at the remembrance of my sins, and my grief for them greater than for the loss I had sustained. Such impressions as these have not yet forsaken me, and I hope they never will. I do not, however, feel them so deeply now as then, and I doubt whether our minds, in our present state, are capable of retaining very long such vivid impressions as I then had.

I trust I can say deliberately and with truth, that it is good for me that I have been afflicted. It seems to me now much more like a mercy than like a judgment. My loss I feel much more than I can attempt to describe, but I do not feel that all is lost. I have been supported, not according to my faith, but according to God's promises, beyond all my expectations, and probably beyond yours. I think I have proved that his grace is sufficient for me. I am almost afraid to speak so confidently, but still feel that I should not glorify God according to his grace granted me, if I should not speak thus. I feel that

he is able to make all grace abound to us, so that all things shall work together for our good, and so that we may see and feel that it is so.

Afflictions work for sincere Christians better than any thing else in this world. We are God's building, and they are his workmen. While they are doing their work, they give us much annoyance, it is true, but when their work is done we shall feel, if not before, that we have no reason to complain. There is much heavy and difficult work to be done in all the children of God, and if such workmen as afflictions were not employed under the care of our Heavenly Father, to work together for us, there is great reason to fear that the work would never be done. I perceive from the Scriptures that they have been much employed with all the saints from the beginning till now, and so will be to the end.

Should they ever be sent to you, I trust you will give them a hearty welcome. They will not be very welcome at first, but they wonderfully improve on acquaintance, and they always like them best who have known them longest.

The afflictions of Paul alone were probably greater than those of all the missionaries of the present day united, and yet he gloried in them. Pressed as he was by them out of measure, above strength, we still hear him calling them light afflictions, lasting but for a moment, and working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Oh, what a spirit do these words display!

I sympathize with you in all the troubles you meet in these days of commotion, and try to pray that the

Lord would keep you safely in the secret of his pavilion. I am sure that your hearts must sometimes meditate terror. But let us hope that these terrible storms will soon pass away and leave a clearer and serener sky over our heads. It may be that the Lord intends to build up his church in Syria even in these troublous times. When he is shaking the nations, let us hope that this signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. At any rate, I feel, dear brethren, that *we* are all soon to receive a kingdom that cannot be shaken.

Our dear brethren, Fisk and Parsons, and my own beloved Rachel, are gone already to behold the King in his beauty in his own eternal kingdom. Go on, dear brethren, and fear none of those things which the enemy would do to you. In overturning the whole system of idolatry and superstition in the Levant, may you be like Samson feeling for the pillars whereon the temple of Dagon rested.

How refreshing the accounts from the Sandwich Islands! When we read of our brethren there preaching to ten thousand natives at once, we must feel that we in these regions are only *vox clamantis in deserto*, and for myself, I often am tempted to feel that I may as well cry in the desert as anywhere else. I think, however, I am more disposed than formerly to have all my expectation from the Lord. I would serve the Lord with gladness. He gives us our work and our place, and he will give us an abundant reward if we serve him heartily. I bless him that he has delivered you out of many troubles,

and trust that he will yet deliver you out of them all, as soon as he sees it best for you and for his own cause.

The following passage was addressed to a married brother with a family of children:—

"I rejoice that our Heavenly Father permits you and your beloved companion to travel on together, and that you are not called like me to see your house left to you desolate, and your children gone from you. This is a world where God uses the rod of affliction, and perhaps none needed it more than I. This rod has been useful to me, if I do not greatly mistake. It has made me feel more than ever before, how vain this world is, and how much I had walked in the vanity of my mind. It has made me feel that almost every one is walking in a vain show, and that all on earth is vanity. But if this were the only impression made on me by a blow that has broken my family in pieces, and laid one half of it in the dust, it were of little consequence. When death carries desolation into our houses, it must bring with it the impression that all is vanity. All this may be felt, perhaps, and still the heart be left to cleave as firmly as ever to vanity. I trust, however, I can say, this is not the case with me, though I am still very far from being entirely delivered from it.

"I am not certain that I can say in truth that God is the portion of my soul; but I can say with confidence that there is no other portion that seems to me to possess any permanent value, nor is there any other that I would seek. But it is contrary to nature, it is the fruit of grace to seek and expect all

in and from God, to look to him, to rest in him, and to rejoice in him as our Father, our Redeemer, our God. To induce this state of mind in us is the work of the Gospel; to help it forward afflictions are sent, and without them it is doubtful whether the work would ever be accomplished in us. After all, I find myself slow to learn. Strong impressions too soon fade. Grace for to-day will not serve for to-morrow. Mine is a leaky vessel; if it is filled to-day it soon becomes empty and needs to be filled again. How consoling it is to be assured that our Lord Jesus *can* give, and *does* give to all his people, grace for grace! If it were not so I could not with any reason hope to be saved.

"I hope you pray much for your dear children. When you correct them it should always be accompanied by prayer. Who but God can subdue their evil tempers and renew their evil hearts? Correction is lost upon them, if God do not impart his grace. Let us pray God that we may feel this continually.

"Always be sincere with your children. Never in the slightest thing or degree, use the least deceit or guile with them. I have detected myself doing this with mine in several instances, and I fear you may find the same in your own conduct towards your children, but it is a most pernicious thing. Never give them the least encouragement to expect you will do any thing for them which you do not intend to do, nor speak to them of an unimportant thing as if it were an important one. Children soon detect such deceit, and when they do, they lose their confidence in us, and justly too. We should feel that all

in them is wrong, and that they are placed in our hands that all may be made right. But how can this be done, if our example teaches them wrong from their infancy, in even the smallest matters? My dear Rachel felt these things deeply, and taught me many important lessons in this respect. Her management of the children was admirable, and they have sustained an immense loss by her removal. They are, however, in excellent care now. Dear brother and sister, think deeply on these things. You are in all probability giving to your little children their characters for a whole eternity!"

The next is from a letter to his parents: —

"You can easily suppose that I feel much anxiety to know what will become of me and my motherless children. For myself I feel but little solicitude, but for them I feel what I cannot express. I endeavor to quiet my anxieties by remembering that our Heavenly Father knoweth what things they have need of, and I do indeed feel greatly relieved when I beseech him to supply all their wants. I am not distressed in regard to temporal things, for in this respect, I have no doubt that they will always be supplied. But the thought of their being educated in this deeply depraved and ungodly part of the world is truly distressing. All the people in the Mediterranean, I have reason to fear, are by principle and practice liars, at least all Roman Catholics and Greeks; and the temptations to all other sins are so abundant that it seems almost impossible that children and youth should escape the general pollution. Still I should feel a very strong repugnance to the thought of sending them to America to be edu-

cated. I long to have them under my own eye, and feel that I could scarcely endure a separation from them, now that their dear mother can no longer be my companion. I know not what I can do or ought to do for them. But let me not doubt that the Lord careth for me and them, and that he will provide. In his kind hands I would then leave myself and them."

1828–29.

On the first anniversary of the death of his wife, Mr. Temple wrote her mother a commemorative letter, from which the following extracts are made: —

"This is the anniversary of my dear Rachel's departure from the sins and sorrows of the present life. It was, I doubt not, the day of her introduction to heaven, the end of all her fears, and pains, and cares, the consummation of all her hopes. I will endeavor not to mourn, though few perhaps have more reason to mourn over such a loss as her removal has occasioned me. God has provided for all his people some better thing than the friends whom the rush of years bears away to the grave. How wretched should we be if he had given, and intended to give us, nothing better than the friends who die in our hands! And yet our hearts are so foolish, that if we were left to choose, we should be content with these, and seek for nothing better."

Mrs. Temple was buried in a retired cemetery, lying between the walls of some of those massive and extensive fortifications which have made Malta by art, what Gibraltar is by nature, impregnable.

On these walls sentinels were always stationed. In allusion to this circumstance, the letter closes with these brief and beautiful words: —

"A soldier cries out all the night through, a few paces from dear Rachel's grave, 'All's well.' What a cheering truth is this concerning her. It is well with the righteous."

In the summer of this year, having been invited by the Prudential Committee, Mr. Temple with his two children returned to the United States for a temporary visit.

The following letter was written not long before his departure: —

Dear Brother Smith, — The presence of the combined squadrons at the present moment, produces a very unusual share of dissipation. The streets on Sunday are full of sailors, partly or wholly intoxicated. No gratitude seems to be felt by more than a very few of those who were in a very remarkable manner preserved in the awful battle of Navarino. The naval officers seem to long for another engagement.

I never before had an opportunity to see the distinctive features of war in the light in which they now appear to me. War has long appeared to me to be in its very nature diabolical, but it seems so far more than ever, after having heard a particular description of the battle from a pious midshipman of the Albion who was in the hottest of it, and received a wound which he thought would be mortal. The dreadful scene has given him new views of the nature of war, and will, I trust, lead him to abandon

the navy. I am sure that no Christian can choose to be a destroying angel, or to hold the besom of destruction in his hand. I rejoice that we are called in Divine Providence to bear the message of peace to our fellow men, and not to brandish the devouring sword.

Since the death of my very dear companion, I feel like one whose dearest friends are in another world, like a stranger and a pilgrim on earth. This is an entirely different world to me from what it formerly was. It seems to me like nothing but a vain show, an amusing dream taken for a reality, till one's slumbers are broken. My slumbers are broken, and I hope they will never steal upon me again. But, alas! though the dream is gone, I do not find myself in possession of the great realities of religion as I could wish.

It is more painful to me to think of a return to the United States, than it was when there, to think of leaving. But it must be so. I cannot refrain from many tears at the thought of seeing again persons and places that will awaken the most vivid remembrance of purposes which are broken off, of hopes which are withered and dead, and of friendships which are buried in the grave to be revived no more till the heavens and earth are passed away! But why should I indulge myself in this manner? All is not lost. God is where he was, and what he was; and, though all is changing around me, his purposes remain unbroken, the hopes of his people will never wither nor die, and our friendships with his children will survive the sweep of death, which carries every thing else away! The Lord liveth, and blessed be

my Rock! He says to me, if I do not mistake, as to Jacob, "Return to the land of thy fathers, and to thy kindred; and I will be with thee." I left it at his command, and at his command I would return. If his presence go with me, this is enough.

Mr. Temple arrived at Boston in September, 1828. Having placed his children under the care of Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., he engaged in an agency for the American Board, which he prosecuted with little interruption till he returned again to the Mediterranean.

A few extracts from his letters during this period, will show that his affection for divine things, and his love for his friends, continued to glow warmly.

Hartford, March 20.

My dear Brother,—I have heard nothing from you since I wrote last. I have, however, thought much of you, and endeavored to pray often for you. The state of all unconverted persons is truly affecting, and is, I fear, too seldom a subject of serious reflection either to themselves, or to Christians. I fear I have not felt for your soul as I ought, and that you are not aware of your danger, as you should be. I am at a loss to know in what manner to write you. Pray tell me, my dear brother, where are you? Have you fled from the wrath to come, or not? Have you obeyed the command of Christ to repent, or are you still impenitent? These are questions which ought to interest you very deeply.

There is a revival of religion, or at least considerable attention to religion, in this city, and this has

brought me hither from New Haven. When I was here a few weeks ago, an event happened which very much interested my feelings. I was requested to address the children of this city on Saturday afternoon, and consented cheerfully. Three hundred children assembled, and I addressed them seriously. Among the little boys present, I observed one in particular, who was remarkably attentive from the beginning to the end of my address, which was more than half an hour long. This lad returned home and related to his mother what had been said to them, and was so much interested in it that he desired her to write it down for him, that when he should become a man he might have it to read. On Monday following, this lad became ill of a fever, and on Wednesday I was called to see him in the arms of death. Whether any permanent impression was made on his heart by what he heard, is not to be known by us till another day shall reveal it. I cannot help hoping, however, that the truth which he heard on that occasion, may have found its way into his heart. Whether it were so or not, it affords me pleasure to have had an opportunity to address him, and call his attention to that subject which above all others we need most frequently to consider.

New York, May 5.

My very dear Father, — Your letter of May 1, reached me last evening, and brought me the unwelcome tidings that my dear sister is apparently sinking fast toward her long home. It is well! She has nothing to fear! Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is Christ that died; yea,

rather that is risen again, who also maketh intercession for us. Tell her not to fear. God has loved her, and has given his Son to die for her, and with him he will freely give her all things. If she is soon to die, it will be gain to her, for then the prayer of our Lord will be answered. He prayed for all his disciples, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Only some faint gleams of his glory are seen in this world; but heaven will be filled with his glory. I hope she is looking to him steadfastly, and rejoicing in him while he is yet unseen. If he dissolves the earthly house of her tabernacle, it is only that he may give her one in the heavens, eternal, and not made with hands. I hope she can lie in his hands without fear, and commit her soul to him as to a faithful Creator. He is with his people in all their troubles, and will never forsake them.

Tell my very dear sister, that my prayers are offered without ceasing to God for her, and I have no doubt that he will do for her exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. I hope to see her before she shall join in the chorus of heaven, in praising the Lamb that was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood.

The sister alluded to in the last extract died while Mr. Temple was visiting his old Alma Mater, at Hanover, N. H. He did not reach home until after her funeral. Within a few days, being obliged to continue his labors, he wrote as follows to his afflicted parents.

My dear Parents, — Circumstances do not permit me to return to you at the present time, as I very much desire to do. I cannot, however, consent to visit Maine without writing you a few lines just to assure you of my most affectionate and filial remembrances in your present affliction. Though it has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit us with affliction, let us not fail to notice the mercy with which this visitation is accompanied. We do not, and we cannot, mourn as those who have no hope. The blow which has fallen upon us did not descend in a sudden and awful manner. There is much more of mercy than of judgment visible in the event. We cannot but feel that it was gain to S. to die, for the Holy Spirit has declared, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The departure of our Christian friends to a better world seems well adapted to draw our thoughts thither, with new and greater interest than we had been accustomed to feel before. I cannot but hope that our afflictions will be found in the end to have been particularly profitable to us all. Of this we may be quite certain, that our Heavenly Father sent this affliction with a merciful design; but it is not equally certain that we shall secure all the benefits which he intended. We shall secure them only by much meditation and prayer. "In the day of adversity consider," says the voice of inspiration. I hope we shall all inquire wherefore God has begun to contend with us, that we shall search and try our ways, and turn to the Lord, for he hath smitten, and he can heal us.

I need not assure you, my dear parents, that I deeply sympathize with you in your affliction. You

can scarcely feel your loss more than it is felt by me. I hope, however, we shall all bow with cheerful submission to the will of our Father in heaven.

The following letter is one of many similar to it in spirit, written on his birthday.

Medford, December 23.

My very dear Parents, — I presume you have not forgotten that this day completes the fortieth year of my life. How little did you foresee, forty years ago, the events which have fallen within this period. They fill me with surprise when I reflect on them.

I have endeavored to remember to-day how the Lord has led me these forty years, to prove me and to try me, and, as I trust, to do me good in my latter end. What a mercy it is that so many of your family have been spared, when death has been sweeping into the grave such countless multitudes of our fellow men, since my life began!

I hope your lives may be rendered a blessing to your family in all the remaining days that may be allotted you, as they have been during the years that are past. It is deeply interesting to mark the rapid flight of my years. It almost compels me to feel that they will all be soon numbered and finished.

I hope soon to see you. Till then, I remain

Your affectionate son,

Daniel.

1830.

Mr. Temple was married January 4, 1830, in the North Church, Hartford, Ct., to Miss Martha Ely,

daughter of the late Deacon Nathaniel Ely, of Longmeadow, Mass.

On the 18th he embarked at Boston on the brig Cherub, Captain Loring, with his wife and two sons, for Malta. The vessel was old and too heavily laden, and the accommodations for passengers very small. The weather was tempestuous, and the passage proved very uncomfortable.

After thirty-eight days the vessel anchored in the harbor of Valetta, on the 25th of February, eight years and three days after Mr. Temple's first arrival there as a perfect stranger. During the voyage, he wrote as follows to his brother:—

At Sea, off the Western Islands, February 3.

My dear Brother, — It is now sixteen days since we sailed from Boston, and this is the first fair one that we have had, the first indeed in which we could sit on deck without being in danger every moment of being wet by a wave dashing violently against the sides of the ship. Our passage, thus far, has been stormy, boisterous, and on some accounts perilous; though we have as yet been most mercifully preserved from all the dangers of the sea. Martha and myself were obliged to keep our berth almost constantly for ten or twelve days, but we are now much better, though not fully recovered.

I cannot tell you, my dear brother, how often and with how much interest my most affectionate thoughts have visited you all since I took leave of you, and more especially since we have been at sea. I had feared that the parting scene might render me incapable of commanding my feelings. I am thank-

ful that it did not. Such scenes are full of the most impressive and important instruction. They aid us in anticipating the awful scenes of the last great day. They tell us faintly, indeed, but still they tell us, how overwhelming that great event will be, when the final Judge of all shall proceed to separate the righteous from the wicked, and shall gather them both to their final and eternal homes, as far from each other as heaven and hell lie asunder.

The two letters which follow, were written on the eve of Mr. Temple's departure from Boston.

My dear Mother and Sister,—I cannot tell you how much gratitude I feel in remembering the cheerfulness with which you were at last enabled to make the sacrifice which must have appealed powerfully to all the tenderest feelings of your hearts. May not this trial aid you in comprehending more fully the import of the language, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"? The thought may sometimes steal into our hearts, our foolish, selfish hearts, that some of our very dear and estimable friends are too good to be sacrificed in God's service. When it is so, God we may be sure says to us, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts." If God spared not his Son, but delivered him up for us all, should we think it too much to give up our dearest friends to a service which myriads of angels would fly from heaven with the rapidity of lightning to perform, were they permitted to do so? The chief of the apostles felt and acknowledged that he was not worthy to be thus employed, and we shall feel so too,

if we have any proper views of the subject. I hope, my dear mother, you will be truly thankful that you have a daughter to give to the work which an apostle would covet. Her coming to you in the kingdom of glory from a heathen land, accompanied and followed by the precious souls which she may have guided thither, will give you more joy than you could have felt, had she ascended to join your happy spirit there, as her body sunk into the sepulchres of her forefathers. We pray that God may be better to you than all the sons and daughters that have ever been born could be, and we feel confident that he will. It is consoling to know that we leave you with the Judge of the widow, and your children with the Father of the fatherless, whose mercy extends to a thousand generations of them that love him. Your children, my dear sister G., will be taught of the Lord, I doubt not, sooner or later, and great will be their peace. The prayers which have been offered for them, have not ascended, I feel persuaded, in vain, and will not be forgotten by Him whose eyes are over the righteous, and his ears open to their cry.

VERY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER MACK, — The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. When we give ourselves or our friends to him, the offering is acceptable only when it is presented cheerfully. It affords me great joy to remember how cheerfully you have given to me, and lent to the Lord, the sister who is so justly and so tenderly endeared to you all. It must have been an affliction to you to think of such a separation. I have no doubt, however, that you will all sing in a better world, a louder and sweeter song

on this very account. It will have endeared to you all your precious privileges. It will have prompted many more fervent prayers for her and the souls for whom she goes forth to labor, and will remind you a thousand times of him who loved us and descended from his throne and his kingdom to save us, and who though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich.

The following passages are from letters to various friends, upon arriving at Malta: —

February 26.

My very dear Parents, — By the good hand of our God upon us, we were permitted to anchor in this harbor last night, after a passage of thirty-eight days from Boston. You will be happy to learn that we are all in good health, though Martha and myself have suffered considerably from sea-sickness on our passage. I trust, however, that our health is not materially impaired by the voyage.

Though it was very painful to my feelings to be separated from you, to whom I am so much indebted, still it is grateful to me to revisit this scene of my former labors. I return to it cheerfully, and hope by Divine grace to be enabled to labor in it diligently and faithfully, till God shall call me to retire from it.

I trust I am truly thankful that I am permitted to return, not solitary and alone, but with a companion, whom Providence has raised up to be, as I have the best reason to hope, a repairer of the breach which death had made upon me, a comfort and a helper to me, and a mother to my dear children. I trust we

do both endeavor to bless the Lord, and to exalt his name together. I am sure it will be a comfort to you to think of me as no longer a solitary stranger in a strange land. The sweet Psalmist says of the Lord, "He setteth the solitary in families." This he has most mercifully done for me, and I hope I shall have a heart to bless his glorious name for ever.

I find all our American friends here in good health. Poor Giuseppe, who lived with me and served me so faithfully, and who seemed to be truly converted, has gone to his grave. I have had an affecting interview with my excellent friend Mr. Jowett. It has been a refreshing thing to me to see his face again, after a separation of about two years, which have effected in his circumstances, as well as in mine, very great changes! Well, after a few more changes, the final one will come! How diligent, watchful, and prayerful, should we then be, that we may be prepared for that final change! May the Lord enable us to wait patiently and piously all the days of our appointed time till that change come!

March 1.

My dear Mother, — Though Martha has written you all somewhat copiously, I am persuaded that a line from me will not be unwelcome even though it should impart not one new item of information. Permit me to say that her presence as my beloved companion has greatly cheered me on our passage over the highway of nations, and does greatly cheer and encourage me still, now that we are in sight of the former scene of my labors and sorrows. I trust we have neither of us dreamed of finding a paradise

on this side of heaven. Had I ever indulged such a dream, I must have learned long ago, by painful experience, that it was but a dream. Our union was begun and consummated, I trust, under the full conviction in both our hearts, that all our happiness depends entirely on the blessing of God. This conviction we still cherish, and I hope its influence will not cease to be felt by us as long as our lives shall be continued.

It may be that the Lord has said of us as he did of Paul, "I will show them how great things they shall suffer for my name's sake," and if it should be so, I trust we shall both be enabled to say with the apostle, "None of these things move us, neither count we our lives dear unto ourselves, that we may finish our course with joy." If the Lord will give us grace to be faithful unto death, we feel that we may rejoice in the prospect of receiving a crown of life in a better world. Though Providence has called us to be separated so far from you, that we hardly indulge the hope of seeing you, till we shall meet in one of the many mansions in our Father's house, still, you may be assured that we have you in our hearts, and love to bear you before the throne of grace in our daily prayers. The apostle could say, and did say, doubtless with perfect truth, to his Christian friends, that always in every prayer of his, he made request for them with joy. We hope that you and many of our friends can say as much concerning your prayers for us.

You have often intimated to me, that your days of usefulness are all passed away. Moses may have felt so, perhaps, in his old age; but when did he ren-

der a more important service to the cause of Israel than on that memorable day in which he stretched out his hand toward heaven, as his people went forth and fought with the Amalekites? We have girded on our armor, and advanced into the enemy's country, to contend with the rulers of the darkness of this world, and with spiritual wickedness in high places; and though the burden of age and increasing infirmities may press hard upon you, we feel that you can serve the cause as effectually as Moses did, and in the same way. We can truly say to all our friends, we trust through your prayers and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, that our labors will not be in vain. Should the Spirit of the Lord accompany the ministrations of your unworthy son, the truth would then be to the sinner like the flaming sword in the hand of the cherubim, to drive him from his iniquities. It would be sharper than any twoedged sword, cutting him to the heart, and constraining him to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" This blessing your prayers may procure.

Permit me to tender to you my most heartfelt thanks for the gift of my most beloved, and most cherished and valued friend on earth. I bless God that you had such a daughter to give me, and pray that I may be to her all that you could reasonably desire her to find in a husband.

My dear Brother and Sister, — Had not seasickness prevented, I should have written you as we were traversing the highway of nations, without delaying till I could write as now, from the isle of the shipwrecked apostle. My letter, however, written on

terra firma, will not be less acceptable to you than it would have been had it told you on its very face that it came from our floating home. It is now a little more than four weeks since we were made glad because we were quiet after having been rolled and tossed and driven by the most capricious of all the elements, the winds and the sea. I am happy to say, that although we both suffered from sea-sickness more than half our voyage, we now remember these sorrows only as waters that have passed away.

Dear brother and sister, we have come to a land of darkness and the shadow of death. A residence of seven years had rendered the scenes of this island so familiar to me, that though my mind had not ceased to be impressed and affected by them, still it had lost, in some measure at least, the vividness of the contrast between this and my native country. But now, the contrast strikes me with overwhelming power. I am like one who has just been regaled in a garden of rich and delicious fruits and flowers, now gazing with weeping eyes on the barrenness of a wide desert. The whole scene around tells us with a thousand loud voices every day, but more especially on the Lord's day, that this whole population is gone out of the way. Could you pass one Sabbath with us here, your own quiet home would ever after have a thousand new charms in your view. No one can pass through these streets with any delicate, not to say Christian, sensibilities, without being greatly scandalized by the scenes which fall under his notice. I have seen nothing like them in America. It is now the season of Lent here, and on the doors of almost all the churches, you may see a board hung up, with

the inscription, "Plenary indulgence," upon it. Over the door of one church is this sentence, "Plenary indulgence, daily and perpetual, for the living and the dead." After reading such a sentence over the door of the church, you would hardly expect to find much piety among the people.

I am consoled, however, by the persuasion, that the way of the Lord is gradually preparing even here. The importance of missionary labors appears more and more distinctly to my mind, as I become better acquainted with the real state of the people of these countries. But oh! how vain must all our labors here be, without that omnipotent energy to aid us which attended the ministrations of the apostles! I feel that we are no better than one that beats the air, when we are left to labor alone. "Without me ye can do nothing," said our Lord to his disciples; and this he has said to us, and is still saying, with great emphasis. I trust we understand the import of his declaration, and are imploring his aid.

My very dear Brother, — Your kind letter was received two days ago, and I may truly say it brought me more pleasure than any one which you had written me before. It told me in language and in a tone which I could not misinterpret, that you cherish toward me a brother's feeling and a brother's heart.

There is only one thing which I would desire and ask for you, with earnest importunity, and this you will easily understand is the one thing needful, mentioned to Martha by our Lord. Could I learn that this is your possession, I should say, with as much feeling and as much joy as Jacob did when he

learned that his beloved Joseph was still alive, "It is enough." I trust I may live to learn this; but whether I do or not, I feel well persuaded, that as long as life and reason remain to me, I shall not cease to pray for so desirable an event. While you are with our dear parents, pray try to supply the absence of their two sons, who have been called in Providence to pass over the great and wide sea, and the absence, too, of those two lamented daughters, who have passed away to a still more awful distance into another world. It is equally the dictate of Scripture and humanity to aid and comfort in their old age, the parents who watched over and cherished us in our infancy and youth. Of such conduct God has expressed his marked approbation. May it be your happiness to enjoy that, in this particular and in all others!

VERY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER MACK, — Since the receipt of your very kind letters, no vessel has given us an opportunity to tell you how much we were refreshed by them, and how many of the most sacred and tender recollections were awakened in us both by their perusal and reperusal. We feel thankful that though we have passed over the great and wide sea, we are still permitted to know from the best evidence that we have not gone so far from you and many other beloved and Christian friends, as to be beyond the reach of your and their kindest and most affectionate remembrances. Our distant separation from the friends whom we have in our hearts, I might almost say to live and die with them, sometimes makes us think with very great and delightful inter-

est of that new heaven and new earth, where there is no more sea to toss friends as they pass over it, and then to roll its waves between them and keep them asunder. But I trust we both look to that new heaven and new earth with a still greater and more delightful interest, because that in it dwelleth righteousness.

I feel thankful for that kind Providence which made me for a short season, much shorter than I could have wished, an inmate of your family, and still more so that it has since made me your brother. In all these events the hand of the Lord is sometimes seen by me so distinctly, that I can find and command no other language to utter the feelings of my heart, but tears of gratitude, I trust of sincere, fervent gratitude.

My return to this island awakened at first feelings in my bosom which none can know, perhaps not ever imagine, who have never seen their house made desolate by the stroke of death. Such feelings I could not wish entirely to banish. They chasten the joys which I feel in seeing my house now cheerful by the presence of my wife and my children. They tell me not to forget that the fashion of this world passeth away, and I trust I may add, they teach me to look continually for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.

I must not deny myself nor you the pleasure and the justice too, of saying, that Martha is, by the grace of God, to me and my children, a repairer of the breach which death had made on me and them in the removal of my former wife and their mother. To me and to them she is more, far more than I had

allowed myself to believe any one could be; she is all that I could with any reason desire. With my former wife my connection was that of one of the most favored men, nor is it less so with Martha. The children seem to love her as they did their own mother. If the measure of our own usefulness were as great as that of our domestic happiness, we should have hardly any thing more to ask for in this world.

We have much here to try our patience and faith. We feel as you cannot, that we peculiarly need grace to perform the works of faith and the labors of love, and after we have done this, we need the patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ. We are called to sow in tears, but a ray of joy sometimes glistens in those tears, because we hope that though we may not live to gather the harvest, the angel reapers will at the last day gather some, nay much fruit to eternal life, from this now barren field, where we are sowing the incorruptible seed of the word of God. In this we do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

We deeply feel our separation from our dear Christian friends in our own country, but this only renders the anticipations of that world where the children of God shall go no more out, the more refreshing to us. Regrets that we have left you and our other friends, much as we love you all, we have *none, none.* Our only regret is that while we were with you we did you so little good by our example, and sought so little good for you by our prayers. Though we have left you and fled to the island which once felt the tread of an apostle's feet, and witnessed the miracles which he by the finger of God wrought among its ancient astonished inhabi-

tants, we have not lost the invaluable privilege of commending you to God in our prayers, and we do with joy make request for you all.

It was edifying and refreshing to me to observe how deeply and tenderly you both felt for your two sons. I trust, that as long as your life shall be continued and theirs, your prayers will not fail to ascend continually for them. Be assured that they will be had in remembrance before God. Let us continually come to God in prayer for our children, holding up before him the exceeding great and precious promises which he has recorded in his word for our encouragement in this duty. He has said to all his people, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thy offspring. And one shall say I am the Lord's, and another shall subscribe with his hand to be the Lord's. Thy children also shall be all righteous, and great shall be the peace of thy children." Having, therefore, these promises, let us hold fast the faith which prompts us to pray for them without ceasing. Great things, I trust, we do not desire for them in this world. It seems to me that if God would by his grace put my two sons among his children, and give them the heritage of them that fear him, it is all that I could desire for them; that I could then say, it is enough. This I trust he will do, and I pray that it may be soon.

My dear Parents, — It is a long time since any opportunity has occurred to write you. You have not, however, been forgotten, though it has not been

in my power to tell you with how much filial affection and interest I remember you. I believe my letters have often borne testimony to the gratitude with which I remember all your cares, toils, and kindnesses to me. I sometimes have such a sense of them that my heart is almost ready to burst, and my tears gush plentifully. I was comparatively a stranger to such feelings till Providence put me into the parental relation, and awakened in my bosom the emotions that belong to it. You enjoy in some measure, I trust, the satisfaction of feeling that your labors have not been entirely in vain. I wish it were in my power, as it is surely in my heart, to make some adequate compensation for all that you have both done for me.

When I think of your state compared with that of all the people of these countries, I cannot help feeling that your lot is a peculiarly favored one. Old age is not stealing upon you, with all its infirmities, without offering you in abundance the strongest consolations of the Gospel, a privilege to which nearly all the inhabitants of these countries are little less than utter strangers. Though you have not been without chastisement, of which all are partakers, still all your days have been distinguished by the Divine goodness and mercy. Should you attempt to take the sum of your mercies you would doubtless be constrained to say, "If I would declare and speak of them they are more than can be numbered."

I trust your hearts are often very sensibly touched as you abundantly utter the memory of God's great mercy to you and yours. The crown of all his mercies is the gift of his Son. Here is a mercy that

reaches beyond time, and spreads over a whole eternity. And if we should think of this more, our afflictions would appear less; nay, they would appear to be light and but for a moment.

I should rejoice to know that your views of those things which are above, where Christ sits at the right hand of God, are becoming brighter and clearer as you advance in age. The best service that you can render your children and grandchildren is to imitate the example of Jacob in Egypt, who implored the divine benediction on the two sons of Joseph. All your children will have reason to remember with much gratitude, the pains you have taken to impress upon their hearts a proper sense of the worth of their souls. Sooner or later I trust it will appear that God has had your prayers and labors for them in remembrance. The hope of being instrumental in the conversion and salvation of my children, cheers me while I am endeavoring to direct their education so as to secure this most important end. Indeed, I desire to feel habitually that my grand business with them, is to guide them to the attainment of eternal life. When parents have a constant regard to this, I feel persuaded that they will seldom fail of seeing their desires accomplished, sooner or later.

1831.

A cloud of melancholy which had overshadowed Mr. Temple's father more or less darkly for years, at last passed away, never to return.

The following letter contains his joyful expressions on learning this grateful news: —

February 2.

My very dear Father,—I will not attempt to tell you with what joy and gratitude I have read your most welcome letter. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for the wonderful things which he has done for you, and blessed be his glorious name for ever and ever! Will you not unite with me with all your heart in saying, Amen and amen. May your sun no more go down, nor your moon withdraw its light! May you from this moment to the end of your life with joy draw water out of the wells of salvation, and know the peace of God which passeth all understanding! I cannot tell you how much I have felt for you in your disconsolate days, nor how often I have besought the Father of lights to remove your darkness, and cause the light of his countenance to shine upon you and give you peace.

There has no doubt been much mercy in all that you have suffered during these dark and dismal days, which have been to you almost like the shadow of death. I trust that we all shall be admonished by these events. They teach us how frail we are, and how easily all the blessings of this life may become embittered to us to the last degree. With what feelings would you look upon one who had redeemed you from a whole eternity of such exquisite sufferings as you have endured for a few months. Perhaps your sorrows will teach you more perfectly how to regard the beloved Son of God, who has delivered us from the wrath to come, being made a curse for us. His soul was sorrowful even unto death, that he might redeem us from all sorrow, and raise us at last to the joys of heaven forever and ever.

I should rejoice in being permitted to visit you again, should Providence seem to intimate, as before, that it is my duty. Let us leave this to the direction of Infinite Wisdom. If it is for the best, we shall meet again; if not, we could not reasonably desire it.

Stupendous changes are constantly taking place in this part of the world. The civil and religious systems of these countries have waxed old, and seem ready to vanish away. The Son of God seems to be saying with a loud voice, "Behold, I come quickly." I trust we are waiting for him.

When Mr. Temple returned to Malta from the United States, his old friend, Mr. Goodell, with his family, was there, having been driven by war from Syria. He remained till the spring of the next year, and then commenced those missionary labors at Constantinople which the Lord has so eminently blessed.

It would have been according to the mind of both of them, and of the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M., could they have been located in the same place; but the Lord ordered it otherwise, through their whole missionary course. They were not, however, long so widely separated as to preclude frequent and regular correspondence; and to the many letters of Mr. Temple to Mr. Goodell, the latter portion of this Memoir will be indebted for no small part of its interest.

During the second summer after his return from the United States, Mr. Temple yielded to the importunities of many of his best friends, and opened his

house for divine services in English, on the morning and evening of the Sabbath. An afternoon Sabbath school was also held, in which he taught, with little assistance from others. He conducted also a lecture on Friday evening, with no aid. Thus the full labors of an ordinary pastor devolved on him, in addition to the superintendence of the press, now actively and fully employed. Besides this, being at that time treasurer for the whole Mediterranean mission, he was oppressed by the management of much secular business, and by keeping up an extensive and increasing correspondence. These public services in his own house did not indeed increase his labors, for he had preached twice every Sabbath, and once during the week, since his return. It was to secure him the full control of the services, that his friends urged him to preach in his own house; and unwillingness to do any thing which had the appearance of separating from others whom he esteemed Christian brethren, was the only cause of his reluctant consent. He never had reason to regret this step, however. The Divine blessing rested on his labors, and they resulted in the hopeful conversion of many precious souls.

Under the pressure of so many burdens, and the wasting heat of the protracted summers, Mr. Temple's health suffered in some measure, though not so as to cause him to intermit any of his labors. In the winter season he was generally favored with more vigorous health. The following passages from letters to various friends, portray the chief features in his experience during the remainder of his second residence at Malta.

June 7.

My very dear Parents, — My heart's desire and daily prayer to God for my sons is, that they may, by his grace, be added to the little flock, to which it is his good pleasure to give the kingdom. I desire nothing for them so much as that they may belong to his fold, who feeds his flock like a shepherd, and gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom. They remind me every day of what I have been in the days of my thoughtless childhood and early youth. They awaken all the tenderest feelings of my heart, and draw from my eyes a gush of grateful tears, as they remind me of your untold kindness and faithfulness to me during the years when I was too young to understand, and too thoughtless to consider the amount of my obligation to you. If I am now truly thankful for any thing that is past, it is for all the restraints which you imposed upon me in my early years. The good effects of those restraints I feel every day, and doubt not that I shall feel them for ever and ever. I thank you, my dear parents, from the bottom of my heart, for all the admonitions and chastisements which I have received at your hands, or from your lips. There are few things preserved in my recollection which give me more pain than the remembrance of having been the occasion of any sorrow to you in the days of my folly. But God has forgiven me, I trust; and I am more than persuaded that you have a thousand times forgiven me. I have no doubt that my delinquencies have long since faded from your memories; but they will never be erased from mine.

Separation has not diminished, but, on the contrary,

greatly increased my affectionate interest in all that concerns you, whether for this world or a better. It gives me more joy than I can find language to express, to know that the candle of the Lord shines on your tabernacle, and that the peace of God which passeth all understanding cheers you, as the infirmities of age are stealing silently upon you. Oh, may the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God that has fed you all your life long to this day, the Angel that has redeemed you from all evil, bless you and keep you even to the end, and then give you an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of his dear Son! *His dear Son!* Oh, how dear should he be who has loved us and given himself for us, that he might redeem us to God!

Mr. Goodell, with his family, is gone to Constantinople. Though it is a great loss to be deprived of so cheerful and pious and companionable a friend, still we rejoice that he is gone, for we feel persuaded that his usefulness in the heart and capital of the Turkish empire will be far more extended than it was or could be in this little island. We hope to follow him, though not just at present. The climate of Constantinople is much like that of New England, and would probably be friendly to me. I fear I am not likely to enjoy vigorous health in this climate during the summer. The hot weather makes a strong and unfavorable impression on me, much more so than formerly. I was very well in the winter; but as soon as the warm winds of Spring began to blow, I began to decline in health. I am, however, able to attend to our affairs, but cannot study vigorously, which is a great trial to me. A little study disturbs my head,

producing much pain in it, and almost depriving me of quiet sleep.

My spirits are not depressed, as formerly. This change I owe mainly, I have no doubt, to the affectionate assiduities of my beloved companion, whose presence always chases away that air of desolation that once surrounded me. Such a feeling of desolation had taken possession of my bosom, that it would have destroyed my health, if not my life, had it continued much longer. It was a sinful feeling, and ought not to have been indulged a moment. May I be preserved from all such despondency in future! It gives me great joy to know that my father's spirits are now so cheerful, and his days like a morning without clouds. So may they continue to the end.

September 1.

A volcano has recently burst out of the sea, about eighty miles north-west from this island, and formed a new island more than a mile in circumference. This is a most wonderful phenomenon, and teaches us how easily God can destroy this world, which is reserved unto fire. The water where this volcano burst forth was probably five hundred feet deep, and the island which it has formed is one hundred and sixty feet high. Many persons have gone from this island to see the wonderful sight. We can as easily conceive how fires may issue from the centre of the globe as from the depth of the sea. In this volcano the flames issue with so much violence and noise, that the report is distinctly heard at the distance of forty miles or more. How marvellous are the works of God!

All the countries around us are in a most unsettled state. The end is not yet. It is refreshing to my heart to remember that the Lord reigns as head above all. In these regions there seems to be nothing but sin and darkness and confusion, the truth everywhere opposed by enemies who are numerous and powerful. But the Lord is mightier than they all, and his truth will finally prevail.

I have recently been called to visit in his prison and accompany to the gallows, an unhappy soldier, who, in a fit of intoxication, shot a sergeant instantly dead. The ball passed in at the back of his head and out just over his eyes. He died in an instant, without uttering a word. The murderer was tried by a court-martial on the following morning, and condemned to be hung two days after. He sent for me and Mr. Keeling, and we were with him the greater part of the time, by day and by night, till his execution, and went with him to the awful spot, and ascended with him the scaffold, where I read, to an immense assemblage of from ten to twenty thousand persons, his confession, which he desired me to write for him in prison; Mr. Keeling offered prayer. It was an awful scene. My feelings could scarcely endure it.

The poor man seemed truly penitent; but I have little confidence in any indications of repentance under such circumstances. Judas seemed penitent, but it was only the sorrow of the world which worketh death, and not godly sorrow, which worketh repentance unto salvation.

The confession of this man was printed, and when it was read on board the Admiral's ship of war in the harbor, one of the men came forward, and said that

he was guilty of the same crime; that ten years ago, he had shot a young woman who was living in his father's family, but that this had not been discovered. He delivered himself up to the law, and is now in confinement, and will probably be executed as soon as the facts confessed by him shall have been examined in England, and the result made known. How true was the declaration of Moses, "And be sure your sins will find you out." As the voice of a brother's blood cries to God from the ground, so I am persuaded it generally cries aloud in the murderer's own ear.

The poor man whom I attended to the gallows seemed so deeply to feel his own guilt as to have no desire to live. The sergeant whom he shot left a wife and four little children, for whom the murderer seemed to feel very keenly; but his tears and sorrows could not restore the murdered man.

1832.

January 17.

VERY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER MACK,—Though your home is on one of the everlasting hills of our beloved native land, and ours on this isle of the shipwrecked apostle to the Gentiles, still we feel that we have frequent meetings and minglings of spirit with you before the same throne of grace. I trust the spirit of God and of glory so rests upon us and upon you, that though the great and wide sea, with all its roaring multitude of waves, lifts up its hands on high to keep our bodies asunder, we are still present in spirit, loving and beloved, blessing and blessed,

rejoicing in the Lord, following, in affectionate faith and joyful hope, our great and glorious Forerunner into the holy of holies, where he has for us, and for all his people, entered as the great High-Priest, the one Mediator, the Advocate with the Father, who saves his people from their sins.

How widely different are our circumstances and situations! At this moment a scene of bleak and, probably, blank desolation reigns before your eyes; while here, on the contrary, the verdure and the flowers of spring greet and cheer us on all sides. Such a contrast to yours is the scene around us in the physical world. But, in the spiritual world, a more than wintry desolation spreads itself all around us; while you are cheered and refreshed by beholding and fully enjoying the happy fruits of spring and summer and autumn all at once! Blessed are your eyes and ears, for they see and hear what many prophets and righteous men desired to see and hear. We hope, with much confidence, that a time will come when we shall see and hear such things here as you now do in the land of the pilgrims. These parts of the world were not created to be for ever crushed by the foot and darkened by the shadow of the abomination of desolation. Our wintry days and scenes are soon to flee and fade away. I trust, when that time comes, and come it must, the joyful song will be heard, "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." I long to hear this exulting song and to join in it. There are mountains of ice to be melted away before such scenes can greet us.

Let us remember, however, that the Lord can rend the heavens and come down, and cause these mountains to melt away and flow down at his presence, causing his name to be made known to his adversaries, and the nations to tremble at his presence.

April 19.

My very dear Parents, — I am thankful to say, that my health is better this spring than it has been at this season during the two past years. I was not without serious fears for a season, that I should be laid quite aside, as a vessel wherein God has no pleasure. I am, however, so much improved in health at present, that I see reason to hope I may be enabled to do something more in the Lord's vineyard, if he has any thing more for me to do. Oh! for that mind which was in his dear Son, who said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." He pleased not himself, but gave a perfect example of that self-denial which he inculcated upon us and upon all men.

I am trying to meditate more and more upon his example, and especially upon the agonies which he endured on the cross, for our sins. If the Jews, seeing his tears at the grave of Lazarus, said, "Behold how he loved him," can we refrain from saying, and feeling too, how much he loved us, when we meditate on the sufferings which he endured for us upon the cross! As our knowledge and experience of his love to us are increased, so should our love and gratitude to him be also increased. We ought to love him who first loved us, and we shall love him, and that, too, more and more, if our hearts are right toward God.

My life, which is as yet much shorter than yours, seems to me an unbroken chain of Divine mercies, from beginning to end. I now distinctly see the richest mercy in the bitterest of my afflictions. In our afflictions, our merciful Father in heaven forces mercies upon us, which we should decline under any other circumstances.

I trust the Lord is giving you both the most refreshing sense of the preciousness of the promises, and enabling you to confide in them with the most unshaken faith. In these he has caused all his people to hope, in the ages which are passed, and in them his people will hope in all those to come.

We have been cheered for almost two months by the presence of your former pastor, Rev. Samuel Green, of Boston, as a member of our family. This is to us a pleasure as great as it was unexpected. He is soon to leave us on his way homeward, but without any very material improvement in his health. It seems strange to us, with our limited views and partial feelings, that such a man should be put to silence, when his labors are so much needed. But the Lord knows better than we, how and by what means to build his kingdom which is to stand forever and ever, and he will build it, though he dismisses those builders who seem to us best fitted to be his coworkers. He sometimes, too, dismisses his servants for a season, in order to qualify them for more important services. I trust this may be the case in this instance. Mr. Green has just heard of the great things which the Lord has done among his people since he left them, and this has much refreshed his spirits and ours.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight sailed yesterday, on their way to Constantinople. So we are again left almost alone. My health and spirits, however, are so much improved within the last year, and especially the last six months, that I do not feel discouraged or lonely.

We think we see some indications of the presence of the Holy Spirit among a few of the English who attend at our house for public worship on the Sabbath, and for prayer on Friday evening. There are from sixty to seventy present on the Sabbath, and thirty or more on Friday evening.

A brother of Mr. Temple, who followed a seafaring life, sailed in the fall of 1831 from Smyrna for Boston, in the brig Ursula. The vessel was never heard from again, and probably perished in a furious storm soon after leaving port. Allusion is made to this in the following letter: —

My dear Parents, — There has never been a time when I felt more anxious to hear from you than I do at present. From your letters, and also from another received from Smyrna, informing me that no tidings had been heard from the Ursula after her departure from that port, and that she was supposed to be lost, I am brought to the painful conclusion that George has perished with her crew. This is, to me, a very touching and painful event, and to you, I fear, it may be still more so. We cannot, however, indulge ourselves in sorrowing as those who have no hope; for as we are assured that Jesus died and rose again, so we are equally sure that those who sleep in him will be brought with him when he shall come a second time without sin unto salvation.

It is painful to be left in perfect ignorance about the manner and circumstances in which our beloved friends have been taken from the world, for our busy imaginations, rendered more active than usual on such occasions, are too ready to paint before us distressing images. But it is much better to check our imaginations and endeavor to recollect that all, though unknown to us, was ordered in infinite wisdom and mercy. Moses, that eminent servant of God, died as it would seem quite alone, no one being present either to witness his dying scene or to render any tribute of affection at his interment. Moses died and the Lord buried him, and no man, adds the historian, knoweth of his sepulchre until this day; but though his body was laid in the sepulchre, concealed from the knowledge of all living, still the soul of Moses was gathered into the kingdom of God, for we find that he appeared to our Lord and his disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration in company with Elijah. Neither he nor the world had sustained any loss by his solitary departure from among men, nor by the perfect concealment of the sepulchre where the Lord buried him.

If my dear brother has gone the way of all the earth as he was passing over the great and wide sea, sinking in its mighty waters, we may still be satisfied, because the Lord has buried him; and though no one may ever know of his sepulchre, still the Lord will know where it is, and his rest will be as glorious there in the depths of the sea, as if he had died in his own native village, and been buried by the grave of his father and mother, and brothers and sisters. I am quite sure that you will be con-

soled, as I am, in the full persuasion that if George is dead, still he is not lost. I cannot doubt that the Lord was with him, speaking peace to his soul, from the dark clouds and furious tempest, which probably gathered around him and buried him and all who were with him in the sea.

Let us remember that it was God who commanded and raised up the stormy wind which lifted up the waves of the sea. However furious the tempest may have been, and however loud the waves may have roared, still the Lord of the whole universe sat upon the floods; and I trust that my dear brother was enabled by His grace to say in the midst of all the wild and terrific commotion, when the sea, the clouds, and the skies, seemed all to be mingled together in the fearful tempest, "The Lord of hosts is with me, the God of Jacob is my refuge." I have felt this, I trust, with tears of heart-felt joy, in the midst of such a scene.

I rejoice with you, my dear parents, that God did not call you to feel sorrow upon sorrow, without opening to you the deep sources of strong consolation, nor without teaching you how to apply to them. As God spoke to his ancient people out of a cloudy pillar, so now, he speaks to his people out of a cloud, which has two sides, as then, the one full of light to his own people, and the other full of darkness to his enemies. The luminous side of it is turned, I trust, toward you. Be of good comfort, for the Lord has done all things well.

I now preach twice on the Sabbath, and once during the week; but our congregation is small, varying from forty to sixty hearers. Sometimes I am encour-

aged; at times it is quite otherwise. On the whole, I see no ground for discouragement. When I look at all the difficulties to be overcome in effecting the conversion and salvation of the people of these countries, I feel that with man this is impossible, but not so with God, for with him all things are possible.

1833.

To a brother lately married he wrote the following congratulations: —

My dear Brother, — I tender you my sincere congratulations on that endeared union into which you have now entered. It is the most tender and sacred of all the relations that exist on this side of heaven, and is mentioned by an apostle as an image of the union between Christ and his church. To you and your beloved wife, may it be all that God our Heavenly Father intended by establishing a union so endeared.

I trust you may be enabled to live together in such a manner that your prayers may never be hindered, and may you both be constantly comforted and edified by your mutual faith.

As life is at best only a vapor, that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, may you both live mindful of that separation which sooner or later awaits us all, in every earthly relation, however dear it may be. I am disposed to hope that you both have formed the deliberate and solemn resolution that you will live, not to yourselves, but to him who has loved us and given himself a ransom for our sins.

The next passage is from the last letter written to his parents, at Malta.

"It will be gratifying to you, and will excite your gratitude to be informed that my health has been so good during all the last year, that in addition to my other duties, I have been enabled to write one sermon every week, and preach twice every Sabbath besides teaching a small Sabbath school, and expounding a passage of Scripture one evening each week. And what is more gratifying to me, and will be to you, I have seen very consolatory and encouraging evidence that my feeble labors have not been in vain. Several most promising young persons have exhibited the best evidence of having become truly pious, and others have received impressions which give me much reason to hope that they will issue in true con version to the Saviour. You understand that I am now speaking of the English, and not of the natives of this island.

"You will probably have learned, from the Missionary Rooms, that we are soon to leave this island and remove to Smyrna with our whole printing establishment. I shall certainly leave this spot with sincere regret, on many accounts, but still I am persuaded that it is expedient to go, and I trust we shall go to find a wider door of usefulness opened to us there than we have found here. It is now a little more than eleven years since I came here, and within that period the moral as well as political aspect of this part of the world has wonderfully changed, and all present indications show that still greater changes must occur within a short period.

"The power of the Turk is already gone, and his

empire is daily crumbling. Many Turks now read the Scriptures, a thing unheard of a few years ago. What the result of this will be, it is not difficult to imagine. The times in which we live are certainly crowded with wonders, but in times coming there will no doubt be seen far greater things than these. Let us endeavor daily and constantly to throw our whole heart into the petition which our Lord has taught us to offer, "*Thy kingdom come!*" Never since the world began, I am persuaded, were the signs of the coming of this kingdom more numerous and distinct than they are at this moment."

When the mission at Malta was first established, it was designed to be only of brief duration. It was never the policy of the Board to establish missions on small islands, except when especially invited to do so by the indications of Divine Providence, or when compelled by a temporary necessity. The unsettled condition of Greece, Turkey, and Syria, forbade the location of a printing establishment within either of these countries, at the time when Mr. Temple first went to the Mediterranean, and the quiet state which there was then reason to anticipate soon, had been long delayed.

The time had come at last, when it was considered safe to remove the press to some part of Turkey, and Smyrna was selected as the most eligible location. It was a pleasing coincidence that the secretary of the Board wrote Mr. Temple, directing him to make preparations for this change, the same day that he wrote suggesting its expediency, and asking instructions with regard to it. This was in the summer of

1833, and the arrangements preliminary to the removal were at once commenced, but unavoidable delays prevented the final embarkation till the last month of the year.

To Mr. Temple it was painful to leave Malta. It was a spot endeared to him by many of the most precious and tender associations that can link the heart to earth. Here had he rejoiced with the wife of his youth, and welcomed to life the children God had given him; here, clouds of sorrow and thick darkness had enveloped him; here, sweet heavenly consolations had been poured into his stricken heart; here, had the candle of the Lord again shined on his tabernacle, and his children been gathered about him, and joy filled his habitation; here, had he labored weary days and nights to promote the glory of God and the good of man; and here, had many precious souls been given him as his hope, and joy, and crown of rejoicing.

PART III.

RESIDENCE AT SMYRNA.

On the 23d of December, the vessel in which the missionary party had embarked from Malta arrived at Smyrna. No small danger had been encountered on the way.

The following letters give an account of the passage:—

Olivetto, Isle of Mytilene, December 13, 1833.

My dear Brother Goodell,—We left Malta six days since, and reached the gulf of Smyrna this morning, after a very pleasant passage, but here met a strong south-east wind, which compelled our Maltese captain to run into this little port. Though it is not the haven where we would be, still it is a haven, where we are very glad to be quiet, and feel that we are safe.

During the first days of our voyage, we all drank a small vial or two of the quintessence of almost every discomfort, there being no less of us than twenty-one in a small cabin and steerage. Our children had just had the measles.

We left Malta rather like a company of desperadoes than any thing else, being hurried on board half

of us so sick as scarcely to be able to sit up, of which number I was one, having been ill with influenza a week in the midst of our preparations. All left with heavy hearts and sad anticipations; but God has done more for us than we dared to expect. A favorable wind would bear us to Smyrna in eight or ten hours, and such a wind we hope soon to enjoy.

Our last meeting with our friends at Malta was a very affecting one to us, and from appearances not less so to them; and I trust I may say with truth, and surely I would say it with thankfulness, that as the seal of my ministry in that island, some of them, at least, are in the Lord.

Smyrna, December 24, 1833.

My dear Parents, — It will be gratifying to you to be informed of our safe arrival, having fair winds and pleasant weather. Just as our hopes were raised that we should soon be at the haven of our desire, when within fifty miles of this city, the wind changed and soon became a gale. We ran into a port in Mytilene, an island mentioned in the 20th chapter of the Acts, where one of our cables parted, and we came near going on shore. The captain hoisted a signal of distress, and the crews of three vessels, lying in port, came to our aid. Having cast our sheet anchor, we rode out the gale without any injury except the loss of one anchor. After lying in that harbor six days, we sailed for this port, and anchored in it yesterday, which you, my dear mother, will recollect was the birthday of your first-born son. We are all in good health, and I write this in our own comfortable hired house.

Smyrna is altogether unlike Malta in almost all respects, and our first impressions are not very favorable, for we came on shore in a rainy day, and found narrow and dirty streets, and scarcely any thing as we could desire. It is, however, the place to which our Father in heaven has brought us, and we desire to be contented. First impressions are not usually the most correct ones, and we are not without hopes that our situation here may be more agreeable than present appearances would indicate.

Malta was extremely endeared to me on many accounts, and our parting scene was a very tender and touching one. Our friends there showed us the greatest kindness, and we saw the most consoling evidence that our entrance among them had not been in vain.

As we entered this port, we passed a small vessel which lost in the late gale her captain and mate, and a passenger, all being swept in a moment from the deck by a tremendous sea. How shall we praise the Lord sufficiently for our preservation from all danger! We have escaped one of the most violent storms that ever visit these seas. Bless the Lord, oh our souls, and all that is within us bless his holy name!

1834.

The mission now established by the A. B. C. F. M. at Smyrna, was not the only one there. The London Jews Society, the Church Missionary Society, and a Ladies' Association at New Haven, each sustained a married missionary in this city, by all of whom the new missionary establishment was heart-

ily welcomed. The moment of its arrival was, however, unpropitious. Recent events had drawn the special attention of the Catholic population of Smyrna to the missionary efforts in the city, and had resulted in awakening an active spirit of enmity and opposition among nearly all classes of the people to every form of missionary labor.

The arrival of a vessel freighted with presses and printing materials, and with an ordained missionary, a printer, and a native bishop helper, and their families, fanned the flames just ready to be kindled, and before many days a storm of violent opposition burst upon the newly arrived company.

The following letters describe the scenes: —

January 11.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Our Consul, Mr. Offley, sent for me in haste last evening, and informed me that the Governor of this city had just sent to him to say that loud complaints come to his excellency's ears from all quarters against me, as the director of the presses which we have brought from Malta, and that he cannot tolerate the press, and that I must leave the city within ten days, otherwise he will seize me and send me to Constantinople; also, further, that Carabet, the Armenian bishop, who is under my roof, must be delivered up by Mr. Offley to his excellency within three days, and that if this is not done, he will by his officers enter my house forcibly and seize him.

Under these circumstances, the bishop has been secreted out of my premises, and Mr. Offley is going to make a visit to his excellency this afternoon.

Till we see what is likely to transpire, Carabet will remain in concealment. Last night, you will easily conceive, was a very trying one to us all. I cannot permit myself to doubt that this trial will, in the end, promote the cause which it is intended to destroy.

Feb. 5.

In these countries it seems that our flesh is not likely to find any rest, but that we must be troubled on every side, either with fightings without or fears within, if not with both together. Well, all these things are designed to teach us more earnestly to pant for the rest that is glorious, in the world that is holy where neither fires, nor fightings, nor fears, can disturb us any longer.

Poor Carabet. There is no peace for him here. Last Saturday evening, I received the following note from Mr. Offley:—

"Dear Sir,—This evening the Governor sent for my dragoman, and desired him to communicate to me his surprise that the Armenian gentleman, of whom he had complained, still remained in Smyrna, and in the dwelling of an American; that he earnestly requested he would, without further delay, leave this city, or that otherwise he should resort to such measures as might be disagreeable to us both.

"I presume the Armenian gentleman is not the inhabitant of any American house, and shall therefore answer the Governor to that effect, and that I can have no objection to his pursuing such measures as he thinks proper. David Offley."

Immediately after the receipt of this letter we placed Carabet on board an American vessel for his safety, fearing the Governor would be enraged and seize him by violence. Brother Whiting had already engaged a passage on board a Greek vessel, and in that vessel C. is now concealed. His family will join him there to-morrow, and remain on board till the time of her sailing, which is set at twelve days from this date. We could not induce the captain to go sooner without giving him a large sum of money. We extremely regret C.'s delay to leave this city, which has called for a second order from the Governor, and fear it will operate to our own disadvantage. We think it unsafe for his family to remain in our house any longer, though it seems hard to put them on board in this inclement season. But it is better to suffer this than a greater calamity.

Dear brother, I am thankful for all your suggestions. If, at any time, I greatly exceed the limits of prudence, it will be a step to which my nature does not at present very strongly urge me. Oh, may we all so feel the love of Christ as to be constrained to serve him with all our heart and soul! Let us keep our hearts with all diligence, watching unto prayer, praying with all prayer.

The storm soon passed away, and for a considerable time, the labors of the mission encountered little opposition. The following letters show that none of these things which happened, had moved Mr. Temple from cultivating and cherishing a spirit of holiness in himself and others:—

My dear Brother, — While you are careful in the management of all the affairs of the farm, the dairy, and the house, I trust you are not less careful in cultivating constant and refreshing communion with God; by earnest prayer, devout reading of the Holy Scriptures, and daily meditation upon them. It is much easier to be diligent in business than to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. We must take pains to keep ourselves in the love of God, otherwise our hearts will become cold; and when this happens all our services are unacceptable to him. We ought to consider that day lost, which finds and leaves us with a heart not fervent in the love of our Redeemer.

Do not satisfy yourself with the bare evidence that you are a Christian, but strive to be a burning and shining light, a model of pure and undefiled religion. There is no good reason why we should not all be as holy as the apostles were. We have access to the very same throne of grace to which they went. The same treasures of grace are as open to us as they were to them. The same Spirit is given to us as to them, and God is as near us as he was to them, and as willing to hear our prayers as he was to hear them when they prayed. Will he, then, deny us any thing we ask, if we ask in faith? No, certainly not; for he is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. It is an infinite privilege, my dear brother, to be allowed to draw near to God in prayer. In this precious privilege let us rejoice daily, availing ourselves of it so as to invigorate our faith and love, and elevate all our thoughts and affections above this transitory world.

May 15.

My very dear Brother and Sister Mack, — As I write you from the spot on which the ancient church of Smyrna stood, I pray that He who is the first begotten from the dead, the Prince of the kings of the earth, may enable me to write you in such a manner as will refresh you with the feeling that, though that renowned church is no more, still the Spirit which renewed and sustained it in the midst of all its tribulations, is not withdrawn from the world. It is very affecting to feel that we are daily passing over the tombs and the ashes of those concerning whom the Alpha and Omega bore testimony eighteen hundred years ago, that though they were in tribulation and poverty they were, notwithstanding, rich, and to whom he gave the earnest exhortation to be faithful unto death, and the promise that if they were so, he would give them the crown of life. They wear that crown, we trust, in heaven, while Turks and Jews, and self-named faithless Christians, trample on their slumbering dust on earth.

We find this a fine country, a fine climate, and every object in the natural world pleases us. High hills rise on every side, except in the west. Rich fields not inclosed, beautiful trees, and extensive vineyards, abound in the neighborhood of this city. All kinds of provisions are abundant and cheap, and might be much more so, if the rich soil were faithfully cultivated.

We never go abroad without feeling the beauty and the truth of Bishop Heber's lines: —

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The difference between this country and the barren rock of Malta is so great, that we feel as if we had migrated, I had almost said, to another world. Though we do not find the society as good as that we enjoyed in Malta, still we do not despair of finding ourselves surrounded by an equal, if not a larger circle of Christian friends, should we be permitted to reside as long here as we did there. The number of our pious acquaintances is as yet extremely small, though there are some whom we have reason to esteem and love.

Our friends at Malta had become so endeared to us, and our prospects of doing good among them were so encouraging, that my feelings were more sensibly touched in leaving them than in leaving our native land. This may seem strange, but it is true both of me and of my dear wife. At Malta, however, we had opportunity to do good only to a very limited extent beyond the English population. Here, on the contrary, we have a boundless field before us, among all sects and denominations; and I am consoled with the hope, that by the distribution of our books, visits in schools, and various intercourse with the people, I may be allowed to have some humble agency, at least, in rending the veil which is spread over the minds of all the mingled people of this country.

Our Lord found his own favored disciples unable at once to bear all that he had to say to them; and he taught them by parables, and led them on gradually, as they were able to bear it. The people of these countries are ignorant to a most surprising degree; and can we expect to see them taught and

enlightened, laying down their long-established prejudices, and embracing new opinions, and all this at once? We are endeavoring to lay the axe at the root of the tree, beginning with the children and youth, feeling persuaded, that as they advance they will insensibly glide out of the old systems; and we hope and pray, that the grace of God may not only lead them into new views, but may also give them new hearts.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Let us be very watchful and prayerful. It seems sometimes to me that there is scarcely any thing else here but the spirit of this world, and only the utmost watchfulness and prayerfulness can save us from the fatal contagion. We have more reason, probably than we are aware, to fear we shall be, like a ship becalmed in the gulf stream, borne away in a direction which the prow and sails do not indicate. The deep and broad and rapid gulf stream of this world seems to me to be carrying almost every thing away here. Dear brother, let us not rest ourselves, or give any rest to our ascended Lord, till he pour out his Spirit from on high, and give life to the dying and the dead around us.

The city of Smyrna is built principally of wood, the streets are very narrow, and fires frequently rage. During his residence there, however, Mr. Temple was but once driven from his home by fire, and in that instance his house was not consumed. The following letters describe the scene: —

June 13.

My dear Parents, — Through the tender mercy of our Heavenly Father, we have just escaped one of the most terrible conflagrations, by which more than two hundred families have been left without a home. The all-consuming element rolled forward before a high wind, sweeping away every dwelling in its course, till it reached the next house to ours, and there its progress was arrested. We had time to fly with the greater part of our goods to a place of safety, the fire occurring at noon. Had it happened at night, it would have been awful beyond description, and must without doubt have destroyed many lives, as well as an immensely greater amount of property.

Mr. Jackson, a very kind English gentleman, received us in the most fraternal manner, putting all our goods into a fire-proof magazine, and treating us in all respects with the utmost kindness. We remained with him four days, but are now again in our own house, and find our loss in goods and books, stolen and missing, not less probably than two hundred dollars. This, however, we regard as a light affliction, compared with what it might have been. Let us praise God that our life, limbs, and health, have all been so precious in his sight. It is most wonderful to me, that when our house was filled and surrounded by thieves, so small a portion of our goods have been found wanting.

It is a most remarkable fact, that this desolating fire was arrested when it had reached the next door but one to four houses occupied by missionaries, and these, too, in different directions. There was no mir-

acle in this, but it is very worthy of distinct observation and acknowledgment by us.

My dear parents, I rejoice in the hope that you, and your children, and grandchildren will have an eternal home in that house not made with hands, which will not be consumed when the heavens shall be on fire, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and all the works that are in it, shall be burned up!

DEAR FRIEND, — I am sorry to find many of my books gone. At the beginning of the fire, I selected a box full of the most valuable books in my library, and this box is missing. Had we left any thing in the house, it is probable that it would have been stolen. It is truly surprising to me to find so many of our goods, after such an awful scene. A gang of Jews came into our house, with the obvious feeling that all within was common plunder. I never came nearer breaking over the apostolic rule for a bishop, that he be "no striker," than when those insolent fellows took such liberties with my goods.

A Turk acted a most noble part, taking a stand in our storeroom with a large club in his hand, and laying it about him upon the pilfering Jews and Greeks, with a dignity and firmness that filled me with admiration, and them with fear. This brave fellow has not returned to ask any reward, while the plunderers of the house came as soon as the light of the next morning dawned, with loud and most exorbitant demands of remuneration for the aid they had afforded. A similar gang of Jews entered Mr. L.'s house, and one of them seized and put into his pocket

a musical box, worth fifty or sixty dollars. A few moments after, as he was making his way out with his plunder, he jostled against some one, and this set the instrument a going, and thus called the attention of one of Mr. L.'s men, who immediately seized the thief, half dead with alarm at hearing the outcry of his stolen goods in his pocket, thus loudly accusing him. He delivered up the box without delay, very glad to escape from such a clamorous accuser and detecter of his villany.

Do you remember the mahogany table which you urged us to purchase? Unlucky thing! When we left Malta it was a quadruped, but on our arrival here, the box that contained it being thrown down by an angry porter, we found it a tripod, and it went, or rather stood, for a long time after on three legs, at last the fourth was restored. On our flight from the fire this table fell overboard, perhaps from the lameness of its broken leg. It was saved, however, by an English midshipman, and is now in our sitting-room, gravely waiting the next disaster that may betide it. Fifteen dollars' worth of select books, nicely bound, were in its drawer, and these are all lost.

The last extract in regard to the mahogany table suggests the remark, that Mr. Temple was extremely simple in his taste, and always reluctant to incur any expenditure which did not seem to him absolutely necessary. Mr. Goodell said of him in the sermon at his funeral, "He would have been willing any time that his Lord and Master should come and look at every book he bought for his library, at every article of dress in his wardrobe, or furniture in his

parlor, and at the quantity and quality of every thing that came upon his table."

Mr. Temple's house, and the houses of other missionaries, were furnished in the simplest style, with deal tables instead of mahogany, and other furniture corresponding. The table in question was reluctantly purchased at the earnest and urgent solicitation of an esteemed friend, who felt unwilling that an air of meanness should lurk around the house of one called to mingle, as much as Mr. Temple did, with the wealthy and refined circles of the English residents at Malta.

Scarcely had Mr. Temple returned to his house after the progress of the flames had been arrested, when the plague broke forth, and before the end of the month, an earthquake shook the city. These events, and other incidents of interest, are spoken of in the following letters: —

July 8.

My dear Parents, — Almost as soon as we returned with our remaining goods to our dwelling, which mercifully escaped the flames, we were threatened by plague, an evil much more to be dreaded than fire. This dreadful malady made its appearance among the Jews, attacking from forty to fifty of these friendless people, within a few days, and carrying several of them suddenly to the grave.

This naturally awakened great consternation among the European population of the city. Multitudes fled without delay, leaving the streets for a few days comparatively deserted. All who are compelled to pass through them carry a stick or cane in hand to prevent coming into contact with any one.

Our printing office has been closed for more than two weeks, and little business of any kind is done in the city. The plague has not raged with its usual violence this year, for of those who have been attacked by it, only a few have died, and we are now encouraged with the hope and prospect of its speedy disappearance. During the last two weeks we have been, for the most part, shut up in our house, not going to public worship, the chapel being closed for the present.

On the 28th of last month we were visited by two smart shocks of earthquake, at about two o'clock in the morning. These were very terrible. We were suddenly roused from our sleep, feeling our bed rock like a cradle, our doors and windows rattling, and our whole house trembling and cracking, in such a manner that we could feel no assurance that we should not be buried in its ruins in a few moments. Oh, what an awful and irresistible impression did this force upon our minds of the almighty power of God, who shaketh the earth out of its place, and maketh the pillars of it to tremble! Never did I realize the force of this language before. The two shocks followed each other at an interval of about five minutes, and though they seemed so awful for the moment, they passed away, leaving behind them, as far as I can learn, no trace of their occurrence beyond some slight cracks in the walls of houses. We have felt within a few days past, slight shocks, not at all alarming. Earthquakes are very common in this city, but they seldom do much harm.

It is very affecting to a Christian mind to think what this city once was, in contrast with what it is

now. What a tendency to declension there is, and always has been, in every thing good, in this fallen world!

The last of the apostles could not sink quietly into his grave, before he had by the command of the Son of God warned the church of Ephesus, which was planted by the Apostle Paul himself, to repent and do her first works, threatening to visit her with the removal of her candlestick, because she had left her first love. What a monitory lesson does this teach us, and all the churches of our times! If declension had already begun, while yet the voice of the holy apostle was heard, is it wonderful, that after that voice was hushed to silence in death, it should proceed till the awful threatening was executed, and the light quenched, and the candlestick removed, and the church itself swept away, by the overwhelming tide of desolation?

Does this or a similar doom await the churches of our beloved country in future ages? I hope not; but the spirit of declension that showed itself so early in the seven churches of Asia, of which the church in Smyrna was one, may do in America, what it has done in Asia. Who can assure us that it will not? Churches and individual Christians have much reason to take the alarm, when they discover any indications that the Saviour has somewhat against them, because they have left their first love. Oh how important it is, that we always give all possible diligence to keep ourselves in the love of God! Had this been done by the churches once flourishing here, we should not now see as we do before us and around us, little else than a wide wilderness of moral

death. We should not hear as we now do, the Turkish muezzin crying out five times every day from the lofty minarets of their mosques, to the deluded followers of the false prophet to come to prayer.

When one looks at the whole array of opposition which the truth meets in all these countries, arising from the threefold influence of Judaism, Mahometanism, and a corrupted Christianity, it would seem to an eye unaided by faith, that the evil is almost beyond remedy. The truth did once make its way here, through even greater opposition than it now meets, and we must reject the Divine testimony if we despair of seeing it make its triumphant way here again. I lose all courage when the promises of God are out of sight, but it revives as soon as I return to them.

It is consoling to me to know, that some thousands of children and youth are reading and studying the books which we have printed. They cannot fail to receive new thoughts and new impressions from them on the most momentous of all subjects. So much alarmed are some of the ecclesiastics by the progress which the truth is making among the young, that they say, they will all soon become atheists, that is, will have no confidence in the saints or Virgin, as mediators, and will not observe the fasts or conform to the absurd customs of the church, however venerable they may be. Such a reform as this, the priests would consider as a fearful advance toward downright atheism. Should the reform go no further than this, we should have little reason to rejoice in it; but we trust it will not stop there.

The Scriptures are read and studied in all the schools, and it seems almost impossible that this should not produce the most beneficial effects on the young mind.

You will be gratified to learn, that our situation here is, in almost all respects, far more agreeable than I had allowed myself to anticipate before we came. My own health has been very greatly improved by the change of climate. I am almost a stranger here to those seasons of painful depression of spirit which I often endured under the sirocco winds of Malta. I am vigorous both in body and mind, able to study with nearly as much pleasure and for as many hours as I did twenty years ago. This I regard as a very signal mercy.

The Spirit of God is, I trust, with my brethren here, in a special manner, at the present moment. Every evening of the last week, with only one exception, we spent together in prayer, and I see reason to believe that it was to our mutual edification. This day we devote to fasting and prayer; but a plentiful rain has allowed only a small number to assemble in the house of God.

My feeble instrumentality has apparently been recently blessed to the conversion of a very lovely lad about 14 years of age. He attended a Sabbath evening meeting some three weeks since, with his widowed and pious mother, and several other children, when I read and expounded the last chapter of Ecclesiastes. This so deeply impressed him, that the tears flowed down his cheeks during the exposition, and when he returned home he begged his mother to pray with him. Since that time, a great

change has taken place, and she rejoices over him as a hopeful member of the kingdom of Christ.

Present indications in this city, are more encouraging than they have been at any time since we have been here. Still, however, this is a dark and abandoned place, with only a very few in it, who know and love the Lord.

At the moment I am writing these lines, half past six, P. M., I hear the Mussulman muezzins, or criers, calling from the lofty minarets of their mosques to the people to come to evening prayers. Half a dozen such voices now salute my ears. Oh that the voices of them that preach the gospel may soon be heard, instead of the poor muezzin!

1835.

Long absence from his native land, did not diminish at all Mr. Temple's lively interest in all that concerned it. He watched carefully the progress of its affairs, and often made interesting and instructive strictures upon them.

The following passage was written after receiving through the papers the President's message in 1834: —

February 18.

The President's message in reference to France, excites a good deal of interest, as a matter of course. When shall we cease to hear of wars and reprisals? When Bonaparte, the rod of God, and scourge of Europe, was at the top of his speed and of his pride, riding on the whirlwind of war, conquering and to conquer, and breaking the nations in pieces like a

potter's vessel, a very shrewd, honest Englishman, said to Mrs. H. More, that he had thought of a happy expedient for putting all these calamities to an end. "Bonaparte," said he, "is very changeable. He is sometimes a friend to Judaism, sometimes he is a Mussulman, and sometimes a Roman Catholic. *Now just make him a Quaker*, and then he can't fight any more!" This is a bright idea. Just make all the rulers of the nations Quakers, and our own President among the rest, and we shall hear no more about wars or reprisals. The President might even then say to King Louis Phillippe, "I think, friend Louis, that thee is in the wrong to make promises and contracts which thee does not intend to fulfil, and especially when the wicked wars of thy country have done so much damage to thy friends in the United States." I know not whether we shall live long enough to see that article in the Quaker's creed, touching war, a part of the creed which all rulers must subscribe as a *sine qua non* in the condition upon which the people will allow them to fill a throne, or a President's chair. I hope, however, that such a day is not very remote, and believe it is not.

When Mr. Temple came to Smyrna, the communication between that city and Constantinople was principally by a weekly mail, carried by a native courier over land. In the summer of 1834, an Austrian steamer commenced weekly trips between the two places, and the time of transit was immediately reduced from three or four days to one and a half. An English steamer was soon put on the same line, and before many years others were added, both

French and Austrian, until the principal ports in the Levant, the Archipelago, and the Black Sea, were made easily accessible, with regularity, speed, and safety. The establishment of steam communication in these regions, did much to increase the effectiveness of missionary labor. The enterprise was governmental, and the steamers of which the missionaries availed themselves most, were under the Austrian flag. Prince Metternich, no great friend to the diffusion of gospel light, was, at that time, prime minister of Austria, and a steamer bearing his name was often freighted with boxes of good books, and bundles of tracts, going from the press at Smyrna, to enlighten the Greeks and Armenians in neighboring places. Little as the prince contemplated aiding the missionaries, as a probable result of establishing steamers in the Levant, he has had reason to regret other things with which his name has been connected, much more than this.

Soon after steam navigation was fully established between Smyrna and Constantinople, the missionaries in these cities obtained from the agents of the steamer the privilege of sending, every trip, as part of the regular mail, a tin box sufficiently large to contain proof-sheets, manuscripts, and letters, and locked, so as to be perfectly under their own control. It was, in fact, a closed private mail. Such a privilege would scarcely have been accorded on any terms to any other persons than the missionaries, but such confidence was reposed in their integrity, that it was granted unhesitatingly.

Mr. Temple was the postmaster of this private mail at Smyrna, and Mr. Goodell at Constantinople, and

seldom did "the box," as it was familiarly called, fail to carry with its other contents, a letter from one of them to the other.

In Mr. Goodell's sermon at the funeral of Mr Temple, he speaks of the correspondence between them as follows:—

"This correspondence, during all the latter years of his life, was not a monthly, but a weekly correspondence. Many hundreds of these epistles of his love, I have received and preserved, and they are all as good and fresh, as though they had come directly from some of the mansions above, rather than through the post-office in Smyrna."

The following passages are selected from Mr. Temple's letters during the year 1835:—

My dear Brother,—A letter from our dear father, dated in August last, mentioned the death of your dear little George. Though you have lost one of your children, and I two of mine, still I trust we shall find them again in the kingdom of our Father, when we, through his grace, shall be called thither from this world, where changes and death await us all. It was a great and most precious consolation to me, when my dear wife and children died, to feel that God my heavenly Father, whose love to them was infinitely greater than mine, had taken them away from me.

A residence on earth is not necessary for the development of the immortal soul. Our little ones that have passed so soon away from a world which lies under the curse of God, may rise, for aught that we know to the contrary, to an equal, if not a far

greater elevation of holiness and happiness, than if they had remained on earth till the infirmities of old age had pressed them into the grave. I rejoice that while two of my children rest where the wicked cease from troubling, the other two are still spared to us. May yours and mine early know the God of their forefathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and willing mind!

I hope you are now free from those embarrassments which you mentioned in a former letter. If it had been in my power, it would have afforded me no ordinary pleasure to relieve you from all those vexations to which you have been subject. You will doubtless see, as we all shall at a future day, that Infinite Wisdom and kindness have ordered all for your good. The testimony of the Bible concerning the long and tedious journey of Israel through the desert is, that God led them forth by the right way. It was not, indeed, the shortest or the easiest, but it was the right, way to the land of promise Equally true is it of all the children of God on their way to heaven, that he is leading them forth by the right way. And they will all see this, and praise him for it when they shall reach his kingdom, and look back on all the way he led them, on their way to their eternal habitation.

Some of the books lost at the time of the fire were found at Constantinople, and returned to Mr. Temple by his friend Mr. Goodell. Among these was Henry's Exposition, which he valued very highly. He acknowledged its receipt as follows:—

"Many thanks for Henry. The good, old, ven-

erable man little thought of ever getting crowded as he did, into such a dirty place in the metropolis of the Mahometan world. Though his coat was more than a little soiled, still he found a most cordial welcome on his return from his captivity. I have heard of several of his companions that were carried into captivity at the same time with him, though in a very different direction, and hope they will soon come to enjoy his edifying society again."

The following letter gives some idea of the nature, and amount, and perplexing character of the secular business to which Mr. Temple was compelled to attend, Smyrna being the port through which all letters, parcels, and boxes, were forwarded from the United States, for all the missions in Western Asia, and from these missions to the United States, and to a considerable extent, from one mission to another. All business with the custom-house was peculiarly vexatious. No fixed tariff governed the rate of duties paid there, but every thing was determined by bribery and chaffering. It was not uncommon, Mr. Temple once said, for a revenue officer, after demanding ten dollars for duties, and being offered twenty-five cents, after much haggling, to take cheerfully one or two dollars. The total lack of integrity and promptness made the transaction of all business much more difficult in Turkey, than can be easily understood by those accustomed to the activity and comparative uprightness which prevail in the United States. But the perplexing nature of Mr. Temple's cares never was permitted to interfere at all with great diligence to keep his heart.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I am sorry to find that two boxes, which should have gone on to Constantinople last week, are still in the custom-house, and it was not possible to forward them to-day, though we made a great effort for it. With more than forty boxes to be shipped to the United States, and nearly as many more to you and the Syrian mission, I have found myself more than a little confused the last few days. But I trust all will come out right at last.

His condition is little to be envied, as a missionary, who hears from morning to evening almost no other sound but that of boxes, parcels, letters, and piastres. This has been my condition almost constantly for two weeks past, but it is the work which some one must do, and why not I, as well as anybody else?

My dear brother, my situation here is not a little trying, driving me not unfrequently to my wit's end. The press, the schools, the correspondence, receiving and despatching letters and parcels and boxes, almost without number, and in all directions; all these things, with many more that are nameless, and must be nameless, consume my time and distract my mind.

June 6.

My dear Parents, — The plague has just made its appearance in this city, creating great alarm. It has, during the present year, almost desolated some parts of Egypt. We hope it may not spread through this city, though there is too much reason to fear it will. We have little fear for our own safety; but it is painful to think of the distress which it brings to the poor, by putting an end to all business, and thus

leaving them without any employment. It generally begins among the Jews; but this year its first appearance was among the Greeks. I had just made arrangements to open two schools among them, but the plague will prevent this for the present. In fact, it puts an end to all our schools, as long as it prevails. You cannot easily conceive how great an evil it is. It compels all our operations to stand still. It would be consoling to see any evidence that the people turn to him that smites them; but we see no indications of this. God, in his providence, has uttered this awful voice for ages here, but without being regarded. God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not.

What a trial it is to have the progress of our operations so completely arrested, while the items of our expenditure are not diminished. But a voice which I delight to hear, says, "Be still, and know that I am God." He calls us to come and behold the works of the Lord. What desolations he makes in the earth!

The present scene is to me full of instruction. Oh, how many times have I said in my heart, within a few days past, "What a happy world would this be, if all its inhabitants were as much afraid of sin, as they are of the infection of plague!" Such a day will come; its image may be faintly seen in what is now before us in this city. How hard it is for us to conceive what the world would be when so changed. Let us strive above all things to secure that glorious change in our own souls.

[To Rev. E. Riggs, Argos.]

July 18.

We received the proclamation of the Holy Synod some days ago. It is impossible to foresee or foretell the effect which this will produce in Greece. For the present, it seems probable that it will be prejudicial; but in the end, I presume it will be otherwise. The history of councils and synods in past and passing times, is not adapted to inspire me with any very profound reverence for them. It would be delightful to see, in our times, a synod convened like the one at Jerusalem, whose decisions were all supremely controlled by the infallible dictation of the Holy Ghost. The decrees of the Holy Synod are not to be regarded, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. The great events of our times have given to men's minds such a prodigious movement and momentum, that it is very difficult for kings, and popes, and patriarchs, as well as for ecumenical councils and holy synods, to maintain their position with much firmness, for any considerable time. Should the angel that has power to take peace from the earth, be let loose in Greece, a thing not very improbable, though very much to be deprecated, he might, with one flap of his wings, blow away into oblivion the proclamation of the Synod with as little ceremony as he has sometimes done the decrees of kings and emperors. We can also easily conceive of many events less to be dreaded than a war or a revolution, which might render this proclamation as powerless as a dead letter, twice dead. I trust its own parents may survive it, and see good reason to say, that the day of its death was better

than the day of its birth. It seems to have been born before its time, an indication, I trust, that its life will be very brief. We have no ground for discouragement, as long as the New Testament, that greater light in the moral firmament, continues to shine. I trust the Holy Synod will leave this untouched.

My dear Parents, — It always affords me a very peculiar pleasure to receive any thing from you, for every year gives me a deeper and deeper impression of the amount of my obligations to you both. I see and feel, as I trust, more and more, the mercy of God in placing me in your hands and under your kind tuition during the days of my thoughtless childhood and youth. The lessons which you gave me are still fresh in my memory, and I am persuaded that they will never be forgotten. I should esteem it one of the rarest and choicest blessings to me, if I could comfort your age as you have guided my youth.

It seems surprising to me, that my dear mother, with health always feeble, could have brought up as she has, so numerous a family of children. May they all be her joy and crown of rejoicing forever in the kingdom of our Redeemer! Among the millions of people that inhabit these countries, I suppose there is not a solitary individual who has received such a religious education as you have given to all your children, nor one amongst them all, who has received such impressions concerning religion as have been made on all our minds by our education.

We are living, alas, in a very wicked part of the world. Human life is very little valued here, and the

soul, I fear, still less. During the last ten days, two Greeks have been assassinated within a short distance from us; and in the course of the last year, I know not how many have died in this manner, and still not one of the murderers is brought to justice. In general, all assassins escape with impunity. These horrid murders happen more frequently on the Sabbath than on any other day, for then the people have nothing to do, as there is no service in the church, except early in the morning, and they have no books to entertain them in their houses, and few could read them if they had. They, therefore, assemble at the wine and coffee shops, and drink and talk until they become inflamed, and then they fight until one or more is killed. Almost all the men of this class carry knives in their girdles, and when they become angry these are drawn. A man was killed yesterday, first shot with a pistol, and then stabbed, it is said, more than twenty times.

Such scenes, I am assured, are now much less common than they were formerly. The rising generation will be, I trust, very different from those that are past. What pious mind can fail to admire the goodness, and forbearance, and longsuffering of God, to such a world as this! Righteousness once lodged in it, but now murderers! How important, then, is it that the gospel be everywhere preached, and all men made acquainted with its doctrines and its spirit. All other methods must fail to reclaim it; but this, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, will not fail to do it.

The plague, to which allusion was made in a pre-

vious extract, ceased its ravages by the end of August. On the 14th October, Mr. Temple could write:—

"We have now under our direction, three schools, containing more than two hundred children and youth, and all daily learning something from the Bible. Many of them are children of much promise. You perceive that we have no lack of labor in this wide field. We see the most abundant evidence that it was expedient for us to leave Malta, and come to Asia. Our books are in almost every school among the Greeks, both in Turkey and in Greece.

"The weather is now as hot here as it was in August, and has been so all this month; and a comet has appeared within the last week, and is every evening growing more and more brilliant, to the very great alarm of many of the poor, ignorant, and superstitious people. They fear a blazing comet, but do not fear him who has power to cast both soul and body into hell."

December 4.

My dear Brother,—I trust that as you are always diligent in business, and prudent in the management of all your affairs, so you will be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord with a joyful mind. I should rejoice to know that your progress in knowledge and in grace, is more rapid than the progress of time, which nothing can hinder. Does the Saviour appear more and more precious to you as you become more acquainted with his glorious Gospel? Do you feel that his love constrains you more and more? Above all things, let us be watchful that nothing separate us from his love. Love to him, is the beginning, the centre, and sum of true religion.

1836.

The next extract is from the last letter addressed to both his parents. When it was written, his father had been asleep in Jesus three weeks, but the tidings were nearly three months in reaching the far distant son.

February 27.

My dear Parents, — Your very welcome letter of last October, had been long and anxiously awaited. How shall we adequately testify our gratitude to God, who in his infinite mercy spares us among the living, when death is constantly going to and fro, and walking up and down in the earth. I regard it as no ordinary mercy that my dear parents are both spared to enjoy so comfortable an old age.

The past winter has been unusually severe in this part of the world, and the amount of suffering among the poor has consequently been extremely great. A camel's load of coals, usually worth about seventy-five cents, has been sold for four dollars. You can easily imagine, therefore, that the poor, thinly clad, ill fed, and badly lodged, must have been reduced to a state of great suffering. The rigor of the season almost annihilated our schools for a short time, for the little children, with almost bare feet, could not venture abroad without much peril to their health. The weather is now much milder, though far from comfortable.

From the papers and letters received from the United States, we learn that the winter has been uncommonly severe there. I shall be anxious to

know how you have got through it. Time glides on so rapidly, and death so often snatches away one and another, that I have reason to expect, at no very distant day, to receive the tidings that my dear parents have passed away from the scenes of the living to the silence of the dead! It may be, however, that such tidings may reach them concerning me, for death regards no order, cutting down the healthy and the young, and sparing the feeble and the old. May we all watch and pray, giving all diligence to be found of our Lord, in peace, when he shall open the gates of death with that key which he holds in his own hand, and shall send us away!

Oh, how happy are we, if we are constantly living in such a manner, that to die would be gain! And why should we not always live in this manner? A life spent in looking to Jesus, confiding in him as our life, and waiting for his appearing and his kingdom, is such an one as becomes the children of God. I trust, that at this evening time of your life, there is light with you, that God is your light, and joy, and salvation.

In the year 1836, appeared among the Greek ecclesiastics some of the first symptoms of decided opposition to the schools and other enterprises of the missionaries. The manifestations became gradually more decided until the schools finally were all broken up. Alluding to this opposition in its early stages, Mr. Temple wrote Mr. Goodell:—

"What a storm you have had! do not be alarmed should the clouds return after the rain. In such a moral atmosphere as this, we must expect storms,

whirlwinds, water-spouts, thunders and lightnings, and it will be well if the waves and billows do not go over us in such a manner as to sweep us all away. / 'If the Lord were not on our side when men rise up against us, they would surely swallow us up quick.' May that *evangelical infidelity* which makes men cleave to the Bible more than to the church, diffuse itself through all this eastern world, and through the western world also!

"As for the rumors of war upon our schools, we determine to let none of these things trouble us. We have for some time heard various rumors of woes coming on them, but they do not come. Our girl's school has commenced this week, with greater encouragement than ever. The recent examination did much good. The number is daily increasing, and from some of the most respectable families. The reputation of the schools is constantly improving. I am neither a prophet nor a prophet's son, but I am very little concerned as to what may be done by the ecclesiastics. If we altogether hold our peace and do our business quietly, but resolutely and perseveringly, I am persuaded, this will be our wisdom. Who shall harm us if we be followers of that which is good? I think this advice would be very proper for us all:—

'Act, brethren, on this prudent plan,
Say little, but DO all you can.'

"Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, seem at the present day to fill this whole world. In view of all these things, my only consolation is in prayer, and the promises of God. The whole crea-

tion seems to groan and travail in pain till now, and now more than ever. What will be brought forth?"

The tidings of his father's death reached Mr. Temple on the 2d of May. He had manifested a distinct presentiment that heavy tidings would reach him by the vessel expected at this time. He usually greeted the arrival of a vessel from America with great heartiness, but in this single instance seemed to dread it. As soon as the letters came on shore, he turned to one, which he had scarce opened when the news flashed upon him! Immediately dropping it, he said, "How is this? I have anticipated just this tidings for some time."

He immediately wrote his widowed mother the following letter of sympathy:—

May 3.

My very dear Mother,— On the 24th of last February I addressed a letter to my dear parents, not knowing at the time that one of them was in the grave, and the other in the sorrows and desolation of widowhood. Yesterday morning the letter from Charles brought me these sad tidings. But why should I call them *sad* tidings? My dear father is, indeed, gone the way of all the earth, but it would be extremely unchristian and ungrateful in us to sorrow on this account as those who have no hope. He had lived, by the grace of God, to a good old age, had given evidence for a long series of years that he walked with God, and now I am consoled, as I trust you are, with the persuasion that he has entered into the rest that remains for the people of God. I know, however, that you will feel desolate, left thus

alone at this advanced age, with many infirmities pressing upon you. It is my consolation to be assured that God, our Heavenly Father, knows your frame, and does not need to be informed that you are dust. He knows and remembers this.

Your present affliction will be greatly alleviated, I feel assured, by recalling to your mind the goodness and mercy of God, which have in a peculiar manner followed you all your days. How mercifully God has spared our dear father to you and to the family till this late period! Had this stroke fallen upon you thirty years ago, when your children were young, and needed a father's care, how much more heavy would it have been. He lived till all his children had reached mature years, and needed his fostering care no longer, though they all had reason still to value his counsels and prayers. I deeply feel the loss which I have sustained by the departure of my beloved father; still I feel that I am called upon to bless God for the grace given him in my education, and especially for that grace which made him a child of God, and placed him among those that Christ will raise up at the last day in his own glorious image.

I am happy to know that you and so many of his children were with him in his last days, and more than all, that our Saviour was with him.

Think now, my dear mother, of all the exceedingly great and precious promises which God has given us. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," is his language to his people. / He is a faithful God, keeping covenant and mercy with them that fear him, and walk before him with all their heart. He does

not forget his promises, as we too often do, nor does he ever fail to fulfil them. / Not one of the good things which he has promised has failed from the beginning till now, and not one will fail to the end; all will surely come to pass as he has said. These promises are treasured up in his Word, that they may be a strong consolation to his people, as often as they are visited by affliction. He sends affliction for the purpose of calling us to his Word, that we may thus become partakers of his holiness.

I commend you with all my heart to the God of all mercy, who is the Judge of the widow in his holy habitation, and a very present help to all his people in every time of trouble. This great bereavement he will overrule, I doubt not, for your good. Perhaps he has, in his holy providence, dissolved this most tender union that you may be brought into a more perfect and intimate union with himself. That union, death cannot dissolve. Our Saviour takes away our friends, that he may give us himself forever!

He also wrote to other friends, giving some brief and interesting particulars of his father's illness and death.

My dear Brother Goodell, — I received, yesterday, the tidings that my dear father is no more! He was attacked with violent pain in his stomach, on the 13th of December, in the church, and after a distressing illness of six weeks, during which his reason was a good deal disturbed by the force of his disease, he fell asleep, I trust, in the Lord, on the fourth of February. He was able to testify his con

fidence in Christ near the close of his days, and left the world in peace, to rest with our Saviour till he shall raise him up again at the last day. The evidence of his faith had been exhibited in his life, and though we were not allowed to witness those striking demonstrations of it which sometimes mark the dying scene, still we are left in possession of the best evidence that can be given that he was among the blessed ones who die in the Lord. He had lived sixty-eight and a half years to a day.

It is hard for me to realize that I have no longer a father on earth, but it is my joy and rejoicing that I have a Father in heaven, whose love to me and care for me are infinitely greater than it is possible for any mortal to know. He lives, though death reigns and sweeps into the grave our parents, and all our kindred and friends.

The departure of our friends from one country and continent to another, is not like that from time to eternity. How many of those once very dear to my heart, and still dear to memory, are gone to that fathomless, shoreless, incomprehensible eternity! They will not, indeed, come to me, but I shall go to them. No rapid post by land, no swift ship by sea, can ever bring me one line or word of intelligence from them. Tidings of deep and stirring interest concerning the living constantly come to us, but who brings any tidings concerning the dead? Blessed be God, we know, from his Word, that he does not and will not forget them, though as far as the living are concerned, they are in the land of forgetfulness.

The coming of a long absent and dear friend, how it rejoices the desolate heart! What will be the joy

of the saints when the Lord shall come to raise them from the humiliation of the grave, the dominion of death, and glorify them with himself in heaven! Should we not all cry out with earnest importunity, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

My dear Brother Riggs, — The last letters from the United States brought me the tidings of my father's death. It is my consolation to have the best evidence that he died in the Lord.

It is consoling to feel that the removal of our Christian friends from us is an addition to the general assembly and church of the first-born, to the spirits of just men made perfect. They are absent from *us*, but present with the Lord.

What tongue can utter the amount of that love by which we have been redeemed, and placed among those who hope to reign with Christ forever and ever? What an enviable privilege it is to do any thing to aid others in entering the spiritual kingdom of God's dear Son! While we live, let us live only for him who died for us, and lives to intercede for us. It seems to me one of the greatest of all my sins that my love to Christ, the beloved Son of God, the joy of angels, the delight of saints, the only Saviour of sinners, is so feeble and inconstant. If our hearts were always full of his love, as they ought to be, should we not be as lights in the world, like the angel that John saw standing in the sun? And why should we not be such? Why do we not strive intensely to become changed into his image more and more, from glory to glory, by the spirit of the Lord? If we were like him, how would our looks,

our language, our actions, edify our Christian friends, and reprove those that are not so! He says to us, "Ye are my witnesses!" Let us beware lest he find us false witnesses.

The opposition to missionary labors rapidly increased and was often adverted to in Mr. Temple's letters, and always in a manner which evinced both an unshaken trust in the Lord, and Christian kindness towards the deluded votaries of error.

"I have read again the patriarch's circular with perfect astonishment. Its horns are as long and as terrible in appearance as ever were seen on the head of a papal Bull in the darkest ages! He robs the people of all power and influence in ecclesiastical matters, and in the education of their children. Can this be borne?

"You would be astonished at the faithful analysis of this weak but threatening document. It outpopes the Pope himself. But it must do good. It shows what the clergy would do if they could. Are not these a modern edition of the old scribes and Pharisees, and if so, is it wonderful that our Lord uttered his most awful woes againt them? But, alas, alas! are not they the image of what we ourselves would be in similar circumstances? Lord forgive them, they are our brethren, and know not what they do.

"I can truly say to them, as Peter did to the murderers of Christ, 'And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye have done this.' When I lift up the rod to smite others, it always descends with dreadful force upon my own head, for, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone,' recurs to my

thoughts. It is better to pray for, than to accuse our fellow men. We must, however, condemn what is wrong, for God does this, and teaches us to do so."

The following letter has been selected from several on the same important subject. It contains concisely and clearly Mr. Temple's views on the manner in which missionaries should deal with the prejudices and errors of the corrupt Christians among whom they labored. Various causes, chief among which was the violent opposition to missionary labors, led to much discussion of the subject at this time. In his views on this subject, Mr. Temple agreed cordially with his missionary brethren.

DEAR BROTHER RIGGS, — They are printing here a third edition of the infamous letter from Paris, as well as a third edition of the correspondence of the Ecclesiastical Committee with Mr. Jetter. Probably you have seen this.

At the request of all the brethren, I have written a reply, which, I trust, breathes a mild, and kind, and candid spirit, not touching, nor pretending to touch all, or nearly all the matters in their notes. It will seem very tame, doubtless, to many. It was very hard for me to write a tame reply, for the "old man" was constantly at my elbow, suggesting many things that would bite, and cut, and stick, and sting; but the "new man" abhors all these.

It is not time, I am persuaded, to go into controversy with the Greek Church on the subject of her rites and ceremonies. With the present limited amount of scriptural knowledge among the people, I fear this course would be disastrous.

I have read of late, with great interest, the Acts of the Apostles, and have found many things quite new to me.

It was the design of Christianity to subvert Judaism, to break down the middle wall of partition between the Jews and Gentiles, to blot out the handwriting contained in ordinances, to remove all the carnal ordinances imposed on the Jews till the time of reformation. All this is undoubtedly true. But, how is all this to be accomplished? At a dash or blow? or by allowing them to wax old and vanish away? Mark the wisdom of the apostles. At the council of Jerusalem, they only say, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, that the Gentiles abstain from pollutions of idols, from fornication, from things strangled, and from blood." This is all in reference to the Gentiles. And why these things? Because Moses hath of old time, in every city, them that preach him, being read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. And what then? Why, they will cry out, "Men of Israel, help; these men teach all men everywhere against the people, and the law of this place," if you do not enjoin, at least, some things required by the law.

Had the apostles and elders recommended to the Jews at that time, the abolishing of all the carnal ordinances, is it not probable that the whole nation would have been up in arms at once? It was a great step to have done this among the Gentiles. They still allowed the partition wall to stand, however, without casting down a single stone. And this seemed good to the Holy Ghost. Let us mark this! They had many things to say, but the people could

not bear them then. Many years afterwards, the apostles wrote many things in their epistles, which at an earlier date would have scandalized every believing Jew in the nation. Why did Paul take a vow and shave his head, and all this, too, with the advice of the elders? Does not this declare that they all still adhered to Moses and the law, and that holy place, Jerusalem, which was no more holy than any other? This state of things continued, it would appear, throughout the apostolic age, and how much longer I do not know, and that, too, among the believers in Christ. At last, though I know not when, they vanished away.

Surround men by the great ocean of light, the sacred Scriptures, and all their foolish rites will vanish away like icebergs in the sea of the torrid zone. The oculist lets light gradually into the couched, tender eye. Too much, at once, would bring back its blindness, and destroy all hope of cure. These considerations seem to me to have an important bearing on the course we ought to pursue in these countries at the present day. Perhaps I am in the wrong, for I do not pretend to be infallible. Had I written my reply according to the suggestions of some who have given me their opinions, it would have roused the whole Greek nation. But would it be wise to rouse it by an open attack? Many would say, yes, by all means. I think if their church must be attacked, it should be by its own members, and not by us. We can say a vast amount of truth, without making any attack. I am disposed to say to them whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing, feeling well assured

that, walking together in this manner, God will soon reveal to us those things about which we are at present otherwise minded. At any rate, I wish to see the experiment fairly made.

These considerations, my dear brother, are probably not new to you. They seem to me important. In their example, I believe the apostles were not infallible, but where shall we find safer ones?

July 6.

Dear Brother Taylor,— The progress of schools, the distribution of the sacred Scriptures, and the increase of useful knowledge, so far beyond all precedent in past times in this part of the world, gives great umbrage and alarm to those who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Within a few weeks past, the Greek ecclesiastics, from the patriarch downward, have shown symptoms of great alarm, in regard to all our measures and movements, and consequently have begun to display a determined opposition to us, in various ways. They clearly see that our movements will lead to a reform in their church, which they seem resolved to resist with all their might. They have written and published against us and our books, and threaten to excommunicate the parents who send their children to our schools, or receive and read our books. This will produce the effect they desire, probably, with some, but with the majority, we believe, it will be otherwise. We are not in a situation to know, at the present moment, as our schools are all closed by the plague.

We are now in the press in answer to some things

said by them against us. As our reply is written in a kind, candid, and Christian spirit, we hope it may do good. At any rate, the opportunity of saying some useful things was too precious, we thought, to be allowed to pass unimproved. At such a time, and indeed at all times, we need much of the mind that was in Christ. The minds of the people are darkened, and their hearts are waxed gross. It is hard to impart to them any truly spiritual instruction. This is, indeed, a land of darkness and of the shadow of death, all covered from end to end with the rubbish and the ruins of ages that are past. Sometimes one is tempted to fear that it will be still left, for ages to come, a desolation. Help, Lord, for vain is the help of man!

Dear Brother Goodell, — The prince of this world cometh, and this is his hour and the power of darkness. The Lord will rebuke him as soon as he has accomplished all that was determined. We would wait upon the Lord without distraction, remembering that the times and seasons are all in his hands. It is night with us at present, but we trust the night may be far spent, and the day at hand. We are waiting for the day. Oh! when shall the command come to all these decayed churches, saying, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" It is painful to see men opposing the light, as many do in all countries; but this is not a new thing. At the present moment, the principal opposition to missionaries in the Levant is from the Greeks; not, indeed, from the common people, but the priests.

This is with us a day of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy. The Greek Ecclesiastical Committee seem determined to annihilate all our schools. They forbid our teachers to remain with us, and threaten them with imprisonment or banishment, if they do not comply. Marietsa, our best teacher, was yesterday called before them, and told them boldly she could not leave us. Another is to give her answer to-day. I know not what it will be. Mr. Jetter has opened his school at Boujah, with about thirty pupils. His schools at Vourla were closed last Monday, and the books ordered to be burnt; but the people are very much displeased with this. Ours are to be opened on Tuesday next, if there shall be no new case of plague. We know not what will come, but at present, all is very threatening. We are strongly reminded of Paul, who said, "At my first answer, no man stood with me." I fear the crisis has come too soon. The poor superstitious people are not prepared for it. The light has shined in darkness thus far, and the darkness, I fear, has not comprehended it.

I have just read the little book of the anonymous bishop against us. It is sophistical, smooth, and plausible beyond what you can easily imagine, and, withal, appeals to the superstitions, national pride, and prejudice of the people, in a way that cannot fail to be taking with the multitude. It is a most dangerous book. If an equally able and practised pen could be engaged in the cause of truth, what a blessing this would be! But why say so, when the tongue and the hands and the heart of the great Mediator are all engaged in its favor? when those that are for us are many millions more, and infinitely

stronger than those who are against us? Can our cause miscarry, or fail in the end?

The storm against our schools rages so violently, that we have, within the last twenty-four hours, concluded to close them for the present. The Ecclesiastical Committee sent yesterday to Marietsa's mother, to say that they would send the whole family to the hospital, which is their prison, if Marietsa did not leave us, and come to teach for them. Terrified by this threat, the mother came and said to her, "You are my daughter, whom I have borne and nourished, and you must leave the missionaries, and go home with me, and become a teacher in the school of your own nation; and if you will not do so, I will go instantly and cast myself into the sea." Overcome by the anger and entreaties of her mother, she consented to go with her. We could not dissuade her, as it would be encouraging disobedience to parents. We told her to do as her conscience dictated. She left us, saying, "I go against my will, but in obedience to my mother."

We meet with almost nothing but treachery and lies, in any direction, at present. The last few days have opened to me a new chapter in the history of human depravity, or rather, have given me new and very striking illustrations of it. Such is man in his carnal state. How can he see the kingdom of God without being born again? With facts like these before us, and these are but a few among millions, equally or even more affecting, how can we abstain from admiring the goodness, the forbearance, and longsuffering of God! How many millions of times has the Father of mercies made his sun to rise and

shine and smile upon a world full of disobedience and enemies, where scarcely a single heart beats in gratitude to him, or a single tongue utters his praise! How long, alas! were our hearts thus dead and our tongues silent! Dead and silent may they be no longer. May they move in gratitude and praise to our Redeemer, and in pity and prayer for our dying fellow men. If Jesus wept over a dead man that was, in a few minutes, to rise from his grave, how then should we weep over these multitudes, dead in sin, and for whom we cannot, with any reason, anticipate a resurrection to eternal life! Lord have mercy on them! Christ have mercy on them!

All Mr. Jetter's schools which a little while ago embraced six hundred children, are now closed, and only one of ours is open, our boys' high school, as we would call it if it were not so very low. Yesterday, sixty came to it. Perhaps this will survive the tempest. But there will be a reaction, I am persuaded. The Committee cannot open schools for want of money, and thus nearly a thousand children will be without a school, who were all happy in attending ours a few weeks ago.

Our strength, and perhaps our wisdom, seem to be to sit still for the present. I trust, however, that if we must stand still, it may be to see the salvation of the Lord.

The closing of the schools at Vourla, we understand, gives great dissatisfaction to the parents there, and we already begin to hear low murmurs against similar movements here. (Human nature must have lost something of its usual character if a powerful reaction does not manifest itself before long.) Several

of the parents say they fear nothing except the Turkish authorities. The bulls of the patriarch, and the threats of the bishops and priests, they regard not, but they fear the civil Turkish arm. They say they will not send their children to the schools got up by their priests. But we shall soon see. The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over *all!* Bless the Lord, then, oh our souls, and all that is within us bless his holy name! Let us make our boast only in the Lord, and let us wait on him continually. Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

September 7.

My dear Brother Goodell, — Oh, how useful it would be to us, to keep always before our minds the image of a dying Saviour, and a dying Stephen, the one saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," and the other, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." How would such a view always before the mind, blunt the edge of our natural resentment, when we are ill-treated. But, my dear brother, what reason have we to pity, while we blame, those who do always resist the truth. How fearful will be the final account of those who oppose the distribution of the sacred Scriptures, and tear and burn the Word of God! What ground for exultation is this to him who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, desiring to have the souls of men that he may sift them as wheat. But, if God can and does bear with such men, age after age, shall we call for fire from heaven to burn them at once? Saul of Tarsus was once

among men of this spirit, and not behind the very worst of them, but now, by the grace of God, he is among the spirits of just men made perfect, and the dying prayer of Stephen was probably heard for him. May the Lord hear many, many such prayers, from us all in behalf of our opposers!

Look at Paul and Stephen in heaven. How does Paul love him and thank him for his prayer, or rather thank the Saviour whose spirit dictated his prayer; and how does Stephen love and adore the Saviour who answered his prayer, and brought such a one as Saul to be his eternal companion in heaven. And is it too much to hope that our Father will hear our feeble prayers for our opposers and enemies? Let us pray for them without ceasing, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil.

To a missionary stationed at Jerusalem Mr. Temple wrote frequently. The following is the first of the letters to him with which these pages will be enriched:—

[To Rev. J. F. Lanneau.]

September 13.

Your very kind and welcome letter of the 18th of July came to hand yesterday. I am glad to find that you are so happy in the city of the Great King. But where is the beauty of holiness to be found any more in that city which is still beautiful for situation, and which was once the joy of the whole earth? Your situation enables you in a peculiar manner to behold the severity of God towards them that fell, as much

as it did in our own favored country to behold his goodness. What impressive lessons must all the scenes about you read to the Christian whose heart is alive to God!

The desolations of many generations lie before you. In such a situation memory wanders in silence and sorrow among the scenes that are past, and hope, aided by the promises of God, sees happy days coming, when these things shall no more be remembered nor come into mind,—for "behold, behold," says God, "the days shall come when I will create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy, and the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her, nor the voice of crying."

It is, indeed, a privilege to weep where the Saviour wept, and to pray where he prayed, and to labor where he suffered and died; but the greatest privilege and the choicest blessing of all is, to have the mind that was in him, to be, as he was, meek and lowly in heart. May this be your privilege and blessing! What an affecting and afflicting thought it is, that eighteen hundred years after the death of Christ there can be found scarcely a single soul around the spot of his crucifixion that loves him or obeys him! How does the god of this world exult in such a fact! The brazen serpent, erected by Moses in the wilderness, became an object of idolatry to Israel; and the cross, and the spot on which it stood, have become to multitudes of nominal Christians objects of worship, while the real design of the one and the other have escaped from the minds of men. What a glorious day will that be, when the pure Gospel shall direct men's minds as steadily and

earnestly to the right object of adoration, as superstition has long directed them to a wrong one! May it be your privilege, my dear brother, to be among the favored ones whose influence, by God's blessing, shall accomplish this. You will find, I presume, that there is nothing in the spot where the Lord lay, where he rose, and where he ascended, which can keep your heart alive to him without much watchfulness and prayer. If the gate of heaven is any nearer to Jerusalem than to all other parts of this world, then the great body of Christians have reason to say, Wo is me! You will find, I am persuaded, that heaven is no nearer to you there, than it was when your home was in the New World. May you find that the Lord Jesus Christ is daily with your spirit, exciting in you, towards the countless perishing multitudes about you, the same compassion which his tears and prayers expressed when he dwelt among men. My very dear brother, should it not be our only aim in all we do to obtain and exhibit the mind that was in Christ? Oh, what a mind was that! He brought heaven with him to earth, and was in heaven while on earth. The spirit of heaven breathed in all his language and actions. With this mind, what might we not do? And what can we do, that God will approve, without it? In the Holy City, will you not try more than ever before to be holy and harmless and undefiled, like the Son of God? The missionaries from our country in the promised land, seem to fade one after another as a leaf. Let us labor diligently and faithfully, rememing how short our time is, and that the grave is waiting for us.

1837.

Mr. Temple never suffered a New-Year's season, or the birthday of a member of his family to pass, without being improved as an occasion for renewed gratitude to God, and increased devotion to his service.

January 1.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — May this year be to you and your family, and to us all, a happier one than any of the past has been.

We read at our morning prayers to-day, the 103d Psalm, expressing in beautiful and tender terms the sentiments which seem most proper to be entertained at the remembrance of our Heavenly Father's long continued mercy to us. I am now beginning my forty-eighth year, and it is truly affecting to look back on all the way in which the Lord has led me for so long a time. In the course of my life he has, indeed, chastened me sorely, but it has been as a man chastens his son for his profit. He has not given me over to death, but, on the contrary, has been leading me gradually, and I hope surely, to my proper place at the feet of his dear Son, to a more thorough acquaintance with my own heart, and I trust I may add, to understand better the length and breadth and depth and height of the love of Christ, that passeth knowledge.

A brief passage written the same friend a few days later, shows that the circulation of books among the Greeks had very much increased. The piaster spoken of, was a Turkish coin, twenty-two of which, at that time, about equalled a dollar.

"In making up my accounts I am happy, and not a little surprised to find that the amount actually received by us for tracts and books sold within the past year, is eight thousand one hundred and fifty-three piasters. This is for Greek books alone, for none in any other language have found any sale or circulation. Is not the receipt of such an amount for our books, an encouraging fact to a poor book-maker like me? The amount is about double what we had received in any previous year. The priests have not quite ruined our craft yet, and I trust they will not be able to ruin it at all."

February 8.

My dear Brother Lanneau, — Your very welcome letter of November 2d, was received on the 3d ult. How painful it is to think of Jerusalem, which we have been accustomed to regard as, in some peculiar sense, the mother of us all, now trodden down by those who think they honor the Son of God, at the very moment when they are stripping him of all his glory! What a melancholy picture of human nature does that once holy city now exhibit! When one thinks of the idolatry and superstition practised upon the spot where the Saviour of the world was crucified, it almost seems as if there were no remedy for the corruption of the human heart. When Moses, the great legislator of Israel, died, the Lord buried him, and no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day. But when his beloved Son died, and was buried, an angel said to his disciples, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," and these words seem to have carried the idea to millions that it is a most meritorious act to come

from the ends of the earth to visit that spot. But, oh why does not the heart ascend to him, now glorious and glorified in his heavenly kingdom, worshipped by an innumerable company of angels, by the general assembly and church of the first-born, and by the spirits of just men made perfect! He is the object, the only object of worship presented to the eye of faith, and that eye is not aided in its vision by any of the objects of sense. Could we behold the very cross to which our Saviour was nailed, and the spear that pierced his side; nay, could we extend ourselves in that new tomb which Joseph had hewn out of a rock, and in which the Lord lay, still, I am persuaded that our faith would be very little aided by all these things. Faith needs not to send any one to heaven to bring him down from above, nor into the deep to bring him up from the dead, that it may behold him, for it looks to him now that he is in heaven, and endures as seeing him that is invisible.

Dear brother, my own sad experience has taught me that my greatest danger is, in not looking unto Jesus continually as the author and the finisher of faith. The apostles seem to have been always looking to him, expecting to receive every thing from him. He was all and in all to them. We need to renew our resolutions daily that we will know nothing, seek nothing, love nothing, rejoice in nothing, but Christ. Oh that we might know him as the apostles did, and, like them, feel his love constraining us at all times! We hope to be with him, and reign with him for ever! Should we not, then, strive continually and most earnestly to be like him, holy,

harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners? His meat was to do the will of the Father that sent him, and should not this be ours? It often seems to me as if I had hardly begun yet to know Christ to any practical and effectual purpose, and still I seem to desire above all things to know him, for I feel that there is nothing else worth knowing. I am trying to learn to be a Christian, but the lesson is long and very difficult; and if I learn it at all, I feel that I must go to heaven with my book in my hand, still learning. I try again and again to take my place at the feet of Jesus, that I may learn of him; but I learn so slowly, and forget so easily, that if the teacher's patience were not infinite, he would have given me up long ago, as one that could not be taught. But he is still teaching me, and I trust he will never cease to do so. I trust I love his lessons, and hope they will make me wise to salvation. When our Lord was with his disciples on the earth, and sent them forth to preach in his name, we find them often coming to him to tell him what they had done, and what they had said, and to receive new instructions and explanations. Happy would it be for us if we should continually do the same! He explained all things to them, when they were alone with him.

Oh, my dear brother, let us not fail to be often alone with him, for there he will make known to us the secret of the Lord! I am persuaded there is no pressure of duty that can justify us in having only short and unfrequent seasons of intimate communion with him. This is our life as we pass through this wilderness of death. Without such communion

with him, we can do nothing. Does not our own experience declare this?

Though I began this letter, my dear brother, by prayer for you, I did not intend to preach to you. Well, you do not hear many sermons, and so you will the more easily forgive me this once, though I do not intend to promise you not to offend in the same way again, for I cannot easily cure myself of this fault.

All our affairs here are much in the same posture as for some months past. The enemy prevails for the present, though the Lord reigns.

At the beginning of the year 1837, Mr. Temple commenced the publication of a monthly magazine in Greek, composed of original and selected articles. It was of mixed character, because a purely religious periodical would have had no circulation; but it contained many articles on religious subjects, and he hoped in time to increase this element, until its whole tone should be decidedly spiritual. The "Repository," as it was called, met with favor from the first.

The following letter expresses some of its editor's views concerning it: —

"The last sentence of one of the articles for the Repository you sent me in Greek, was this: 'The patriot is a lamb, except when his country is in danger, then he ceases to be a lamb, and becomes a lion: he fights, he conquers, or he dies!' The spirit of this language, it is not the object of our Repository to encourage. This spirit the Greeks do not need to have fanned.

"The substance of your sermon to children, is now

in type, a little modified, for you know we editors are a privileged gentry, knowing a great deal more than anybody else, and having the power to make every thing better than we found it, at least, in our own opinion. In gathering up fruits and flowers from the great field before us, we cannot afford to pick up all that comes to hand, and it is very likely that we shall pass by many, that others would have chosen in preference to our selection. I hope no noxious, poisonous ones, will find their way into our collection. As, however, we do not select for ourselves alone, we must consult a little the likings of others. We do not intend, however, to gratify their taste by giving offence to our own.

"You will see from brother King's letter, that the Repository finds much encouragement in Greece; but oh, my dear brother, this work is far below the aims, the lofty aims of a missionary! When shall the time come that will allow and urge us, by every consideration, to give ourselves only to prayer, and the ministry of the word! All my feeble efforts for fifteen years past, have only been among indirect incipient means of building up the kingdom of God."

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morality, without any subordination; the sport of demons, and evil passions. He says, that all nations decree the punishment of death or exile against those who dare to subvert or corrupt the religion of another nation. Let these heterodox apostles, then, accord to us these rights and prerogatives of nations. He forbids, with great authority, all his subjects to read any of our translations of the Scriptures in the Turkish, Arabic, Servian, Bulgarian, or Sclavonian, or any other dialect. In a word, the circular in its language and spirit out-popes the pope, and could hardly have been worse, had it been written by any of us coming up "from the caverns of hell," as he says.

Dear brother, I must borrow a little charity from you, for after stretching and eking out mine to the uttermost, it is not sufficient to cover the multitude of the patriarch's transgressions as they appear in this circular. In fact it far exceeds any thing I ever read in rancor and bitterness, and still it appears with his name, and the names of seventeen bishops!

I have not been able to refrain from weeping over this, and over the people having such spiritual guides. If these men can prevent it, all the children and youth will live and die without any knowledge gained by reading the sacred Scriptures in their own tongues. What an awful responsibility do they assume. But God, in infinite mercy, bears with them. Blessed be His name! I cannot abandon the hope that there is mercy for the flock, and these shepherds too.

March 10.

Dear brother Goodell, — You have aided my charity for the patriarch, by your charitable remarks.

Charity edifieth. Pray edify me as much as you can by charitable suggestions in all your letters.

It is truly humiliating to find a Christian patriarch, in the thirty-sixth year of the nineteenth century, writing in the style of the circular you sent me; but I fear, that had circumstances like his placed me on the patriarchal throne, my pen might have written more bitter words than his. Who maketh thee to differ? Should he ever know the happiness of sitting at the feet of Jesus with Mary's spirit, how sorry will he be for having spoken in this manner of his brethren, and for having slandered his own mother's sons. If they do not very much overrate our influence, we have no small reason to be encouraged.

When time is at an end with us, and all our partialities, passions, and prejudices shall have perished with its scenes, how shall we then wish, that nothing but charity and the pure love of truth had ever found a place in our bosoms! May we all be ever found seeking, speaking, and defending the truth in *love!* I have been reading and praying over the apostle Paul's encomium on charity. What a world would that be, distinguished as much for the prevalence of this charity, as this world for the absence of it! If it were not heaven, it must be very near it. With this spirit, we should say to our most violent enemies, "*I have you in my heart.*"

Dear brother, let us always remember in regard to our enemies, that it is not broad, hard hits, that will do them any good, but rather soft and kind words, even the words which longsuffering and never failing charity suggests. Oh for that charity, which fills the bosom of saints in light, the bosom of our

Saviour! Let this ever reign in my poor bosom, long, long tormented by other feelings! This would be the beginning of heavenly peace, the perfection of earthly happiness.

Nothing, in my opinion, can be more true, than your remark in your last letter, that "a very little knowledge of the Gospel is sufficient to secure the influence of the Spirit in saving the soul." Is it not highly probable, that most of the people of these corrupt churches do actually know much more about Jesus Christ, than those did in general on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were pricked in the heart by one sermon, and truly converted to God in a single day? For myself, I have not a doubt that it is so. Why then are we so powerless, when the apostles were so mighty? Why may we not be as efficient as they? Had they not the same passions, the same infirmities, the same sinful nature as we? Why then may we not be, like them, assisted by Divine grace? They were mighty, because their help came forth from the Lord God, who made heaven and earth, and may not our help come from him? Why is it that we do not, and dare not, expect this? Is it right? Surely, there is no restraint to save by many or by few, by the strong, or by them that have no power. Is he not as willing as he is able to give to us all that he gave to the apostles, so far as the conversion of souls is concerned? for miracles I do not expect him to revive, nor do I see any need of them. The apostles were endued with power from on high. Till then, they were as powerless as any other men on the earth. Is God unwilling to endue us with power from on high?

If it be so, then all our labors will be in vain. Oh, for that baptism of the Holy Ghost promised, and actually granted, to the apostles. With such a baptism, a week, a day, a single sermon, would accomplish more, probably, than our whole life has hitherto done!

My dear brother, I am trying to pray for this baptism for myself, for you, and for all our dear brethren, engaged as ministers and missionaries.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I think we should all most earnestly ask the Lord that he would, of his infinite mercy, raise up able ministers of his word from among the natives of these countries. Who can estimate the blessing, should the young men of these churches and countries, become truly devout and pious, and begin to preach the Gospel? Shall we never see a Timothy and a Titus rising up here and there?

Missionaries from abroad may be employed for a season to order the battle, perhaps, but the natives of this country must fight it and gain the victory. We must never lose sight of this. I feel it more and more, as I doubt not you do. They must increase, and we must decrease.

Mr. Temple was often called to visit invalid travellers, and others, who were commended to his notice and kindness by the consideration that they were strangers in a strange land. His efforts to benefit them were always faithful, and skilful, and unwearied, and in many instances were crowned with cheering success. Some allusions to these kind

efforts are found in his familiar letters to Mr. Goodell: —

"I have this morning called on Mr. D. Poor man, he is in a most pitiable condition. He has no confidence in the Bible, no knowledge of Christ as a Saviour, no hope in him, no fear of God, no comfort. He is weary of life, longs to die, is floating on a troubled ocean of uncertainty, professing to know nothing, to believe nothing, to confide in nothing on earth or in heaven. He said to me with emphasis, 'I don't know where I came from, nor where I am going, but death would be welcome to me.'

"My heart is sad at the sight of such a man. Oh, what a dark, frigid, cheerless thing, is infidelity! May the sight of this poor man, wandering, on the very brink of the grave, in such profound darkness, at such a distance from the only Saviour, the light of the world, be a new inducement to me to draw still nearer to him than ever for rest, and light, and peace."

"I have just returned from the grave of Lieut. A., whom I have visited almost daily for the last five weeks. He came here in bad health, and through Dr. S. desired me to visit him. I did so, and found him in a most distressed and even despairing state of mind. My visits, through God's grace, I trust, were much blessed to him. The clouds were dispersed, and hope was awakened in his bosom, — hope, I trust, in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. He has died, I hope, in the Lord. His travelling companion, Lieut. F., is now at Constantinople, ill, I understand. Pray seek him out, and say to him that Mr. A. spoke much of him in his moments of delirium, which were, alas,

many. He would do any thing we wished him, we simply saying, 'Mr. F. would wish you to do this, or to lie quiet, etc. etc.' I saw him twice on the day preceding his death, and the last words he uttered were, 'I wish above all things to have my mind so collected that I may pray.' He said, 'the Saviour is very precious to me.' It is a consolation to me to have been allowed to aid and comfort him in his illness in this strange land, and to direct his mind to the Lamb of God. I have written an account of the material circumstances in his case to be forwarded to his relatives in England. He spoke much of a pious deceased mother, and mourned over his abused privileges, particularly her abused instructions.

"Oh! my dear brother, the son can never forget a pious mother's instruction and example! They will follow him wherever he may go."

From the aunt of this young Lieut. A., whom Mr. Temple thus befriended on foreign shores, he received a letter of most hearty thanks.

From many a one reached by his kind vigilance, and blessed by his faithful and tender Christian assiduities, he has doubtless received a hearty and glorious welcome above. The number of persons sought out in sickness, and comforted and guided by his prayers and conversation, cannot be told. He was familiar with the wards of the hospital both at Smyrna and Malta, and his face was well known to the attendants. Comparative strangers to him, knew him as a comforter of the sick and afflicted and dying, and often directed such persons to him for guidance and consolation in their troubles. Sel-

dom did a month pass without his becoming introduced to some sick or friendless wanderer, or some penitent prodigal far from his home.

The plague visited Smyrna in the summer of 1837, and raged with terrific violence. It was during this season that Mrs. Dwight died of this frightful disease at Constantinople. Some particulars concerning this pestilence, are found in the letters he wrote this summer.

May 24.

My dear Mother, — My recent letters will have rendered you anxious concerning us, as they mentioned the commencement in this city of that dreadful scourge, the plague. The number of its victims has been increasing daily for some time past, and report now says, that from one to two hundred Turks are daily carried by it to the grave. Among the Christian and Jewish population, its ravages have hitherto been limited, though constantly increasing. The reports to-day are more alarming and discouraging than they have been heretofore. From fifteen to twenty among the Christians are said to have been attacked to-day, and carried to the hospital.

A young French physician, named Bulard, has recently come to this city, and has in a most philanthropic manner gone into the plague hospital, to encourage and prescribe for the unhappy persons who are carried thither. His labors and sacrifices are admired and applauded by all the population, and seem to have been attended by a divine blessing. He has spent many months in a plague hospital at Cairo, in Egypt, and saw and prescribed for two or three thousand cases there in 1835. He was

accompanied in this heroic enterprise by a dozen other philanthropic individuals, all of whom have fallen victims to this mysterious and all consuming disease.

You can hardly imagine how deplorable is the condition of those who are attacked by the plague. Their friends all forsake them, their spirits sink, and despair preys upon them. In the hospital they have scarcely any attention, such as they need. They pine away, almost entirely neglected, and sometimes are laid in the grave before life is quite extinct. Oh, what an awful expression of God's displeasure do we behold in the infliction of this dreadful scourge! Should it continue for a few years longer, it seems as if all the Turks must be swept away. In the year 1812, two hundred thousand Turks in Constantinople perished by the plague, and in 1813, forty thousand of the inhabitants of this city. Still, however, we see no indications of a disposition in the people to turn with a broken heart to the Lord who smites them. When will the vials of Divine wrath cease to flow, and the Spirit be poured from on high on these lands? Let us wrestle in fervent prayer, saying, "Save now, we beseech thee, oh Lord, and send now prosperity."

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—Since Dr. Bulard entered the plague hospital, the numbers who have died are much diminished. It is his opinion, however, that there is no specific for this disease, and that it is contagious. He proposes to visit Constantinople before long. The disease here he finds to be the same as in Egypt, which, you know, is more malig-

nant than that which prevails in Constantinople. It has made dreadful ravages among the porters. Half of them or more are said to be dead already. We seldom see them now in any quarter. It is said that about two thousand Greeks are at this moment among the compromised, and supported by the Greek community. This is a very heavy tax.

Those who take care of the sick, are a most abandoned race of men. The space given them for repentance, seems in general to be filled up with greater sin than they had practised before. So Pharaoh, when he saw there was respite, hardened his heart. Of wicked men, I suppose it may be said, "Why should ye be stricken any more? Ye will revolt more and more." All things seem to work together for the ruin of impenitent men, as effectually as they do for good to them that love God.

The Turkish porters, spoken of in the previous extract, were a class of stout, hale persons, who did all the transporting of burdens in the city, carrying loads of from four to six hundred pounds on their backs.

The compromised persons, were those who had in any way been exposed to the plague. They were removed out of the city, and detained in quarantine forty days, and if the disease had not manifested itself in them, were then released. The expense of maintaining them, was borne by the community to which they belonged. The Turks used no such precautions against the disease, and among them it raged fearfully.

The following letter was written immediately after

hearing of Mrs. Dwight's being attacked by the plague at Constantinople. The consternation which was produced by this inroad of the fell destroyer upon the missionary circle, will not soon be forgotten by any who shared in it. The "tin box" came from Constantinople labelled as follows:—

"You had better smoke the contents of the box before touching them. I have done it already, but you had better do it again. The plague is among us. W. Goodell."

The letters were accordingly emptied into a "smoke box," which was always kept at the door, and were not handled till after having been thoroughly smoked and aired. Well does the writer remember gleaning from them, as he subjected them to this process, the sad tidings that a child of Mr. Dwight's had already fallen a victim to the dreaded disease, and that his wife was attacked by it. It was a moment of horror, not to be conceived of, by those who have only heard of the plague as a distant scourge.

July 5.

My very dear Brother Dwight,— The tidings concerning you and your dear family, by the steamer of last evening, have awakened all our tenderest sympathies, and brought us all to our Heavenly Father's throne of grace, the only place where strong consolation can be found on earth, in times of trouble. Though the king of terrors has invaded your dear family, armed with more than ordinary terror, still I am persuaded you will find, that the King of Righteousness, the Prince of Peace, the Saviour of the world, has come with him, and will only allow him

to be a messenger of mercy to you and yours. You now say, I am confident, with more feeling and meaning, and I trust, too, with more faith and humility and filial confidence than ever, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." I feel an unspeakable delight in commending you, with all my heart, to the Father of mercies, the God of all grace. The Lord hear thee, my dear brother, in this day of trouble: the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion, and grant thee according to the desire of thine heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

My heart clings to the hope, that your dear wife, our dear sister, may be spared to you in God's great mercy. If I were near you, how should I rejoice in endeavoring to strengthen you with my mouth, and to assuage your grief by the moving of my lips. But as it is, I can only bow my knees in prayer for you, and move my pen in writing you a few lines.

In this trying day, I feel assured that you will find that God is a very present help, a help very much found in the time of trouble, and therefore you will not fear, let what will come. These chastisements, so grievous in themselves, are only the touching, the impressive, the effectual demonstrations of his love. So may you find them. God does not afflict willingly; and as a father pities his children, so does the Lord pity them that fear him.

There is something truly terrible to our apprehensions in the plague; but will not the bodies carried to the grave by this noisome pestilence, be as glorious at the resurrection as any other bodies, and shine forth like the sun, as well as the bodies of others who,

by other diseases, have died in the Lord? When the pestilence comes to us, walking in darkness, and wrapped up in mystery, how consoling it is to look up to God, who is clothed with light as a garment, and comes to us, saying, "It is I; be not afraid!" All our friends here have been much afflicted by the tidings concerning your family, and all most sincerely and tenderly sympathize with you and pray for you.

Friday, 7. [The day that Mrs. Dwight died.—*Ed.*] We are all most anxious to hear from you again, and are all full of hope, that our dear sister may be spared to you and to us. Whatever may happen, we remember how our merciful Saviour said to his disciples, who were no more dear to him than we are, if we truly love him as they did, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world shall see me no more, but *ye* shall see me; and because I live, ye shall live also." How precious are such words from such lips, meaning all, and more than all, they express! In affliction, I have found them a rich reviving cordial to my spirits. How often have I read them over and over with the serene and sacred joy of grief!

Dear brother, Mrs. Temple unites with me most cordially in love to you both; for still I must say *both*, praying that the Lord may be with your spirit, and deliver you out of all your sorrows, in his good time.

August 3.

My very dear Brother Lanneau, — How loudly and earnestly does God lift up his voice to us and to all the inhabitants of this part of the world! Shall we not hear it? Is it not high time to awake out of

sleep? The night, I trust, is far spent, and the day does seem to be at hand. Yes, that great day when the Almighty Saviour will say, with emphasis, "Behold, I create all things new!" Probably, however, he will come, in his infinite mercy, to receive us to himself, before that day shall arrive. Oh, what precious words from such lips as his: "I will come and receive you to myself!" No matter, then, how we go out of this world, whether it be by plague, or palsy, or cholera, or fever, or by some other disease, he will come and receive us to himself. When a world was to be redeemed, he sent neither saint nor angel to accomplish the work, but came himself, and gave not another, but himself for us. When a place is to be prepared for us, a place for our eternal habitation, he sends neither man nor angel to prepare it, but goes himself; and when the earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolving, and the spirit is departing, he sends not an angel, but comes himself to receive it into his own kingdom, to be with him where he is, and to behold his glory. As he is now preparing a place for his disciples, so he is, in like manner, preparing them for that blessed place. This great work of preparation is carried on by the influence of the Spirit which he sends, and by all the afflictions that fall to their lot. His love is expressed as strongly in the affliction he sends to prepare them for heaven, as in going to heaven to prepare a place for them. What avails it that he has prepared a place for them, if he does not prepare them for that holy place? HE IS DOING IT ALL!! How precious, how unutterably precious then should he be to us! Dear brother, do we daily strive hard to know him, to

serve and to love him more and more? Can we ever be unmindful of such a friend,—such a Saviour,—who has prepared for us, and for all his disciples, an eternal home in the same heaven, where from eternity he prepared his own throne? Shall such love be met on our part by coldness, ingratitude, unbelief, and disobedience?

August 24.

Dear Brother Dwight,—How have we been blessed of God! He called us to go hand in hand with our beloved wives to the utmost verge of life, and take leave of them only as they were entering the promised land. In your case, the messenger that conveyed her to her Father's house seemed likely to be sent, in a very short time, to bring you also to the same heavenly home. Should we not be like good old Jacob, when he saw the wagons sent by his beloved Joseph to convey him into Egypt? He could hardly believe the language of his sons concerning Joseph; but when his eyes beheld the wagons, his spirit revived, and he said, Joseph is yet alive: I will go down, and see him before I die. Oh, what evidence have we seen that Jesus, who was dead, is alive again, and liveth forever! The scenes that have opened before us in the removal of our beloved wives and little ones, must have taught us far more concerning Christ and his preciousness, than we had ever imagined before, if our hearts are not strangely hardened by sin and locked up in insensibility. Does it not seem to you, my dear brother, that the sin above all others of which both the world and the church too, need to be convinced by the Spirit, is this, that they do not believe in Christ in any proper

manner? "Oh, Righteous Father!" said the blessed Lord, "the world hath not known thee!" And may we not say in like manner, Oh, Righteous Son and Glorious Saviour! the world hath not known thee! We have ourselves only begun to know thee! Oh, how little have I known and believed the love that Christ has towards me, and towards all men! We might joyfully pass through a thousand fires seven times hotter than any we have yet known, if in them and out of them we could feel more of the presence and preciousness of the Son of God. The law and the prophets, the gospel and the Spirit, afflictions and judgments, what are they all, but schoolmasters sent from God to bring us to Christ? to teach us his infinite preciousness, his infinite love, and inspire us with his love? Blessed be God for such teachers. And still more, let us bless him for giving us a heart to learn from him. In the third chapter of Paul to the Philippians, from the seventh to the fifteenth verses, we see what an eminent Christian mainly desired; in a word, what all Christians should mainly desire and seek. May we, through the same grace that made Paul what he was, be brought to entertain the same feelings he did, and to pursue the same self-denying course. Christ was to him so great, so precious, that every thing else was little, was nothing to him.

My dear Brother Dwight, — I trust the Lord is, in his infinite mercy, preparing the way to bless us as his ambassadors in these countries. But oh how much pains must he take with us before we are fit to do any thing in the great work of saving men's

souls! We have reason, great reason, to rejoice, when in any way and by any means we are made low. Oh how desirable it is that the loftiness of men be made low, and that the Lord alone should be exalted! Probably we must all feel, as far as worthiness is concerned, that we are among the most unpromising instruments to be employed in extending the kingdom of God, either here or anywhere else. But God employed the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are. When I think of this, I am induced to hope that even such an one as I may, through his infinite mercy and condescension, be among the instruments he will employ for doing his own great and glorious work in the salvation of men. We are permitted to cast our care, though not our work, upon the Lord. He will take care of us, but we must work with him, for the apostle says, we are coworkers with God. He does not send us to our work alone, but kindly goes with us to all our work, and bears all our cares, if we will cast them upon him. How should this cheer us!

I know, dear brother, how much joy you will feel in commending your children to a faithful, covenant keeping God, now that they are separated from you. For three years, I was separated from mine, after my dear wife fell asleep in the Lord. But they found kind fathers and mothers, and lacked no good thing. So it will be with yours. God will bless them, and bless those that take care of them, for he is not unrighteous to forget their work and labor of love, which they show to his name in thus ministering to the children of them that trust in him. This thought used to console me when I thought of the

dear Christian friends who assumed the kind office of parents to my children.

The friends that love us feel a great interest, an additional one, in these countries, because we are here. Should not we feel an additional interest in heaven, because our beloved wives are there, as we trust, with our departed little ones? Heaven, it is true, is to be desired principally because our Saviour is there; but, may it not be desired too, because the best friends we have known on earth are there? But, my dear brother, it is a privilege to live in this dark and wicked world, to labor and suffer reproach as the servants of Christ. Yes, the living, the living, he shall praise God.

Dear brother, it is a most natural thing, in circumstances similar to yours, to feel that one will soon die. I deeply felt so. But I pray that you may abide and continue with us all, for our joy, and the furtherance of our faith, and that we may not have sorrow upon sorrow. Whether we live or die, may we be wholly the Lord's!

The commercial embarrassments experienced in the United States, in 1837, cramped the missionaries in all their operations. Mr. Temple wrote Mr. Goodell as follows, in regard to this new source of anxiety: —

Dear Brother, — As our money fails, shall not our prayers abound more and more? I am persuaded that no retrenchment is called for in this particular, but on the contrary, a great increase. With less money, and more prayer, and faith, and fasting,

and self-denying labors, I am persuaded that we may accomplish much more in future than we have done in any time past.

Dear brother, I feel rebuked by the voice of Divine Providence, and I pray that this rebuke may not be in vain to any of us.

The extract which follows, is from a letter written during a meeting of missionaries in Smyrna, for conference and prayer.

September 29.

Dear Brother Goodell, — There is, I trust, but one feeling among us all, and that is, that it is high time to awake out of sleep, to redeem the time, to work while it is day, because the night cometh. You, my dear brother, and brother Smith and myself, have already lived longer on missionary ground than the average period allotted to missionaries. But where, alas, are the fruits of our labors, in the conversion of any considerable numbers of the people to whom we have been sent? It is truly painful to me, to think of the fifteen and a half years that I have spent on missionary ground. Oh, how little of the mind that was in Christ, has been in me! How little have I made myself of no reputation, or discharged the duties of a servant of the great King of all the universe!

I trust our discussions and prayers together, will contribute to give us all a deeper impression concerning our duty than any of us have ever had before. It is the feeling, I think, of all the brethren, that we need above all things to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, as the first missionaries were on the day of

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Pentecost; to have our love to our Saviour increased, to a far, far greater extent than we have yet known. This would lead to greater self-denial, and to all those most important results which we desire to witness in our missionary course.

The following letters beautifully manifest the spirit of Mr. Temple, in reference to the trials and discouragements experienced by other missionary brethren. The missionaries exiled from Persia, of whom he speaks, were German brethren, sent away by the Russian Government from a part of Persia under their yoke

Dear Brother Goodell, — I rejoice to hear that our brethren at Broosa give themselves to prayer, if they cannot give themselves to the ministry of the word. This is a most precious privilege, and one, too, of which we cannot be deprived by any circumstances whatever, as long as our reason is continued. Considering how much we are all disposed to trust in the efficacy of other means of doing good, to the neglect of this, or to the partial, limited use of it, perhaps we ought not to deplore the circumstances that shut us up for a season to this one duty and privilege. I am strongly inclined to the opinion, that it is good for a missionary in his youth to bear such a yoke, to be compelled for a season to sit alone and keep silence, to put his mouth in the dust, to give his cheek to him that smiteth him, and to be filled full with reproach. Perhaps this is one of the best ways in which a missionary can be prepared to bear success, to become the means of saving others with-

out becoming himself a castaway. The greatest of the apostles, even at an advanced stage of his apostolic career, needed the aid of a messenger of Satan to keep him from being exalted above measure, and without doubt every missionary in our times, young or old, needs some buffeting messenger in one shape or another, to aid him in keeping a low place and a prayerful spirit. Almost every thing in missionary work depends on the spirit in which it is done. A few words uttered in a truly Christian spirit, preceded, accompanied, and followed by prayer, may accomplish more than long sermons, composed and delivered in a different spirit.

Pray tender our very kind Christian salutations and love to our dear brethren, now with you, from Persia, who having no more home or place in these parts, are returning to their own land. The dust shaken from their feet as they depart will doubtless bear witness against their enemies at another day, when the heavens will reveal the iniquities of this world, and the earth shall rise up against its inhabitants.

I trust they are leaving their stations with the feelings the Saviour of the world exhibited, when for the last time he visited Jerusalem, and beheld the city and wept over it. Oh, how sacred those tears! How deep, unutterable, and holy, was the sorrow he felt! How sincere and how tender the compassion of his heart! How solemn, and touching, and instructive, that memorable scene! The Son of God, the Ancient of Days, the Redeemer of the World, comes once more to the ungrateful city which had killed his prophets and stoned those sent to her by

him, and rejected him and all his offers of pardon, comes once more to this wicked city to weep over it, to warn it, to die for it. Surely, herein was love! But alas, the things that belong to her peace were hid from her eyes. No less do the things that belong to the peace of the people of these countries seem to be hid from their eyes. Our Saviour wept in open day, in the presence of the people, over Jerusalem, and at night he went out into the Mount of Olives, and doubtless wept and prayed there alone in secret.

My dear brother, if we have the same spirit, shall we not weep for this perishing people, who know not the time of their visitation? Must not our eyes run down with tears day and night for them, when we consider their end?

Perhaps our exiled brethren are saying, "Who hath believed our report; and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" Another day will, perhaps, inform them that a multitude have been led through their word to believe on the only Saviour, and thus to obtain salvation.

In October 1837, Mr. Temple was attacked by a severe bilious fever. He gives a full account of his disease, and the feelings and reflections this new experience awakened in him, in letters to his mother, and friend Mr. Goodell.

October 26.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I am happy to move my pen once more, though rather slowly. I am still very weak, but daily increasing in strength. This is a great mercy. Indeed, all my life has been full of mercy. What shall I render to the Lord for this?

My illness has been, I trust, a great blessing to me, as I am confident was God's design in sending it. If all things do not work together for our good, it must be only our own perverseness that prevents it.

You seem anxious to know how you should endure sickness. You have nothing to do with this till it comes. A man making a long journey, and knowing he has a dangerous stream to cross at the end of it, would be considered very foolish, should he be at the trouble of transporting a boat through all his toilsome journey, to carry him over, if he had been a thousand times assured, on good and sufficient authority, that there is always a safe boat waiting at the river's brink to convey passengers over. When we come to the deep waters, the boat will be there, and the floods will not go over our souls. God will take care of his people at all times, as the matter shall require, or as the Hebrew has it, 1 Kings 8: 59, "the thing of the day in its day." This should satisfy us, and relieve all our anxieties for the morrow.

I have not been so ill for nineteen years. Though I am of little value at any time, still my illness has deranged our affairs in various ways. You have not received the Repository. But it will come by this steamer, I trust. I hope soon to put all the wheels in motion as before.

November 5.

My very dear Mother, — It is now a little more than a fortnight since I left my bed, to which a bilious fever had confined me for sixteen almost sleepless days and nights.

I trust, this illness has been blessed to me in many respects. It has made me feel how frail I am, how

precious is the Gospel, how precious is the only Saviour of sinners, how precious are the promises of the Gospel, more than I did before.

I have thought of you, my very dear mother, with a most lively and tender interest. I have, in thought, revisited the scenes that passed while I was under your kind care, and my heart has often and most earnestly prayed, that grace, mercy, and peace may abound to my dear, infirm, and aged mother, who was so kind, tender, and faithful a guide and protector of my youth. God will be your shield, and your exceeding great reward. He will never forsake you when you are old and grayheaded, but on the contrary, will be the portion of your soul when flesh and heart fail you. It is now my desire to make a new and most solemn consecration of my body, my soul, my spirit, my time, my talents, my all, to him who has redeemed my life from destruction, who has, as I trust, forgiven all my iniquities, and healed all my diseases. While I have any being, it is my desire to love, and praise, and honor him.

I spent three days last week for a change of air at Boujah, a village four miles from here, where Mrs. Smith died, and it has very much revived and strengthened me. I propose to return after a day or two, to spend a few days more with my Christian friends there. It is very consoling to find such Christian brethren in a strange land, especially when one is sick. The same goodness and mercy that marked all my days in my own country, have followed me since I have been a stranger in a strange land.

Martha, my very dear wife, is kinder to me than

any language can express. My illness has imposed a heavy burden upon her, which she has borne with cheerfulness. It was one of my greatest mercies when she was given me. This will appear in another world, I am persuaded, both as it regards myself and my dear children, to whom she has been a most faithful and kind mother. This calls for and excites my constant gratitude to God, who so mercifully remembered me in my low estate.

November 20.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — After an interval of eight weeks, I was yesterday permitted to preach again. It was affecting to me and to some of my hearers. I could think of no passage that seemed to me more suitable to the occasion than this, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved," etc. 1 Cor. 5: 1. The main scope of my discourse was to persuade my hearers to make immediate preparation for the dissolution of the body, and for a glorious entrance into that building of God made without hands, eternal in the heavens. I made allusion to my recent illness, and told them that the power of disease had rendered me incapable of any connected and vigorous thought, and that death, had it overtaken me, must have removed me from the world as my illness found me, it being impossible then to make any preparation for the final change. I trust, some good impression was made on a few minds, at least. I have never seen more indications of feeling in the little audience than on this occasion. But oh, how do we need that Spirit which gives life and power to the word! This little

audience has heard within the last few years a great deal of plain, scriptural truth, but in only a very few instances does this seem to have produced the desired effect. Blessed be God that there are any who seem to have been made alive through the truth!

I have never desired as much as now to visit you with Mrs. Temple, but the expense in this day of pecuniary embarrassment, seems to forbid such a step, unless health or some other necessity demand it. Within a few days I hope to return to my duties, and may it be with more prayer, faith, humility, self-denial, and love to Christ, and compassion for souls than I have known or felt before.

You and I, my dear brother, have preached a good deal against money and a great deal for it. It is, after all, one of the best *bad* things in this world, too bad to be loved, and at the same time too good to be thrown away without a sufficient reason for doing so. When it comes into our pockets without labor, it is in some danger of slipping out of them without sufficient care. In doing good I am much in favor of lavishing gold out of the bag; it is well, however, to remember that gold is not yet quite so plenty as the stones of the street, and that even silver is pretty highly accounted of by all our patrons, who would hear of some other things with more pleasure than that it is nothing accounted of by us missionaries. It is now a long time since the golden days of Solomon passed away. I trust that you and I shall never outgrow those economical habits which stern, though kind necessity, compelled us to cherish, when it was our happiness to sleep and walk and talk and study and sing and pray together for nine years in succes-

sion. Those habits cleave to me like the skin that clothes my flesh and sinews, and I trust they will leave me only when I leave all earthly things.

Frequent allusions occur in Mr. Temple's correspondence to the children of missionaries, with expressions of earnest desire for their early conversion. The following passages exhibit well this class of feelings on his part:—

"The facts mentioned in your last note have greatly encouraged me. And why should we not be encouraged? Not one of all the millions of sparrows is forgotten before God, and can one of our dear children, who are each of them of more, infinitely more value, than all the sparrows in the universe, be forgotten by him? No, it cannot be so.

"How sweetly and divinely did the ancient and holy evangelical prophet say and sing concerning the coming Messiah, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom.' Are we not his flock? and are not our dear children the lambs? How kindly and tenderly has he fed us all our life long unto this day, and will he not gather our children, the lambs, in his arms? In the days of his flesh he took up little children in his arms and blessed them.

"We ought to think much and often of the faithfulness of God. When that venerable man, Joshua, was going the way of all the earth, he uttered these remarkable words to the children of Israel: 'Ye know in all your hearts, and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come

to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.' What a testimony! How should this encourage us concerning the good things, the infinitely better things, which he has promised us upon whom the ends of the world are come.

"At the end of his memorable prayer, Solomon, after spreading forth his hands to heaven, on his bended knees, rose and stood up before God and all the congregation, and with a loud voice blessed them, and blessed the Lord, saying, 'Blessed be the Lord, who hath given rest unto his people Israel according to all that he promised; there hath not failed one word of all his good promise which he promised by the hand of his servant Moses.' Let us, my dear brother, lay up these words of Joshua and Solomon, and never forget that God is a faithful God, keeping covenant and mercy with all his servants that walk before him with all their heart.

"The children of missionaries in the Levant were mentioned at our concert last Monday, and one of the prayers was confined to petitions for them. There is nothing I so much desire for my own children as this, that they may be the Lord's, knowing, loving, and worshipping him in spirit and in truth. But my desires are not confined to them; they extend to all the children of my dear brethren in these lands. What an influence, good or bad, must all these children, if spared, exert at a future day! May it be all a holy influence!

"Let us not forget our Lord's parable to encourage men *always* to pray, and not to faint. We are always in danger of fainting in our prayers. We would almost desire to have God hear *before* we call

upon him, or at least that while we are yet speaking, he should send us an answer; but it is his will to defer the answer for a season, to try our faith. How long did our parents pray for us before they saw the slightest evidence that their prayers were answered in the conversion of our precious souls! But the blessing came at last, as we hope.

"The Lord will hear us for our children, and not despise our prayers, though we are not worthy to be heard.

"I have wept much of late, both for myself and my children; for myself, because my heart, after so long a time, is so full of sin; for my children, fearing that they may live and die without any love to the precious Saviour. I am, however, consoled with the hope that God has begun his own good work in my heart, and will carry it on to the end. Nor do I dare abandon the hope that he will call my children into his spiritual kingdom. We and our children must all be saved, if saved at all, only by grace!"

Dear Brother Goodell,—We should all have reason for discouragement, if our help did not come forth from the Lord of hosts. If he ever does any good with such instruments as we all are, this must be ascribed only to his grace. The building of his glorious church by the use of such instruments as he has always employed for that end, from the very beginning of time, seems to me more worthy of our admiration than the creation of this perishable world from nothing by the word of his power.

It seems as if it would cost God much less, if we may use such language with reverence, to create a

pure and holy church with a word, without any instrumentality at all, than it does to form one with instruments so ill fitted for so important a work. But oh, how does his wisdom shine in using "base things of the world, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are!"

Let us wait on the Lord, and be of good courage, and he will strengthen our hearts. They that wait on him shall renew their strength. How do we all need continually the grace of God! Why is it that the word of God takes so little effect on those to whom we preach? Noah preached righteousness for one hundred and twenty years without inducing any out of his own family to become righteous. But then, the Spirit had not been given. Our Lord preached only a little more than three years, and though the greater part of his hearers did not believe and repent, still it is manifest that his preaching must have produced a great effect, for he was seen of more than five hundred brethren at one time, and that, too, before the Spirit was given.

I feel that I have yet to learn how to preach the gospel, though it is now more than sixteen years since I began to try to preach. Oh, that God would teach us all to preach Christ and him crucified as we ought! The want of a right spirit may render us a savor of death unto death, when to possess it would make us a savor of life unto life. Can we be contented to see our hearers listening to the gospel, and still living without God in the world? Do we lay this matter, as we ought, to our inmost heart? I know not whether I have ever prayed as I ought over this most weighty subject. Is it not deeply

affecting to think, that within a very little while we and our hearers are to meet at the judgment-seat of Christ, to be judged and rewarded according to that gospel which the one has preached, and the other heard? Oh, what an infinite value will the scenes of the last day stamp on the gospel! Whatever Christ may be to us, or to our hearers *now*, he certainly will appear to be all and in all to every one *then*.

Can we not, my dear brother, know far more concerning him, and preach in such a manner as to prove, to the conviction of all, more than we ever have done, that we have been with Jesus, that we are daily with him, sitting at his feet, and learning of him how to preach and how to pray? How much more is this to be coveted, than the reputation of being the first preachers of the age!

The correspondence between Mr. Temple and his missionary brethren increased at this period very rapidly, both in amount and in richness. New missionaries constantly came to the Mediterranean, and Smyrna being the port at which they first landed, most of them came immediately to his house, and remained long enough to form an intimate acquaintance with him. Interest in them as his personal acquaintances, as fellow-laborers in the great and good work to which his life had been devoted, and as young and inexperienced, needing sympathy and encouragement, led him to write them often, and increased very much the number of those favored with the ready, flowing productions of his pen.

The missionary work was continually increasing in interest and importance, and its various and vary-

ing aspects, afforded many themes upon which his pen dwelt, sometimes in sorrow, sometimes in doubt and suspense, sometimes with joy and gratitude. And since he was a growing Christian all his life, and more and more given to prayer and the study of God's word, the longer he lived, his correspondence became ever richer and richer. His letters, for the most part, explain themselves, and will be given without note or comment. No truer sketch of his spiritual lineaments can be given, than that he has himself portrayed in these glowing, affectionate, humble, heavenly minded epistles. They describe, for the most part, the scenes through which he passed, as far as is needed for the purposes of this memoir.

"It has sometimes seemed almost strange to me, that our Lord Jesus Christ, who needed nothing, and was perfectly holy, should have spent so much time in prayer. May we not be sure, however, that he did not spend more time than was meet in this manner; and if it was his practice to pray so much, surely we need prayer, if possible, still more.

"Dear brother, if we find it so hard to make any saving impression on our dear children, who are always with us, how can we expect the conversion of the people among whom we live, whom we can scarcely instruct at all, and who have never received a millionth part of the instruction given to our children, if God does not interpose in a sovereign and most gracious manner for that end?

"Our Saviour has told us, however, that the first shall be last, and the last first. We might be consoled in some measure in seeing our own fleece dry, if all the ground around us were watered with the

dew of heaven. But it is very trying to see all, within and without, like the mountains of Gilboa. Oh for the spirit of Elijah, who prayed till the heavens gave rain. It may well encourage us to remember, that he was not then among the spirits of just men made perfect, but a man compassed about with infirmities, subject to like passions as we are, and still how marvellous the effect of his prayers! If God could consistently hear him, may he not hear us?"

1838.

January 22.

My dear Brother Benjamin,—A good opportunity for Athens to-day by a French man-of-war, tempts me to write you a line, though I have nothing in the way of news to communicate, except it be, that the Lord reigns and does whatsoever pleaseth him, in heaven and in earth, and in all deep places, and this though very old news, is very good news to all the children of God in this present evil world, where every wrong thing seems to triumph.

Every thing seems to be overturning and overturning in our times; but it is consoling to know from the divine testimony, that this is preparing the way for the establishment of a kingdom that cannot be moved. Whoever may be at the helm in the great or little kingdoms, empires, and nations of this world, we know that our Lord Jesus Christ is head over all things to his church. We must rejoice that in his hand is power and might, that he sets up one and puts down another as he pleases, and gives none account of his matters to any one.

It seems to me, that his hand may be distinctly traced in the great movements of our times. He keeps behind the cloud, it is true, but his hand is stretched out so far that it may be easily seen by all who are not blind. Without doubt, he will by and by cause the cloud to vanish, and stand forth in his majesty and glory. I love to think of him, as head over all things to the church, the one Mediator. What an advocate! What are Moses and Samuel and Elijah compared with him! The first, indeed, turned away the anger of God from his people, when he said he would destroy them had not Moses stood in the breach. The second prayed, and the Lord brought thunder and rain in the time of harvest, and the third shut the heavens for three years and six months, and then opened them again by his prayers. But what has our Lord done, and what is he doing in heaven, where he ever lives to make intercession for us? Is there a blessing that comes to the church or any member of it, in any other way than through his intercession, his mediation?

Dear brother, I write to you as a young man that is strong, in whom the word of God dwells, as I trust. My prayer is, that you may now in your youth take much pains to strengthen yourself in the Lord. All other strength is but weakness. Happy is the man who is strong in the Lord and in the power of his might! I look upon all my dear young brethren in the missionary field, with great pleasure and affection. I feel that they must increase, but I must decrease. I trust that when they have been as long in the field as I have, they will not be constrained to review their years as I do, with the feel-

ing that they have accomplished little. Something, I trust, has been done, but it now appears to me that much more might have been done. May the Lord stir us all up to great diligence and prayerfulness while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work. The time is short. The sower and the reaper will soon rejoice together in our Heavenly Father's kingdom. He that plougheth, the apostle says, should plough in hope. May you abound in hope, whether ploughing or sowing!

I trust you will be wiser than I have been, in studying language. It is wise to *use it all up* as fast as one learns it, for in this way only can we secure any real, practical benefit. If we give this coin to the *exchangers* as fast as it comes into our hands, we shall by and by receive our own with usury.

Dear Brother Goodell, — We have printed between three and four millions of pages this year, notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned by plague. This is more than we have ever done in any preceding year. Since we came to the Mediterranean, our press has printed more than thirty millions of pages. Should it be known, at the last great day, that it has been the means of saving one millionth part as great a number of souls, how wisely will all this money appear to have been expended, in comparison with most of the expenditures of money in this world. Still, could we now begin anew, with the experience we have gained in the course of all these years, how much more wisely might we dispose of the same amount of money!

With all our imperfections, and they are not few,

our press has, I am consoled to know, operated on many thousands of minds, and waked up a world of thought, and I trust it will hereafter be known, that it has guided many precious souls to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

The sum of sixteen thousand piasters has been received for our books the past year, and this, in the present posture of affairs in the Levant, is encouraging. Probably two thousand more have been received, of which we have not heard.

I have this morning finished my dissertation on the mediatorial character of Christ. Oh what a subject! What a Saviour! Oh that all the world but knew him! I never wrote on any theme that interested me as this does. Should my poor essay interest others in any measure as it has interested me in writing it, it will have made Christ appear to them unspeakably precious! When we have once looked on him as the Bible presents him, it is impossible to think of any other mediator among saints or angels.

February 8.

My dear Brother Lanneau, — Iron, says the wisest of men, sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. May the God of all grace enable me to say something that shall refresh and comfort and edify your heart, my dear brother. In this present evil world, that lies in the wicked one, there is certainly more than a little to discourage and dishearten us; but in the promises, the exceeding great and precious promises of our Saviour, there is every thing to inspire us with courage and fill us with comfort. Till the Holy Ghost descended upon

the apostles, what poor, timid, and inefficient Christians they were; but as soon as the Spirit came upon them, fear forsook and fled from their bosoms, as they had before forsaken and fled from their Lord, in the moment of danger. Oh, what a blessed Spirit of power, and love, and of a sound mind, was given them, after their Lord had been exalted at the right hand of the Father! Dear brother, is not their Lord our Lord? And is he not now where he was when he sent to them that blessed Spirit, which made them so bold in God; so humble, so gentle, so meek, and, at the same time, so mighty, through God, in pulling down strongholds? Why may not we, unworthy as we are, receive the same spirit of power and love and a sound mind, to aid us in our missionary work? Of this I am very certain, that we shall accomplish very little without it, and that we may accomplish much with it. Oh, what a delightful, consoling thing it is to be assured, that at a future day, (may it come soon,) not only Palestine, but all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters fill the sea! The wickedness of the wicked shall come to an end, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, and he will do as he has said. Cleaving, then, to his faithful word, and rejoicing in his precious promises, let us look forward with confidence to the fulfilment of our Heavenly Father's revealed purposes concerning the salvation of this world. He will not fail to hasten it in his time.

Of late, I think the Saviour has appeared to me more precious than ever before. It does seem most wonderful, that the blessed God should be manifested

in the flesh in such a world as this, that he should send his only begotten Son, dearer, infinitely dearer to him than all the universe besides, to live and die in it, to teach by his precepts and by his example, and to redeem with his own blood a world of sinners! Surely, herein was love! But this is not all. This is not the end of his work. From the grave he ascends to his heavenly kingdom, a glorious conqueror, leading captivity captive, abolishing death, the king of terrors, and taking his place at the Father's right hand, with all the kindness, sympathy, and love which he ever felt and expressed to men while on earth, to be their all-prevailing Intercessor in the court of heaven! Is there not in all this, my dear brother, a stupendous exhibition of love that passeth knowledge, in its length and breadth and depth and height? Shall we not love him who has so loved us? Shall not our prayers, our hopes, our hearts be continually with him, till he, in his infinite mercy, shall bring us to his kingdom, to behold his glory and see him as he is? All that we see of him at present is only like here and there a ray breaking through a dark cloud from some bright star in the distant firmament. He said to his Father concerning his disciples, I have declared thy name to them, and will declare it. Yes, he will continue to declare it more and more to all his disciples, and that too, without doubt, forever and ever! Let us, then, be ever looking to him, always sitting at his feet. May we all feel the constraining love of Christ, for this, more than every thing else, will aid us in our duties, and make them welcome to us and profitable to others. I love, my

dear brother, to think of you and to pray for you. May the Lord fill you with his grace, with all wisdom and utterance, and give you peace at all times!

It is hard for those who have not known them, to understand the annoyances experienced by missionaries, from the unreasonable character of those with whom they were compelled to deal in pecuniary matters. Mr. Temple always bore them with much meekness and patience.

A bookseller at Constantinople, employed to sell the publications of the Smyrna press, had availed himself of the schools sustained by the missionaries, to educate his son without expense to himself. These schools being closed by the opposition of his countrymen, he sent his son to a native school, where he was obliged to pay for his tuition. In settling his accounts at the end of the year, he retained an amount sufficient to cover this expense, claiming that the missionaries, having given up their schools, should reimburse him for the expense thereby occasioned. In reference to this, Mr. Temple wrote as follows:—

"The conduct of Mr. L. does seem to me, as it does to you, very unreasonable. Because you have bestowed great favors for years, you are therefore under obligations to continue them, and if you will not, you must smart for it, or at least be loudly complained of, for not doing as you have been accustomed to do. But, my dear brother, is not this an exact image of ourselves. Is not this a specimen of our feelings toward our Heavenly Benefactor?

When he is pleased to intermit for a season the favors he has bestowed on us for years together, without receiving any proper expressions of gratitude from us, how ready we are to complain in our hearts, if our lips do not.

"When we are treated in this manner, it seems to us a great matter. But, how little does it affect us when the blessed God is so treated, either by ourselves or by others! I hope Mr. L., on reconsideration, will think in a different way of this matter. We need not be staggered at this step, for it seems from the epistles of Paul, that there have been unreasonable men in other times beside our own, and that better men than ourselves had trouble with them. On reading your letter, I was led to ask, why are not all men so unreasonable? Why are not all my very dear missionary brethren as unreasonable as this man? I could not refrain from tears of thankfulness for the grace that has made the difference. And may not the same grace produce in this man all the fruits that it has produced in others? May it not give him as clear a perception of whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report, as it has given to all the children of God, and as pious a disposition to pursue them? All men will doubtless continue to be foolish and disobedient, till they are by Divine grace brought to see and feel the kindness and love of God our Saviour, which have appeared to man."

The bitterness of opposition which led to the disbanding of the Greek missionary schools, was much softened by time, and friendly relations were eventually established between the missionaries and the

schools sustained by the natives, as will appear from the following extract: —

"We have to-day attended the examination of one of the girls' schools. Such a multitude was assembled, that the house could not contain them, no, not about the door, and they adjourned, or rather, proceeded to the Metropolitan Church, and had the examination there. This was full. A new thing under the sun! An examination of a girls' school in a church, a Metropolitan Greek Church, the Bishop and ex-patriarch both being present. This must be regarded as at least a favorable symptom in reference to female education. Mrs. T. and Mrs. A. accompanied me, and the committee took much pains to show us every mark of attention and respect. I do trust the bitter waters of Marah are passing away.

"For my own part I can most truly say, my heart rose to God in earnest prayer, for all that great multitude that filled the church. What joy would there be in heaven should all these become truly penitent and sincere Christians! Is any thing too hard for the Lord?"

My dear Brother Mack, — As Martha has kept you and all our other friends so well informed of all our affairs here, I have written you less frequently than I should have done otherwise.

I love to remember you and yours, though I do not often assure you of this with my pen. I am so situated here, that a correspondence must be kept up with many of my missionary brethren, and this consumes much time, but, I trust, it is time not wasted. It is very delightful to have a constant correspond-

ence with our beloved brethren, engaged with us in making known the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

This gospel becomes more precious to me the longer I live, and the more I know of its infinite excellence. It opens to us the bosom of God, our Heavenly Father, and teaches us how infinite is his kindness and love to this lost world. Who can read and study the Gospel without feeling that God is love? Still, however, it does seem to me, that Christians in general are far, very far from that state of feeling which it is their duty to cherish.

We cannot think too much of the love of God. We may think too much of his justice, his holiness, and of our own sins, and such thoughts may discourage us. But when we think of that love which spared not his only Son, but delivered him up for us all, this, above all things, is adapted to excite our love to him who so loved us. It seems strange to me that I have thought so little of this infinite love of God to me, and all mankind. I trust, however, that it will henceforth be my delightful theme forever in the kingdom of heaven.

Martha's letters will have informed you of the opposition made to us by the Greek ecclesiastics. This has rendered it impossible for us to do any thing as we could wish among them. My heart says, "Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do." It is most painful to us, to see this multitude of precious souls wandering as sheep without a shepherd, and at the same time to find ourselves, for the present, denied the power and privilege of doing them any good to the extent we desire. We do

hope, tnat this state of things will not long continue.

The government of the universe is on the shoulders of Him who is the "Wonderful Counsellor," and he will not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth, till the isles wait for his law. When will that day come! How little, alas, do men now wait for his law! How little do those who know it, conform their lives to its holy precepts! But it will not always be so. This is our consolation. Our Lord did not labor in vain nor shed his blood for nought. He will one day see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. And what can satisfy such a soul as his? It rises above our conceptions. A little satisfies us. But not so with him. Nothing less than the salvation of a world, can satisfy him. This he desires with a fervor that is infinite.

My very dear Mother,—Do not fail to look to Jesus continually. Think how kind he was when on earth, how he went about doing good, expressing, in the most striking manner, his good-will, compassion, and sympathy, to all that came to him for aid, and to many that sought not his aid. We may go to him with the same confidence that we should feel if he were now on the earth. How does this thought refresh and encourage me! He will say to us, coming to him in faith and penitence, as he did to one and another in the days of his flesh, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace!"

When I lose sight of him, I rob myself of all consolation; and when I look to him, I am full of joy and comfort. I can find nothing to console me within

myself, nay, all is condemnation there; but in him there is no condemnation. Our own hearts, I fear, we shall always find a dark, howling wilderness, full of snares and pits, and the shadow of death; but the moment we look to Jesus, we behold the light of the world. We must not be looking back to the dark wilderness, but forward to the goodly promised land. Christ must be our pillar of cloud and fire, to guide us through the wilderness.

It is a little singular, that I have three widowed mothers; my own dear mother that bore me, the mother of beloved Rachel, and the mother of my dear Martha. What a privilege to have three praying mothers! They are all the special charge of the Judge of the widow, who has not cast them off, and will not cast them off in the time of old age. I have written to each of them within these three days. May it be for their consolation! With all my heart I commend them to God, the Father of mercy and God of all grace!

March 10.

My dear Brother Taylor, — My heart prays for all possible success in this work of pure benevolence in which you are engaged. I do hope the time is coming when it will not be so necessary as now to ply rational men with so many arguments and persuasions to induce them not to destroy themselves. The success that has attended efforts of this kind hitherto, certainly offers us sufficient encouragement to proceed in this good work. As, however, alcohol, in one form or other, has for so long a period been one of the most active and seductive and successful agents of the god of this world, we must not think

it strange if *the disciples* cannot at once cast it out. Oh, what a happy day will that be, when our Lord shall command this evil spirit to go out of this world, and enter no more into it! At present, alas! when cast out of one country, it only passes over to another, like the legion of devils, leaving the man and entering the swine, and driving them furiously down a steep place into the sea.

Experience declares, that most of those who distil *rakee*, and keep taverns in this city, become sooner or later extremely intemperate. And this is no new thing. It has long been so. The natives, however, judging by my own observation, are not so much in the habit of hard drinking as the foreigners. The good example of abstaining entirely from every thing that can intoxicate, exhibited by our missionary brethren from the United States, makes some impression, I trust. It surely is not unnoticed; and when they travel in steamboats, their singularity in this respect is a subject of remark among their fellow passengers.

April 3.

Dear Brother Goodell,—I was much affected yesterday in reading the summary of the last report of our Board, and comparing all this with what you and I well remember thirty years ago, when Mr. Judson went to England to procure aid from the London Missionary Society, to send two or three of our American young men abroad as missionaries, there being, at that time, no institution in the United States for such a purpose.

Is it not wonderful, truly wonderful! Then not one missionary from our country, and now one

hundred and twenty-two ordained ones, with fifty churches under their charge, composed of natives once ignorant of God. This surely is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Bless the Lord, oh our souls! Shall we not praise him for all that is past, and that, too, with the full persuasion that we shall see greater things than these? Such remembrances do greatly aid our anticipations. At the end of thirty years more, what will the watchman of the night report? I trust it may be that the night is past, the morning is come; that the kingdom of God is come, and the whole world is full of his glory.

Should the cause of missions advance for thirty years to come as it has done for thirty past, what scenes will our dear children witness, what reports will they read!

Our children!! Dear brother, I am overcome when I look forward! What privileges our children enjoy! Shall all these be in vain to them? I long to know that they have the spirit of that *missionary age* which I believe is at hand; or I would rather say, the mind that was in Christ.

Since Mr. Temple's arrival at Smyrna, he had been accustomed to preach most of the time in English, at the Dutch Chapel, which was generously placed at the disposal of the American missionaries on Sabbath afternoon, by the Dutch Consul, Jacob Van Lennep, Esq., a gentleman whose many and long continued acts of kindness to American missionaries in the Levant, have made his name a familiar and pleasant sound to them, and without kind and honorable mention of whom, a memoir of Mr. Tem-

ple, who always felt and acknowledged himself extremely indebted for his frequent attentions and favors, would be incomplete.

The congregation at the Dutch chapel was small in summer, owing to the residence of many families at their country-seats in the neighboring villages; but in the winter, the audience sometimes numbered one hundred, especially when English or American ships of war lay in the harbor. The chapel was supplied in part by the other missionaries for two or three years after Mr. Temple's coming to Smyrna, but for various reasons it was considered desirable that the supply of the pulpit should devolve on one person, and he was requested to act as chaplain. He began to do this in the fall of 1837. Allusions to this service have already occurred, and will be found occasionally in the letters which follow.

April 9.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — I yesterday preached on the awful language uttered by our Lord Jesus Christ, Luke 12: 5, "I will forewarn you whom you shall fear," etc. The preparation of this discourse cost me more pain and tears than any other I ever wrote. In delivering it, my feelings were completely overcome, and I was obliged to pause for a season. I know not what impression it may have made on others, or whether it made any, but apparently it did impress all present, and the house was quite full. But of what avail is all our preaching if the Lord does not add his blessing! We do but beat the air. I think I do in some measure feel this, though by no means as I would.

In the morning yesterday, I preached in Italian to

a more solemn congregation than I had ever seen before to hear the word of God in that tongue. My text was the language of the younger son, "I will arise and go to my father," etc. I could not help hoping all the day, that the Lord will, in his infinite mercy, revive his work. In the evening, Mrs. Van Lennep, with her two daughters and four youngest sons, came and united with us in our concert for the children. Oh, what a blessing it would be should our dear children become truly converted, now in the days of their early youth! Let us remember the promise of God to ancient Israel, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thine offspring, and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the LORD's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the LORD, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

Oh, blessed be God, he has said, "My covenant I will not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my mouth!" He has sworn to David, and will not lie or repent. He has bidden us to plead with him, and put him in remembrance of his promises. I do verily believe, that God is waiting for nothing on our part, but the prayer of faith for our children. All things are possible to him that believeth. Is he not waiting to be gracious to us and to our children? Yes! waiting, and for what? Perhaps for that deep feeling that would constrain us, like the father in the Gospel, to say with tears, "Lord, I believe, help thou

mine unbelief." This confession and prayer soon drew from the Saviour of the world the blessing which the afflicted father sought. What a blessing will it be if our children become truly pious and labor when we are gone, gathering the harvest where we sowed the seed! Surely, in that case, the sower and reaper will rejoice together.

My dear brother, I know not when I have been so much pressed in spirit to be plain, in preaching the gospel. How glorious, and at the same time awful, are its disclosures! An eternal heaven, an eternal hell! We and all our hearers soon to be in one or the other!!

[To the same.]

I have good reason to feel with you, that I cannot convert any one. Of this I have surely had very painful proof for many years. There is, indeed, so much to oppose the conversion of every one, that it seems to me almost a miracle, when Divine mercy actually effects this stupendous change. No wonder the angels rejoice over such an event. In all these countries, it seems to me, the difficulties in the way of conversion are much greater than in our own. Who was Paul, and who was Apollos, but ministers, by whom men believed, as *the Lord gave* to every man? Paul wrote from his inmost heart when he said, "So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth, but God, that giveth the increase!" He rejoiced that it was so, and why should not we? He could say, doubtless, as sincerely as the sweet psalmist of Israel, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him." I have given this solemn charge many times to my

soul, but it does not faithfully keep it. I know not whether it ever will. How often does it turn aside like a deceitful bow and miss its aim!

May 2.

My dear Brother Goodell, — Shall we never be enabled to preach as the apostles did? Why is it that the words of Christ, which he says are spirit and life, are without life and spirit, when they are uttered by our lips? This question gives me great pain when I press it upon my heart. How dreadful it is, that death should reign in us instead of life, when Christ our life is in heaven ready to give life to our dead souls. How sad it is to be creeping on in our course when we should be running the race set before us. It is now twenty years and more since I began to preach publicly, but alas! how little have I preached in all this time with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. I do long to learn this Divine art, but know not whether I shall ever attain to such an enviable distinction. If we had more life and soul in ourselves, these would probably find their way into our prayers and sermons, and through them into the hearts of our hearers. Those who are but half alive will not make much impression on the dead. Oh that the grace of God would give me life!

May 4.

We have had very copious showers within the last two or three days. All nature seems revived and thankful. How would all the angels in heaven, and all the saints on earth rejoice, should the spirit be poured from on high, from the north to the south, and from the rising to the setting of the sun! How

then would the fruits of holiness shake like Lebanon through this whole world! Such a day will come, and may the Lord hasten it in his time. I rejoice in the absolute certainty of it. Earth and hell may throw ten thousand obstacles in the way, but the Lord will surely come, and fill the earth with his glory.

What a world will this be when it is filled with the glory of God, filled with holy, redeemed men! When we look at all the oppressions of the earth, at the multitudes oppressed by their fellow men, and the still greater multitudes oppressed by the devil, how consoling to think of a new heaven and earth, where all the inhabitants will be the Lord's freemen, holy and happy for ever!

In the next letter, Mr. Temple alludes to the hope cherished by him, that his sons had experienced the power of religion.

My dear Brother Goodell,—That was a mighty hand, which carried Israel out of the house of bondage in Egypt, nor was it a less mighty one that led them for forty years in and through that great and terrible wilderness! It is a mighty hand that delivers any sinner from darkness, and brings him into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and no other hand can make him stand fast in that liberty.

I trust that He who has delivered my children apparently from condemnation, will by his grace keep them in his love. It is, and it must be all of grace from first to last, and I can hardly realize that such grace has actually been granted to the children of

such a father as I. But not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord, but for my holy name's sake; be ashamed and confounded for your own ways. I do feel ashamed and confounded on account of my own ways.

We observed Wednesday as a day of special prayer for your children. I trust we did offer sincere prayer for them, with some small measure of faith. It was a precious day to me. My heart prompts me almost continually to pray for them, and for all who are in their sins.

Mr. F. seems quite discouraged about the prospects of his mission here, and is in favor of giving up the station altogether. His views of conducting missions in this part of the world agree with ours. He has a good deal of that wisdom which dwells with prudence, and thinks we ought with meekness to instruct the ignorant, and them that are out of the way. Oh that all were of this opinion! How does the missionary need the wisdom from above, which is pure, peaceable, gentle, etc. Without it, though he fights and runs, he will neither conquer nor be crowned, for the apostle says a man is not crowned except he strive lawfully! What shall we say of these dying millions about us? It seems to me that my heart would burst, if I could not commend them to a living and almighty Saviour. I rejoice in being assured that prayer for them is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who desires all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. Can we be among those who do not care for these precious souls? It seems as if the very stones would cry out against us should it be so.

How easily can God, who can do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, set a thousand agents in active motion for the salvation of these dying multitudes, in a way that has not been suggested even to our thoughts!

This thought fills my eyes with tears of joy, and my heart with hope and courage. The apostles for a time thought of nothing more than the salvation of Israel. They prayed, and God did more than they thought, for the next news they heard was, that Samaria had received the word of God, and soon after that to the Gentiles God had also granted repentance to life. Oh, how far was this beyond what they asked or thought! Have faith in God! With this faith, I trust we shall soon see not only our children in the kingdom, but a multitude of those who are around us also brought in, and shall say, "Who hath begotten me these?"

Where is the Lord God of Elijah? Where is the Lord Jesus Christ? The answer to these questions is the most powerful argument for prayer. But let us not talk only about prayer, but give ourselves to it. I am endeavoring to do so. I am without hope, till God stir up himself and come and save us and ours, and millions ready to perish all around us. We must be stirred up to prayer, and the whole church also, as it has never been, or salvation will not come. As individuals, let us practically lay this to our hearts. I feel as if I could give myself to little else but prayer.

The loud cry of the muezzin last evening, calling from the minarets to the poor deluded votaries of the false prophet, "God is great, God is merciful, come

to prayers," penetrated my heart. The Mussulman listens, and goes to prayers. And does not a louder voice, uttered by the Holy Spirit from the highest heavens, call to us, and to all our brethren, to the whole church on earth, saying, "God is great! God is merciful! is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, is rich in mercy to all that call upon him! Come to prayers!" This voice from the minaret, whether it brings the Mussulman to prayer or not, will, I trust, always bring us to pray to the great, the blessed, the merciful God, through the all-prevailing name of Jesus.

The following letter was written by Mr. Temple, on hearing of the death of his youngest brother:—

My dear Brother, — Many thanks for your detailed account of the last scenes in the life of our dear Joseph. Dear youth, the sun is gone down in the morning of his days. How soon he came to the end of his earthly career, and passed away to the eternal world! His darkness in his last hours was probably occasioned, in part at least, by the aggravated nature of his complicated complaint. But could he not look to Christ, though he felt that he was one of the greatest of sinners? If this were a fact in his case, and is a fact in ours, still why might not he, and why may not we, rejoice in him who came to seek and save that which was lost, and is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come to God by him?

The remembrance of ten thousand sins, of a world of iniquity, should never preclude the hope of forgive-

ness for one moment. But, alas! the great adversary takes advantage of our deceitful hearts, to persuade us that we are beyond the reach of Divine grace. How many souls has he distressed with such suggestions as these! In reading your account of his last moments, I could not resist the wish that some one had been with him, to tell him what a Saviour Christ is, to enlarge upon the nature of the promises to the penitent, and to assure him that God is willing, infinitely willing, to save every sinner.

Should you ever stand again by the side of a death-bed, do not fail to direct the dying one to the infinitely compassionate Saviour. Nothing else can bring comfort and peace to the soul in such an hour. I cannot tell you how strongly I feel on this subject. Christ is the Light of the world. How does the poor dying sinner need to turn his eyes to this light, as he is entering the dark valley of the shadow of death! He came to seek and to save that which was lost. How lost does the awakened sinner feel when he is just taking leave of all earthly things, and how consoling to be reminded of an almighty, most merciful Saviour, who came to find and save him! Sin, to an awakened dying man, is an insupportable burden. How precious then to him will that blood be which cleanses from all sin! He needs to be reminded of all these things in his dying hour, for his memory is often weak, and his mind confused, and Satan comes with all his subtlety, to cast his fiery darts, and annoy him at that dreadful moment. That was a dark hour even to the dying Son of God; and he needed an angel to strengthen and comfort him, as he was passing through it. Christians generally do

not look to Christ, either in life or in death, as they ought. Dear brother, may you know him and his promises to such an extent, and with such familiarity, that your life and your death may glorify him. A Christian, living and dying with a lively faith in Christ, and a fervent love to him, is the most sublime object that can be contemplated.

In the following extract, the mention of the young man taken up, without a light, will be unintelligible to all who are not aware that in Turkey, all peaceable, well-meaning persons, are expected, after dark, to carry a lantern.

"I am in great distress to-day, for one of our Greek printers, who has been four years with us, was taken three nights ago, walking without a light, and sent to the prison first, and then on board a Turkish ship of war, one of the fleet now in port. I am going to visit the Capudan Pasha in the hope of liberating the poor boy. The father and mother are almost distracted, for the son has just written them a letter that would pierce the heart of a stone. How many poor creatures there are who are oppressed without knowing any comforter! From what I hear of the Pasha, I have great hopes of liberating the poor captive, and shall consider myself one of the happiest of men, if I can succeed in this. The Lord give me favor in the sight of this man, and turn his heart to pity the poor captive!"

The effort was successful, and the writer well remembers when the poor lad came and fell on the ground and kissed his father's knees in an ecstasy of grateful joy.

Mr. Temple visited Constantinople in the summer of 1838. He wrote his mother the following letter from that city.

My very dear Mother, — The heat of Smyrna had so much affected Martha's health and mine, that I thought it our duty to visit this city for a change of air. We therefore came a week ago in the steamer, leaving our children with our kind friends in Smyrna. I am thankful to say that the change has already greatly invigorated us both. I can give you no idea of the splendor and magnificence of this great city, which contains more than ten times as many inhabitants as Boston, and stands on the finest site in the world. Boston placed by its side would appear like a small village. The splendid mosques with lofty minarets, and the proud palaces and mansions of the Sultan and his grandees, give to the city the most imposing air imaginable. From the top of Mr. Goodell's house we can see almost the whole city.

Were the Son of God standing, as I am, on this lofty elevation, how would he behold the city and weep over it! It is indeed most painful to look on these palaces, mosques, walls, fortifications, and ships of war, and on the countless multitudes of people, feeling that all of them are in the power of the prince of this world. I am consoled, however, by the thought that the most high God is the possessor of heaven and earth, and that he hath given the whole universe to his only Son.

I cannot tell you what great changes have taken place since I came to the Levant, more than sixteen

years ago, and I have no doubt that sixteen years more will witness far greater change in all this part of the East. All that we and our beloved missionary brethren have been able to do as yet, is only to prepare the way of the Lord. The effects remain to be seen in future years. When the Lord shall pour out his Spirit, as he doubtless will at a future day, there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God over a multitude of precious souls which will here be converted and turned to God and saved.

We have visited St. Stephano, a village twelve miles below Constantinople, the place where Mrs. Dwight and her little son fell victims to that dreadful disease, the plague. Their remains lie there, sleeping together side by side in this strange land, in a solitary spot inclosed by a little whitewashed stone wall, waiting for that glorious day when the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and immortality shall be swallowed up of life.

This year there is no plague here, an unspeakable mercy, for this city is a little world of itself; and when this disease comes into such a crowded population, it is a besom of destruction to a great multitude, who drop away like the leaves of a forest, almost unnoticed, and disappear forever. One generation passes away and another generation cometh; but oh, whither do these generations pass!

We have been also to see the Sultan on his way to the mosque on the Bosphorus, five miles above the city. He came in a long, light, graceful boat, gaily ornamented, and covered by a canopy of the richest silk velvet. I can give you no idea of its grace and beauty. He walked from the boat to the mosque on

a piece of fine broadcloth, and was supported by two attendants as he entered it and returned from it. We stood near, and had a very fair view of him. He is a fine looking person, has a keen, intelligent black eye, but poor man, how is he to be pitied! Though he is called the "king of kings and lord of lords, the shadow of God on earth," he is still a follower and a defender of the great false prophet and his religion, that religion which, like the smoke ascending from the bottomless pit, has filled all this eastern world with darkness. I bless God, in whose hand is the heart of all kings, for the precious privilege of praying for him, knowing that this is good and acceptable to God. What a glorious event it would be, should he become a sincere, devout Christian! I have felt much for him of late, for death has repeatedly entered his palaces within a few months past, and laid several of the members of his family in the tomb.

I cannot tell you how much we are refreshed by this visit to our dear friends. This is the first time that I have been absent from my post for a week, since I have been on missionary ground. My health is now excellent. This climate is like New England. At Smyrna we breathe all summer a burnt air that is debilitating. But the summer is now nearly gone.

I trust, my dear mother, that in all your infirmities and troubles you will constantly hear our Saviour say to you, "It is I, be not afraid." He will never leave you, and may his peace ever fill your heart.

My dear, very dear Mother, — I wrote you on the 18th of August from Constantinople, but as life

is but a vapor with us all, I write you again, feeling desirous to cheer and comfort you, my earliest, tenderest, kindest friend. I cannot hope to repay you for the thousand thousand expressions of maternal care and kindness which have followed me all my life. May God reward you a thousand fold, and give me a place with you at last in his holy heaven with all your sons and daughters! You will never be weary of hearing from me as long as I am pointing you, and looking myself, to the Lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,—I was much affected a day or two ago, in reading our Saviour's words to his disciples just before he left them to go to his Father, "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." What more could he have said? Do we understand the import of this language? Will our Heavenly Father withhold from us, or from any of his children, who truly believe in his Son, any spiritual blessing which we or they ask in his all-prevailing name?

November 9.

DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot deny myself the pleasure of offering you and Mrs. B. our sincerest congratulations on the birth of your second son. The birth of a child is a great event, for it is the birth of an immortal being, for whom the Son of God laid down his precious life on the cross, and for whom he ascended to his Father's kingdom to prepare a place

in his many mansions. There may your eternal home be, through the rich grace of God, with these your beloved and precious offspring! May your prayers carry them thither in Christian faith a thousand times, before death shall come to you or them, and then may the blessed Saviour come himself to receive them. Your first duty to them is prayer, and the next will be, to lead them to the Lamb of God.

How much grace and wisdom will you need to train these offspring of God, for that glory and honor and immortality for which they have been created! You will seek for them first, the kingdom of God, nor will you fail to do it with many strong cryings and tears.

Should they live, they will carry you back and compel you to read, not without many tears and bitter repentings, the history of your own childhood and youth, in a light in which you have not yet read it. So it has happened to me.

Dear Brother Goodell, — How happy should we be, if, to use the language of Lord Bacon, "we could devise and apply remedies as fast as time breeds mischief," and could find and apply an effectual cure for all the disorders which we constantly find in our own hearts! The most effectual cure that I have ever tried to apply, has been an earnest looking to Christ in faith and prayer, and I believe there is no other remedy for us. Job very beautifully said concerning a tree, that "though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet, through the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant;" that is, that

moisture will revive it when it seems to have been long dead. Is not this a graphic and true description of the old root and stock of sin in our nature? It seems, at times, to be dead; but only bring it into contact with its congenial element and nutriment, and it revives and shoots forth its deadly boughs like a plant. How often, alas, has this happened to me! Oh, when will the root and the stock be both so entirely dead, that no scent of water, or any thing else, can ever revive them again! With God all things are possible. The Almighty hand that began the good work in us, can carry it on to perfection. This is my only comfort and encouragement. God will never forsake the work of his own hand. We have reason to be thankful, if he, in his providence, gradually, as we can bear it, brings us to a knowledge of the world of iniquity within our own hearts, and still more, if he leads us by his Spirit to the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world.

December 23.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I have now enjoyed no less than seven entire years of Sabbaths! How much might have been learned of God and Christ in so many Sabbaths! I would be thankful that God has, in his infinite mercy, taught me so much, and borne with me so long. But it is truly grievous to think how much of precious time I have lost, and how little progress I have made with such privileges. Two things, it seems to me, I do feel more and more, the exceeding sinfulness of my own heart, and the infinite preciousness of our Almighty and only Saviour. Should he bring me to heaven through his

infinite mercy, as I trust he will, I must feel that the chief of sinners has been saved.

And is it true that the volume of Divine mercy has only just begun to be unrolled, and that all the days of an unmeasured eternity will unroll brighter and still brightening pages of his infinite mercy in his dear Son? Oh, what a prospect then is before me! What thanks can I render to the Son of God, through whom all blessings come down to men from the Father of mercies? May I learn every day more and more of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich.

Our streets are almost impassable from the countless host of camels coming from the interior with wheat for exportation. It seems there is likely to be a great scarcity in Europe, the crops having failed. The price of all breadstuffs has risen here, within a month, more than thirty per cent., and is still rising. Blessed be God, the bread of heaven is always ready for his children, and they may eat angels' food without scarceness! They live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord.

1839.

January 7.

Dear Brother Goodell, — The Greek priests seem determined to prevent every individual of their communion from coming to the Greek service on the Sabbath. The pope and patriarch seem now to belong to the same brotherhood, and to be animated

by the same spirit. They both dread to have the dayspring from on high visit the people through the Holy Scriptures. But, blessed be God, it will not always be so.

January 15.

This is always a memorable day to me. Twelve years ago to-day, I was praying with my beloved wife as she went down to the valley and shadow of death. What an affecting and edifying scene it was to me! What an overwhelming impression of sin it brought along with it to my heart! How like a shadow and a vapor did life then appear, and how near, how vast, how infinitely solemn and awful did the scenes of an opening eternity appear! The scenes of that day, it seems to me, taught me more of the preciousness of our Saviour than all the lessons I had received in the preceding years of my life. Sin never before appeared so exceedingly sinful as then. It is good to remember our afflictions and our miseries, the wormwood and the gall, that our soul may be humbled within us, for as often as we recall them to mind, and remember how graciously our Father in heaven sustained us in them, and brought us out of them, we have hope. We learn both to hope, and quietly to wait for, the salvation of the Lord. This is, I trust, the effect in some measure at least of all my troubles. It is good, yes, very good for me that I have been afflicted. I trust I have been chastened of the Lord that I may not be condemned with the world. But alas! when I look back on the twelve years that have passed since I was brought into deep waters, and think of all the folly and wickedness of my heart, I see the most abun-

dant cause to mourn and weep, and humble myself under the mighty hand of God. Surely it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not.

I have the greatest reason to remember what the Lord has done for me the past years, and to abound in thanksgiving. Let us continually say, "Remember me, oh Lord! with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people; oh visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the good of thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, that I may glory with thine inheritance." Let us pray this beautiful prayer over and over again for ourselves and children. And let us not fail to mingle much praise with all our prayers. At the memorable dedication of the temple, you remember that when the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, saying, "For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever," that *then* the house was filled with the cloud, even the house of the Lord. 2 Chron. 5: 11–14. More praises and more prayers from us, would probably fill our houses with the cloud of God's glory. Let us pray without ceasing, and offer the sacrifice of praise to God, giving thanks to his name; and when we have done all, we must say, "Who can show forth all his praise?" I rejoice, dear brother, in the hope of praising him with you and the redeemed for ever and ever.

The signs of the times all the world over are full of admonition. The leaven of wickedness seems to be everywhere fermenting in a wonderful manner. How great is the longsuffering of God! Surely we ought to account this as salvation. The Lord reigns,

and the agitations, confusion, and wickedness that fill the world, do not, in the slightest degree, disturb his glorious and eternal purposes. If James could say eighteen hundred years ago, "Be patient, and establish your heart, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh," much more does it become us to say this, for the coming of the Lord is surely much nearer than it was then. Shall we not say, with all our hearts, "Thy kingdom come," and "Come, Lord Jesus."

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Did you ever notice how the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews mentions that the law was only the shadow, and not the very image of good things to come? How very great is the difference between a shadow and an image! Look at the *shadow* of two men, and you can hardly tell which is which; but look at their *image* in a mirror, and you at once perceive the difference between them. The law threw a shadow of the good things to come before the minds of men, and gave some faint idea of them; but the Gospel comes with the very image of them, and holds it up before the mind. The law, presenting only a dark shadow, with all its ceremonies and sacrifices, made nothing perfect; but the bringing in of a better hope, the very image, did.

Would we be able and powerful preachers, what must we do? Shall we play with shadows? No; we must study the Word of God, and pray over it, till our minds pass far beyond the shadows, till we find and seize and present the very image of good things to come; till we can with power and clearness bring

it before the minds of our fellow men, and in some measure make it appear to them as it does to ourselves. This the apostles did; and this power of giving the image, all bright and glowing as it was, the very image of the glorious truths of the Gospel, gave to their preaching such astonishing efficacy. Their conceptions of heaven were not borrowed from a dim *shadow*, for the very *image* of it was before their minds.

Is there not reason to fear that nothing more than a shadow of the good things of the Gospel is to be found in a large majority of the sermons that are preached by even evangelical ministers? The more our eyes are fixed on Christ, who is the image of the invisible God, so much the more clearly shall we be able to present the truth, and not a mere shadow of it. And what might we not hope to do if we were completely changed into his image by the spirit of God!

June 24.

Dear Brother Lanneau, — I am indebted to you for more than one kind letter, to which I have not replied. Of writing many letters, as well as of making many books, I find there is no end. Seldom a day passes without demanding a letter from me in one direction or another. I greatly need, what I do not possess, the pen of a ready writer, to meet all the demands which steam makes upon me, bringing, as it does, the ends of the world together, from the north and the south, the east and the west, in this mart of nations. It is, however, a great and precious privilege to exchange a few thoughts with our beloved Christian brethren, and to stir up each others' minds,

by pious exhortations and suggestions, sending each other now and then an apple of gold in a picture of silver. The words of the wise, says Solomon, are like goads and nails; they urge us to duty, and they have a happy tendency to confirm us in every good resolution and purpose, and in the truth. A word fitly spoken, how good is it! I am concerned to hear that your eyes are so weak. I trust, however, that you may gain in wisdom and utterance more than you lose in eyesight. The mouth may speak from the abundance of the heart, when they that look out of the windows are darkened. It seems to be the design of Providence, in Palestine, to root out and pull down and destroy, before there is much planting and building. They that take the sword seem destined to perish by the sword. Whether poor Syria change masters or not, she seems likely to have, for a long time to come, a ruler who is as a roaring lion and a raging bear over the poor people. But let us not forget that sin is the mother of all these oppressions and evils. Does not Syria, as well as Turkey, exhibit a vivid image of the misrule, tyranny, and oppression of that little world that is in the bosom of every unregenerate man on earth? How affecting is the thought, that this state of things should continue in any soul and grow worse and worse forever! What shall we render to the Lord, if he has in deed and in truth brought us into the glorious liberty of his children! Shall we not most cheerfully serve him in holiness and righteousness all our days? The Lord be with your spirit, and give you peace at all times.

The person referred to in the following extract,

was the daughter of an English lady in Malta, who, with her children, attended constantly Mr. Temple's ministrations, and was strongly attached to him as her spiritual father and counsellor. This daughter had recently been married to a missionary to the East Indies.

"It is truly consoling to see any evidence that the seed we have sown is taking root among young or old. Susan L., I trust, may have received some of her first impressions in our Sabbath school at Malta. I used often to notice a tear starting in her eyes when I addressed the dear children there. Surely our labors will not be in vain in the Lord, wherever they are bestowed. We love with peculiar affection, even on earth, those whom we have been permitted to guide to the blessed Saviour, the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. Will they not be peculiarly dear to us and add to our joy in heaven?"

DEAR BROTHER,—By the last arrival from the United States, we were advised of the death of Martha's beloved sister, a widow, at Hartford, Connecticut. She died in the Lord. She was a very estimable woman, and an excellent correspondent. She sank into the grave under the withering influence of a consumption, being ill six months. She was a very kind friend to me and Martha, and we are both much afflicted by her departure. But oh, how consoling it is to know when death reigns among our Christian friends, that they will all rise again, that this corruption will put on incorruption, and this mortal will put on immortality! I love to listen to the voice of the Saviour, "I am the resurrection and

the life. He that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!"

Do not fail, dear brother, to visit our dear mother often, and try to comfort her by pious, consoling suggestions. Piety teaches us to requite our parents. The children of pagans abandon their parents when they become old, but that is the time above all others when the Gospel teaches us to come to their aid. I know not what I should say or do, were I permitted to address my dear mother, but it seems to me that I could not find words to utter all that I feel of gratitude and filial love and reverence to her. May God, the Father of all mercies, console and comfort her heart, and fill her with joy and peace and heavenly consolation, as her end is drawing nigh.

Between twenty and thirty thousand copies of the Scriptures were distributed and sold in these countries in the last year. We received about $1,000 for books sold from our press, which is a much greater amount than we had received in any preceding year. Still, however, there is much to discourage us in all these countries, when we look at them without lifting up our eyes to God. The Armenians are much alarmed, saying, that their priests and bishops and half the people are becoming Protestants. On a few minds the truth is making an impression, and at a future day, I trust, it will make an impression on many minds.

A violent storm of persecution broke out suddenly at this time among the Armenians, and several converts were sent into exile. Upon the first announcement of it, Mr. Temple wrote as follows:—

"We were not prepared for the tidings of your last letter. I could not easily have persuaded myself, that the tempest would burst upon you at this time. We all sympathize with you most deeply, and still more with our afflicted, persecuted brethren, and earnestly pray that the Lord would rid and deliver them out of the hands of all that rise up against them.

"How happy I am, and how happy you must be, to see that the Spirit of God and of glory rests upon these our very dear brethren in bonds, and on many others, who, like the brethren at Rome, are waxing more confident through their bonds. All this will, without doubt, turn to their salvation, through our prayers and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. For this, let us not cease most earnestly to pray continually.

"How foolish and blind are the enemies of the truth. The persecution that arose about Stephen, drove all the disciples away from Judea, and converted them into zealous preachers of the gospel wherever they went. Instead of imposing silence upon the truth, the enemies converted all its friends at once into able preachers of it in a hundred directions. The more the enemies did to prevent the disciples from proclaiming the truth, so much the more *a great deal* they published it. And will not the very same thing happen now?

"This malignant, cruel movement of the Armenians, will do more, I am persuaded, to make the gospel known among the people, than all the books and sermons we could print and preach in many years. Let them stone Stephen to death, and gnash

their teeth upon him, but God will convert a Saul of Tarsus from among the persecutors, and raise up an apostle to supply the place of the martyred deacon. The foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than man.

"Nothing has happened since my arrival in the Mediterranean seventeen years ago, that has given me such encouragement as this movement at Constantinople. Let them send H. away into exile. This will give him more than a hundred tongues,—tongues, too, that will speak to a thousand hearts, in tones that will penetrate and impress. These events will not fail to turn to him for a testimony. If the Lord should not cause him and his companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, to be pitied by all that are sending them into captivity, he will, without doubt, cause them to be pitied by a great multitude, who, under any other circumstances, would have been ignorant of them, and indifferent to them and their opinions.

"In all these events, do we not see the dawn of a glorious day for the Armenian nation? I console myself with the joyful assurance that I behold the first rays of the dayspring from on high, bursting indeed through dark and stormy clouds, but sure harbingers of the day that is to give knowledge of salvation to that people, after sitting so long in darkness and in the region and shadow of death. The authors of this movement, however, mean not so, nor does their heart think so. Let us pity them, and pray much for them, for surely they know not what they do.

"The conversion of Saul was probably in answer

to the prayer of Stephen, who knelt in his last hour and prayed for his enemies, saying, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!' What a sweet, blessed temper and spirit this was! With such a spirit may we all live and die! The blessing of God will surely accompany it. With such a spirit in the church, we may not only expect the conversion of a Saul, but that a great company of the priests will become obedient to the faith; and may I not add, that patriarchs and bishops and bankers would preach and defend the faith which once they destroyed.

"I was glad to hear of the Patriarch's tears over H. as he departed to go into exile. I hope he will weep with loud and bitter lamentations over his nation, and more than this, consent to be an exile himself, rather than a partaker in the guilt of executing the unrighteous decree of his countrymen. Whether H. go into exile or not, I feel that his enemies have ordained him, and compelled him to be a powerful and most impressive preacher of the gospel. Every word and action of his will be a sermon, known and read of all his nation. May the Lord give him the mind that was in Christ, and a mouth and wisdom which all his adversaries cannot resist. We shall wait with great impatience for your next advices. The Lord reigns! let the earth rejoice! let the people tremble! Cheer up, dear brother, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. We all try to aid you with our prayers."

Dear Brother Benjamin,—Satan seems to have come down with great wrath of late, and I trust it is because he knows he has but little time. The

violent persecution at Constantinople, among the Armenians, is more than we expected among that people at this time. Perhaps, however, we may anticipate that as the gospel advances in these countries, the hand of persecution will be lifted up, and endeavor to crush it with a blow. But he that sitteth in the heavens will laugh at them, the Lord will have them in derision, these woes will soon be past, and then great voices will be heard in heaven, saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

Voices uttering very different language are heard at present in all parts of the earth. Does not the providence of God very loudly call upon us all to enter into our chambers, and shut the door about us, and pray much to our Father who is in secret? Who among us, has made a full and fair experiment of the efficacy of prayer in all its extent? Shall we not try to make this experiment daily?

The signs of our times seem to me very affecting. Do they not show that our Lord's coming draweth near? No matter if the nations are angry, if the heathen rage; and the kings set themselves, and the rulers take counsel, against the Lord. But oh that the kings of the earth may be wise, and the judges be instructed so as to serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling!

May it ever be our most earnest endeavor to be eminently holy men, feeding continually on the sincere milk of the word, and praying in the Holy Ghost.

The following letter was written Mr. Goodell,

after Mr. Temple's return from an annual meeting of the mission at Constantinople: —

"Our visit to your great city has furnished me with many new reasons for loving the brotherhood, whom I did love, as I trust, most sincerely before. How much reason have we for gratitude that so many beloved brethren are associated with us in this mission. May we all become, by the grace of God, more like our Lord Jesus Christ, in all the dispositions of our hearts. What must heaven be, where all the countless millions are perfectly delivered from the defilement of sin! There they will all see our Lord as he is, and be like him. Any slight traces of likeness to him in this corrupt and desert world are most consoling. They are luminous spots beaming forth in the midst of thick darkness."

Mr. Temple had just heard of the exile of two Armenian bishops, when he wrote the letter from which the following extracts are made: —

"How many has persecution hunted out of the world, and driven up to heaven! Our exiled brethren, I trust, will be bold in the defence of the Gospel. They will not be likely to fear trifles. The man who has been plunged into the sea and comes out half drowned, soaked, and dripping from head to foot, thinks nothing of a drenching shower of rain, while he whose clothes have not been wet at all, is alarmed and flees, if only a few drops fall on his garments.

"Persecution gives men hardness as good soldiers of Christ. Without the aid of persecution, Paul, I presume, would never have been what he was.

"We have our theological seminaries in the United

States, where men are trained for the Christian ministry, and I love to indulge the hope that God is sending these bishops and others into exile, his own school of divinity, to qualify them for the kind of service for which he sees men are needed in this country. They will probably learn more important lessons in his school, than any of our most gifted professors could give them, for there is none that teacheth like him. Paul studied divinity much more profitably as a prisoner at Cesarea and Rome, than he would at any of our best theological seminaries in modern times. The most eminent of the prophets, as well as of the apostles, were taught in this way. The bishops are not married, and 'in the present distress' it is good for them so to be.

"The floods have truly lifted up their voice, they lift up their waves. But the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters. He reigns, and is clothed with strength and majesty. If he is for us, no matter how many rise up against us. There is no cause for anxiety in regard to all that has happened; for he that holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, and says to it, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,' will overrule it for his own glory. Though the waves toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar, yet cannot they pass over the bound which his perpetual decree has established.

"Our enemies know not what they are doing. They are driving the nail in a sure place, and clinching it in the most effectual manner imaginable. They are doing the work which they wish to destroy, a thousand times faster and more effectually, than we could

with all our helpers in quiet, prosperous times. As it was in Egypt with ancient Israel, so it will doubtless be with the Israel of God in all ages and countries. The more the enemy afflict them, the more they will multiply and grow. If we could see the bearing of all these things as our Saviour does, we should lift up our heads and rejoice exceedingly, and say, 'This cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.'

"And why do the enemy thus persecute? Let our blessed Saviour answer: 'These things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father nor me!' If they had known either the one or the other, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. How sad a thing it is, that these rulers of the church know neither the Father nor the Son! We must say, as Peter did to the Jews, 'Brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it.' Should the Lord enlighten them, how would the remembrance of what they have done constrain them, as it did Paul, to consider themselves as the chief of sinners, and to labor more abundantly than all their countrymen, for the establishment and diffusion of the faith which they now endeavor to destroy.

"Dear brother, at this eventful day, let us sit quietly down at our blessed Saviour's feet, and hear him say, 'Let not your heart be troubled!' What precious words are these! Let us listen, and go to him continually, and he will keep us in perfect peace. Surely, such events as those recently at the Sandwich Islands, declare that the Lord lives. Let us be encouraged, for will he not remember the

nations at the rising of the sun, as well as those towards its going down?

"The unclean spirit, with seven others more wicked than himself, has so long had possession of these countries, that we cannot with reason hope to see him cast out, without much wallowing and foaming and gnashing of teeth, and pining away, and, perhaps, not without some rending and tearing too. If we have not faith enough to cast him out, let us rejoice that the Lord can do this."

[To Rev. I. Bird, Gilmanton, N. H.]

June 6.

My dear Brother Bird, — We were glad to hear of your affairs, and how you do, after so long a season of separation from us. It gives us very great pleasure to learn that any of your children have begun to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. It can surely afford us, as Christian parents, but very little satisfaction to see our children acquiring such accomplishments and capabilities as qualify them to shine through one generation, or through many generations on earth, if we cannot, at the same time, discover any evidence that they are, by the grace of God, on their way to glory, honor, and immortality, in the kingdom of our Saviour. Surely, no labor and no agony of prayer should be spared on our part to bring our children to our only Saviour. I very much fear there are only a few parents, even among Christians, who have great agony of spirit in prayer for their children, till Christ be formed in them. Should they weep and pray for them, as Hezekiah did for his life, would they not soon hear God

saying to them, as he did to him, "I have heard thy prayers and seen thy tears"?

Pray suggest, as you have opportunity, to the good, strenuous supporters of orthodoxy, who are ready to die for it, in our country, that the Scriptures are as strenuous for *orthopraxy* as for orthodoxy. I am rather afraid this is not always remembered as it deserves to be.

Dear brother, do tell and teach the young men under your care how infinitely precious Christ is, and how precious is that blessed Bible which reveals him. I trust I feel this more and more, as I grow older. Lead them to the Bible, and to Christ, the Saviour and light of the world, and then they will be like the angel whom John saw standing in the sun, and the churches and the earth, wherever they go as preachers, will be lightened by their presence.

My dear Mother, — When the venerable patriarch Jacob learned that his beloved son, Joseph, was still alive, he said, I will go and see him before I die. I cannot hope that you will come to see me, nor can I be certain that I shall go to see you before we die. Jacob and Joseph were separated from each other by a distance of only four or five hundred miles, but a distance of as many thousand divides us. Still, however, so great are now the facilities which art and science have furnished for rapid travelling, that a voyage from America to Smyrna would not be a greater enterprise than Jacob's journey was from Canaan to Egypt four thousand years ago. But, doubtless you would wish, with aged Barzillai, to die in your own town, and to be buried by the grave of

your father and mother. It is, however, of very little consequence where we die, or where we are buried, whether it be on the land or on the sea, at home or abroad. Let it be our only aim to live to the Lord, and then death will be only a sleep from which he will soon come to wake us in the morning of the resurrection.

The Sultan Mahmoud, father of the present sultan, Abdul Medjid, died about the 1st of July, 1839.

July 4.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — We were not prepared to hear so soon that the sultan had gone to his long home. This is a very solemn event, and in the present posture of political affairs in the East, a very portentous one in its aspects. How changed must all his views now be concerning Christ, who is ordained the Judge of the living and the dead! In what light does he now regard the measures of his reign, the principles and maxims that guided him through his eventful life!

I have felt very deeply for him, and if I have ever prayed for any one, it has been for him, constantly, especially for the last year or two. I have seldom felt as much for any one as for him. But the Lord, the sovereign Ruler of the world, has put him down from his throne, and laid him in the dust, and is now raising up another in his stead. May He be with the second man that shall stand up in his stead, and incline him to save the afflicted people, to deliver the poor when he crieth, and to show that their blood is precious in his sight! How much reason should we

have to rejoice in the prospect that the righteous will flourish in his days, and that there shall be an abundance of peace! But, alas! present prospects do not seem to encourage the hope of the one or the other. Yet, though the sovereign of this empire is dead, we can still say, "Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever! Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine." He sits on his throne in the heavens, and puts down the mighty from thrones on the earth.

I trust that prayers will be made by us continually for the young prince that now comes to the throne. May this youth remember that the eyes of the Lord are with kings on the throne!

All are now on the tiptoe of expectation, fearing and looking after those things that are coming or likely to come upon this country. More than a hundred Turks, suspected of treasonable intentions, have been taken up in this city by the authorities, and sent, it is said, to Constantinople, for trial. [These persons were all strangled at Smyrna.] Yesterday the Rev. Dr. Keith and Dr. Black, of the Scotch Church, arrived here from Beyroot, and bring the tidings that a most bloody and decisive battle was fought between the Turkish and Egyptian armies on the 24th ult., near Aleppo, in which the latter was most signally victorious.

All the present signs of the times seem to indicate that the day is fast approaching, when in his providence God will once more shake not the earth only, but also heaven, and it will be for the removing of

those things that are shaken, as of things that are made; but we may well rejoice that those things that cannot be shaken will remain. No matter how soon all other things are shaken and removed. They are so firmly rooted and established, that nothing but an arm that is almighty can shake and remove them.

We, I trust, and all our beloved Christian brethren, whether missionaries or not, have received a kingdom that cannot be moved! Let us, then, have grace to serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

July 13.

My dear Mother, — The Turkish Empire seems rapidly to be hastening to an end. Every thing in the political and moral aspect of the East, is portentous at this moment. But the Lord reigns.

Do not be concerned for us. If it is the Lord's will to destroy these countries, he will give us a Pella or a Zoar to flee to, from the impending ruin. These great and afflicting events are, doubtless, under Divine Providence, preparing the way for the kingdom of God's dear Son, that kingdom which is to stand forever and ever. Soon may his kingdom come, and his will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven!

Probably you, my dear mother, will soon be in his heavenly kingdom. May the hope and the prospect of this, cheer you more and more every day.

July 24.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Between four and five yesterday, P. M., our whole city was thrown

into the greatest consternation by a sudden report that an insurrection had broken out. In an instant, all the shops were closed, multitudes rushed to the seaside, and leaped into the boats they found there, and pushed off, and many others not finding boats thrust themselves into the sea, and swam away to the shipping. Fathers and mothers hastened to the schools, pale and breathless, to secure their children. Some of the poor children fainted with fear. Greeks fled from Turks, and Turks from Greeks, and Jews from both. The governor soon marched out at the head of his troops through the streets, and thus in a short time tranquillity was restored. The Turkish quarter was not less alarmed than the Jewish, Greek, and Frank. The cause of this panic was soon discovered. It seems that two drunken Turks got into a quarrel, and the one wounded the other, and thrust him into the stream that runs near brother A.'s, and probably used threatening language concerning others. This, in the present excited state of feeling among the people, was sufficient to excite alarm, and once excited, it spread in a few moments through the city. All is quiet this morning, and we hope there may be no further cause for alarm. This event, however, informs us what a pitiable condition the people are in. None of them feel that there is any security either for property or life, and this feeling, I suppose, is common through the empire, especially at this crisis.

How consoling it is to know that the Prince of Peace is preparing the way for the universal establishment of his kingdom of truth, and righteousness, and peace! Can we refrain from saying continually with

all our heart, "Thy kingdom come!" I bless God that he has taught his people such a prayer, and that he is by his Holy Spirit prompting many thousands of them to pray this prayer before him continually day and night.

Will not that happen to the world at last, which happens to the awakened sinner? He feels his misery, he seeks relief by running this way and that, to this and that refuge, till at last, in despair, he comes to the Saviour and finds rest to his soul. The world has tried, or is trying every thing else, in new forms and old forms of government, but grows no better or happier. Will it not at last come to Christ and adopt his laws? It will then be no longer like a troubled sea that cannot rest, but the whole earth will be at rest and quiet! We shall have gone our way, probably, long before this end shall come, but it will come.

Divine Providence seems to threaten to give the wine cup of wrath to almost all these nations, and to compel them to drink it. Some of them have already begun to drink it, and are moved and mad. Into what a miserable state has sin changed this world, so very good at its creation!

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL,— Mr. Bonar, who comes to you by this boat, is a very rare Christian. He has given us two most sweet and precious sermons, full of Christian unction, and is a man of childlike simplicity and piety. Do not let him go without a sermon. It will do you all good to hear such a Christian brother. His heart seems to be full of pious thoughts and feelings, and they flow out in a sweet,

refreshing stream when he opens his mouth. What a happiness to meet travellers it would be were they all like him! His companion in travel is not yet able to proceed with him.

I was confined to my bed yesterday with my old bilious complaints, brought on by being many hours in the sun aiding our Christian brother S., in embarking his effects for Syria. I am now relieved, though still rather weak in consequence of the pain I endured for many hours. Blessed be God, there is a world where the inhabitants will no more say, "I am sick." It is good, however, in this world to be sick, and to feel pain, at least it is good for me, for I am too apt to feel as if I were founded on a rock, when my poor house of clay has in reality its foundation in the dust or the sand. How soon will the rain descend and the floods come and the wind blow and beat upon this house of clay till it fall! Fall it must, for it is not founded on a rock. Well! let this poor earthly tabernacle, this house of clay, be dissolved and crumble into ruin; still, I trust, I can say with joy and confidence, "I know that I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!" How precious is this hope! How infinitely precious is he who by his word and spirit inspires it!

The companion in travel alluded to in the above letter, was the beloved and now sainted McCheyne, who, during his whole sojourn at Smyrna was confined to a sick-bed at a village a few miles out of the city, so that Mr. Temple had no opportunity to learn by personal acquaintance with him the sweet-

ness of his piety. They have, doubtless, met before the throne.

My dear Brother, — It was most gratifying to me to learn, that you no longer feel pressed and borne down under the grievous burden of debt. I should have felt very happy, could I have relieved you long ago from the burden which our Heavenly Father has now enabled you to throw off. I tender you, my very dear brother, my most cordial congratulations. Fear not to trust in our Heavenly Father, who has hitherto provided for you and your numerous family. At the end of a pilgrimage of more than one hundred and thirty years, Jacob could say that God had fed him all his life long unto that day, and that the angel had redeemed him from all evil. I trust that at the end of your life, whether it be long or short, you will be able to bear the same testimony concerning the Divine mercy and faithfulness that the venerable Jacob did in his last hours.

May all your children be wise, making their father and mother glad! What must have been the joy of Jacob in having such a son as Joseph. What greater joy can any father know, than to have children growing up under his guidance in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, advancing to honor and glory and immortality? May this be your joy, ever increasing as your children pass onward through childhood and youth to mature years. Let us in thought often visit the remotest ages of eternity within the reach of our minds, and ask, "Where shall we and our children be after time is no more?" Oh, let us never for a moment forget, that neither

we nor they were created only for that little hour which makes up our fleeting life on earth. No! we were born for eternity! We were born for the noble purpose of loving and adoring and glorifying the blessed and holy God! And let us not consent to live for any other purpose, or with any other end in view than this.

It is a matter of very small consequence whether we be much or little esteemed by dying men, while we are passing through these first moments of our eternal existence on earth. This is man's day; but God's great day is at hand! In that great day, how little shall we think of man's estimation of us during his brief day!

The great events in Turkey within the last three months,—the death of the sultan, the great battle in Syria, and the delivering up of the Turkish fleet to the Pasha of Egypt, have left us all quiet here, though they have disturbed some other parts of the empire not a little. We pray for the peace of the empire, for in the peace thereof we hope to have peace.

The gospel seems to make little progress. The impediments and adversaries are many. But the Lord can overcome them all. When his time to favor this country comes, he can and will effect in a day, what we and thousands more like us could not accomplish in ages.

We must work, and pray, and wait in faith and patience. Our labor, poor as it is, is not and will not be in vain. Now is the seed-time, the harvest will come in its season.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER, — A line from a distant land borrows importance from the distance it has travelled, in visiting a friend. You would hear from me more frequently than you do, were not my pen daily employed in discharging necessary business. Well, let us rejoice that in the new heavens and the new earth, there will be no more sea to roll its waves between beloved friends. We trust the day is coming when all the children of God will be caught up together to meet the Lord, and will be for ever with him. Let this joyful anticipation cheer us, while we are called to remain asunder in the old and new world.

The power of Turkey is gone for ever. Who will mourn, or turn aside to ask her how she does? This land is doubtless destined to become a part of the glorious inheritance of our Saviour. I trust the present events are preparing the way for him to enter into this possession.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — I thank you for the Patriarch's circular. The disease he aims to cure is truly a very dangerous one, but it seems to me, the remedy he proposes is almost as bad and as fatal as the disease. He would bring the youth back to the religion handed down from the fathers; and what is this religion received by tradition from the fathers, but a huge mass of corruptions, and superstitions, turning men away from the truth as it is in Jesus? He will probably find work enough of this kind to do, as long as he continues to oppose the Scriptures, as he has done for some time past. By shutting out the Scriptures from his flock, he will be sure to

render it an easy prey to infidelity. Can he not see this?

Your work of translating the Bible is certainly most delightful, and at the same time most edifying, to a mind that loves to contemplate the fair and lovely face of truth in its original features, without a veil. Your privilege in this respect is one that falls to the lot of one only in a million of our fellow men. If I may judge of the future from the past, the time can never come, when the word of God will not be the joy and rejoicing of my heart. It seems to me that I have taken it as my heritage for ever.

I hope you will have the Psalms ready for the press by the time the Pentateuch is finished, for this portion seems to me if possible more important than any other of the Old Testament. It aids me daily in drawing nigh to God, for I have for a long time past been in the daily habit of reading some part of it as an aid to devotion.

The contract is now being made with Mr. G. to do all our printing for a term of three years.

The heavy expense of a superintendent of our work, and the additional expense of a magazine for our office, will be spared by our new arrangement. I have no doubt that we shall secure a saving to the Board of twenty-five per cent. in all we print from this moment.

What a change in some of the most important affairs of the Levant, since I came to Malta eighteen years ago, with a press, obtaining permission only by prayers and pledges to set it up even on soil commanded by the English government! Who can tell us what will be the state of the Levant twenty years

hence? I am persuaded that the change will be ten times greater than it has been.

In looking back over the years I have spent in the Mediterranean, I seem to have accomplished very little. The little spark, however, may in the end appear to have kindled a great fire. In all the matters relating to the press, I have been so much part and parcel that there is something a little affecting to my feelings in the prospect of so great a change, though I was myself the prime mover of it, from a full conviction of its expediency. How soon shall we have passed through all the changes of this world, and vanished from all its scenes, and be forgotten as a dead man out of mind! What a blessed eternity is before us, if by the grace of God we shall have been the instruments of turning many to righteousness! Life ought to be considered of little value for any other purpose than this; and oh how precious it is spent in pursuing so noble an end!

In the next letter Mr. Temple announces to his mother the promulgation of the famous edict known by those conversant with Turkish affairs as the "Hatti Sherif," the first of a series which, it may be hoped, has not yet ended.

DEAR MOTHER, — The sultan has just issued a proclamation placing all the subjects of his empire on an equality. The Christian and the Jew are now to enjoy the same privileges as the Turk. This is one of the most important steps that has ever been taken by this government. It is paving the way for the entire subversion of the Mahometan religion. It is

one of the most striking features in the signs of these extraordinary times. It is, as we all trust and confidently believe, preparing the way of the Lord in this country. The hand of the Lord is stretched out, and who can turn it back?

You will be glad to learn that several of the Armenians who were banished for embracing the truth as it is in Christ, are restored, and that an imperial order has just been issued by the sultan to restore the rest.

We hope now that God will make us glad according to the days wherein he has afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil; that he will let his work appear to his servants and his glory to their children, and establish the work of their hands upon them.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Though the U. S. Bank has for a season suspended specie payment, still there is as much silver and gold in the world as there was before this step was taken, and it is all as much the Lord's as ever it was. I trust this will be only a partial suspension of business. It is very much to be regretted, however, that in any country, and especially in our own, such a state of things should exist. But the Lord will provide.

Our countrymen seem to learn nothing to any practical and valuable purpose, by all the affecting lessons they receive. How is this?

The voice seems to cry aloud, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." This preparation is not lost labor. David and Solomon both made great preparation for building the temple, a long time before a

single stone of the edifice was laid in its place. Many thousands of men were employed in cutting cedars and hewing stones in the mountains, and not a few skilful men were at work in gold and silver, brass and iron, but all had only one end in view. Does it not cheer your heart, when you think how many laborers and coworkers the blessed God is employing at this moment, in the various portions of the world, preparing his way, and collecting the materials for that holy temple which is all to be built of lively stones? Though we cannot say, "this work goeth fast on," we can say that it is going on. The end will be glorious, most glorious. Why are we not roused, and moved, and urged on by the inspiring thought? How poor an image would Solomon, upon his throne in all his glory, be of our blessed Saviour on his throne in his kingdom, when the heathen shall be given him for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession! Every step and every movement onward, does something to prepare the way for the Lord to fill the whole earth with his glory.

I wish all the troublesome *isms* of our times, could be as easily dismissed as the poor old peevish servant has been, that has so long held the important post of grinder in your masticatory establishment. My grinders have all served me most faithfully for nearly fifty years, with only a single exception that happened more than ten years ago. Expulsion was the consequence. The operation gave me a good deal of pain, and regret, also, though it was very salutary. The others have all kept their post, and discharged their duty with exemplary fidelity thus

far, but not without betraying some symptoms of uneasiness now and then. I have treated them with much more consideration, however, than in former years, seldom imposing on them so much or so hard labor as they cheerfully performed in their earlier and better days. One or another of them gives me every now and then a gentle hint that they do not intend to be mine, like the ancient Hebrew servants who loved their masters, for ever.

Time, dear brother, makes our poor, vile bodies a crazy habitation for the soul, a miserable rendezvous of all kinds of pain and disease, and when they can be borne no longer, the frail tabernacle dissolves, and we fly away. Well, the blessed gospel tells us that we shall lose nothing, for we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! Let the grinders cease because they are few, let those that look out of the windows be darkened, let the daughters of music be brought low, let the strong men bow themselves, and the keepers of the house tremble, still our bodies will shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of our Father, if we are his dear children.

The word has gone forth from his lips, and will not return void. Behold, I create all things new. May we, and all our beloved brethren and sisters, find more and more evidence daily, that this great and glorious work of a new creation is going on in our whole soul and spirit.

December 23.

My dear Mother, — I am this day fifty years old. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! He has, I trust, through his

dear Son, forgiven all my iniquities, has healed all my diseases during all these years of his forbearance, has redeemed my life so many times from destruction, and crowned it all, from the hour of my birth to this moment, with loving-kindness and tender mercy! What desolations has death made in the earth during the fifty years of my frail life! Can we look back on the way in which the Lord has led us without feeling, that surely goodness and mercy have followed us all our days! The influence of a warm climate upon my constitution for eighteen years, has somewhat impaired its tone, though I still enjoy very good health, and feel thankful that I am allowed, fifty years after my birth, to address from a distant land my beloved mother, who is still, as I trust, numbered among the living. I cannot tell you, my very dear mother, how much I am grieved at the remembrance of having been, in any instance, the occasion of one sorrowful hour or moment to your heart, nor how anxious I am to be the son and the minister of consolation to you in your advanced age. Scarcely any thing could be a greater consolation to me, than to know that I am permitted, through Divine grace, to be the comforter of your last days, aiding you to look to the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world.

Cheer up, my dear mother! You are almost through this great and terrible wilderness. You will soon be in the promised land! The blessed God, our Saviour, who has carried you so long, as on eagles' wings, will not forsake you, but will bring you to his rest.

1840.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — I am happy to learn that you have finished translating the Psalms, though I am quite sure that you have been charmed and delighted and edified by every hour spent with the sweet singer of Israel, that man after God's own heart. I have long been in the habit of reading every morning for my spiritual refreshment, one or more of those divinely inspired compositions of his pen, and they become more and more sweet and precious to me, the more I read them.

DEAR BROTHER BENJAMIN, — In such a land as this, where the inward part of all is very wickedness, one can hardly confide with safety in anybody. My experience for more than eighteen years in the Mediterranean, has hardly made me acquainted with one individual native, who has proved himself worthy of entire confidence. And shall we on this account hate and despise the people? No! most surely not; for what but our own image do we behold in all this wickedness? Do we not behold, as in a glass, ourselves in our natural unrenewed state? I try to feel that it is so, and to make use of the painful fact for my own humiliation before the infinitely holy God.

February 15.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — I rejoice that you are allowed to proceed so prosperously in the translation of the Scriptures. This work cannot fail to furnish nourishment to your soul as you go on. How precious is the word of the Lord! It is all incor-

ruptible seed, and intended to bear fruit to eternal life.

I can scarcely conceive of a more agreeable, and at the same time edifying, employment than that of translating the word of God from the original languages. You cannot fail to be refreshed as you proceed in this good work.

I am endeavoring to trace with more attention than I had ever done before, the wonderful example of the Son of God, while he dwelt among men. But how hard it is to follow his steps. I find it most difficult to be converted, and become like a little child in all the dispositions of my heart; in a word, to be like Christ.

What a happy world this might be, were there no disposition in any of its inhabitants to cheat or defraud or overreach one another; were they all Israelites indeed, in whom there is no guile. Such a world, blessed be God, does actually exist, and by his infinite grace, we are allowed to hope, that he is preparing us to enjoy it for ever. Shall we not enjoy it the more, for having spent a short time on our way to it in such a deceitful, lying, adulterous world as this?

Mr. C. has great trouble just now on account of the Rabbis here, who are beginning to cast out of the synagogues those Jews who have been in the habit of visiting him to discuss the claims of the gospel. Oh, when shall these things have an end! When will our glorious Lord go forth in his power, conquering and to conquer?

Is it not most affecting to see the god of this world still going forth to deceive all nations, and lead them

captive at his will, persuading them that they are doing God service, while they are his blinded and willing captives, doing his work and effecting their own ruin? When shall he be cast out of the earth to deceive the nations no more! How can we refrain from praying constantly and earnestly for this? If we were affected as we ought to be, by the state of all the world around us, it seems to me we should constantly cry out with all our heart to our Saviour, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!" This prayer will not be offered in vain, nor has it been offered in vain. I delight to think of the day when it shall be answered in all its extent, in the glory of a renovated world, in the creation of a new heaven and a new earth.

The following letter was written in reply to a cordial invitation from beloved relatives to visit them in the United States:—

I sometimes almost long to see my dear friends and native land again, to go again into the sanctuary with the multitudes that keep holy day, and to breathe once more before I die, an atmosphere that is not darkened by the smoke that issues from the bottomless pit. But I know not whether it is best for me to enjoy so great a privilege, and I trust I can truly and heartily say, the will of the Lord be done! Our adorable and blessed Lord is constantly gathering together in one, the children of God that are scattered abroad, and if we and our beloved friends are among them we shall soon, very soon, find ourselves in our Father's house of many mansions.

Our home in that holy mansion will make us forget all our separations and troubles, as waters that have passed away.

Brethren are now with us from Beyroot, Cyprus, Constantinople, Broosa, and Trebizond, holding an annual meeting of our missionaries in Turkey. It is a refreshing season to us all. Our blessed Lord is, I trust, with our spirits. What must heaven be, filled with holy angels and the spirits of just men made perfect! And what an amazing exhibition of Divine grace will that be, which shall bring the chief of sinners to dwell with a holy Saviour, in a holy heaven, forever and ever. There Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, will unite with the multitude which no man can number in ascribing their salvation to the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world. And we, too, dear brother and sister, with our dear children also, hope to take part with them in the new song. Like the blessed Bible, that song can never become old; it will still be new after being sung for countless ages!

April 24.

Dear Brother Goodell, — The meeting we have had the happiness to enjoy has left a most delightful and refreshing impression on my mind. But, how unlike to heaven is this. Still, however, it may aid our too dull apprehensions of a holy world, composed of all the best men that shall have lived in this world from the beginning to the end of time, and all made perfect.

Look at Paul the apostle, Paul the aged, matured as a Christian by long experience, and the grace of

God that aboundeth to him, waiting for his dismission from earth, and ripe and longing for heaven, and compare this man with Saul of Tarsus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the saints. How wonderful the change! How stupendous the grace that made it! But has not his removal from earth to heaven made in him an unspeakably greater change than the grace of God had effected in him before he departed to be with Christ?

If beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord for a few years, in this dark world, so changed him into the Saviour's image, what must he be now, after having seen him as he is, face to face, in his kingdom, for 1800 years!

Shall we indeed, my dear brother, have a place in that holy world with the spirits of just men made perfect? What an inspiring anticipation!

Charles copied recently a very fine picture or portrait, and we all were disposed to praise the copy till he placed it by the side of the original. This spoiled the copy, for its defects instantly struck us all. Let us place our poor copy of every virtue that is in us by the side of the perfect, the infinitely perfect, original example in Christ, and how extremely unworthy will it appear.

Dear brother, let us be looking unto Jesus; let us bring his example near, and examine it with great attention. His humility, his gentleness, his meekness, oh how divine they are! Shall we ever be like him till we see him as he is in his own kingdom, in his own and his Father's glory?

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So intimate was the friendship between Mr.

Temple and Mr. Goodell, that every thing of moment affecting the one was always adverted to in his letters to the other.

May 9.

The trying hour of our dear son's departure came, and is past. It was an hour of deep and most painful interest to us, though all the circumstances were ordered in the most merciful manner, so much so, indeed, that I could not have desired any one of them to have been otherwise. Previous to his departure with brother Calhoun, we all met at our house, and prayed and sang, and consecrated ourselves anew and most solemnly, and, I trust, sincerely, to our blessed Saviour, commending ourselves and them to his mercy and protection. We worshipped and bowed down and kneeled before the Lord our Maker, and acknowledged that the sea over which they are to pass is his, for he made it, and that his hands formed the dry land on which we remain. Through the great mercy of God, I was calm and collected in the last parting scene, though my heart had been ready to burst all the day preceding. Experience has taught me that I can neither stand without Divine support, nor sink when the Lord's hand holds me up.

[To the same.]

We only saw a little of Mr. and Mrs. C., and still less of that good and devoted man Mr. G. This I regret much, and still more that you lost the precious privilege of being edified by such a father in the Christian Church, for though we have opportunity

to see ten thousand travellers and teachers, yet not many such fathers as he.

I am glad the responsibility of imposing silence on him does not rest with any of us. Let us always imitate the rulers of the synagogue at Antioch, and say to our Christian brethren, "If ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on." Let us see to it, however, that we charitably receive and treat any of our dear brethren who are weak in the faith in regard to apostolic succession, episcopal ordination, extempore prayers, etc. etc., and let us have no doubtful disputation with them.

It will be much more acceptable to our merciful Saviour if we meekly bear the infirmities of our weak brethren, than if we engage in doubtful disputations with them. We have neither commission nor skill to be their judges, and it would be both usurpation and rashness, uncharitable and scandalous, should we attempt to sit on the judgment-seat, which belongs only to our blessed Saviour, whom the Father has ordained as the sole and supreme Judge of the living and the dead. Who among us is free from follies and weaknesses, that give our brethren too many opportunities to bear with us?

But, blessed be God, his dear children will all soon have left behind them, their follies, their weaknesses, and sins, and will be with and like their glorious and glorified Saviour, seeing him as he is in his holy kingdom, adored by myriads of holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. Let us give our souls a thousand charges to love all our dear brethren who are on their way to this state of blessedness, though now they seem to be far from it.

Upon learning from several stations beyond, of failing health among female members of the missions, Mr. Temple wrote as follows:—

June 27.

The last letters from you constrain us all to feel that our days on the earth are but as a shadow. We were not prepared for the tidings from Broosa, for we had no idea that our dear sister there was in so dangerous a state.

How precious is the Gospel, that can impart such strong consolation at such a time, by its precious promises, and by illuminating life and immortality! What a blessed privilege to have a God so nigh to us in all things that we call upon him for!

But though we all die, still the Lord lives, and his kingdom lives! His church lives, and it will live, and the gates of hell, though opened a thousand and ten thousand times, to receive the saints into its bosom, will never prevail against them, for the Lord will at last command and compel it to give up the dead that are in it! What a triumphant truth! We must all pass through its gates; but no matter for that, for our Lord has passed through them and they could not retain him, for it was not possible that he should be holden by them. One generation of his church passes away, and another generation cometh. The gates of hell have been opened wide these eighteen hundred years and more, and many millions of the members of the church have passed through them; still it lives, and increases in numbers and strength, the gates of hell cannot prevail against her.

Our withering, dying Christian sisters seem to be sent as the Lord's messengers to teach the poor,

ignorant people of these lands, by their edifying examples on the death-bed, how to die. Let us hope that the example will not be in vain. Such memorable sermons cannot be forgotten.

July 4.

The passage read in course this morning at family worship, was the chapter beginning, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free," etc. A more suitable one for the day could not have been found. May our native country stand fast in the full enjoyment of Christian and civil liberty!

Dear brother, we have so many secular matters to attend to, that it almost seems to me sometimes as if it would be infinitely better to employ angels to fly through the midst of heaven and preach the gospel to every creature at once, than such poor frail mortals as ourselves, compassed by so many infirmities, and pressed by so many cares, and obliged to handle and count and account for, so much filthy lucre! How much more easily could the great Head of the church accomplish this work of making known the gospel, should he employ for this purpose angels that are pure and holy spirits, or utter his own voice from the excellent glory in the ears of all mankind! But his wisdom chooses to employ such base things, and things that are not, like ourselves. It is wonderful condescension in him to do so. Must we not feel that it is so?

In the summer of 1840, Mr. Temple made a brief visit to Scio, for a change of air and scene, and soon after wrote as follows:—

"What shall I say of Scio? Nature and industry and art have made it one of the most lovely spots in all this eastern landscape, but now it presents to the eye a scene of desolation the most touching, marked all over by deep traces of the most wanton barbarity. The eye, wandering over this widespread desolation, affects the heart.

"We saw in one of the convents, a great heap of the unburied bones and broken skulls of the slain Greeks, who had fled thither unarmed, to escape the murderous swords of their rapacious and blood-thirsty enemies. The old monks informed us that so many were slain there, that the blood flowed in torrents from all sides of the convent. How sad is the reflection that man, originally the image and the offspring of God, can perpetrate such barbarities on his fellow man. Shall the sword devour for ever?

"There is nothing too hard for the Lord. When the hour appointed by him for the fulfilment of his great purpose of mercy in the salvation of the world shall have come, how easily can he overcome every difficulty, causing mountains to melt down and flow away to make the path of his glory plain before him!

"It is most encouraging to us to learn, that so many parts of the United States are visited by the Spirit poured from on high. The loveliest moral garden in this world will be leafless and fruitless, if this influence from heaven does not refresh it. If this blessed Spirit be withheld from us, our souls will be like a heath in the desert, seeing no good coming to us. May God pour it out upon us abundantly, and render our souls like a tree planted by the rivers

of water, whose leaf is always green, and never ceases from yielding fruit, even in the year of drought."

October 4.

My dear Mother, — I cannot command language to express all the feelings of my heart at the remembrance of you and of my departed father. Most sincerely do I bless God who gave me such a father and such a mother, and preserved them both so long, and allowed me to remain with them till more than twenty years of my life had vanished away. The days and years of my youth are now gone, but the good impressions received from you and him during those days, still remain with me, becoming more vivid and more deep as I advance in age. I rejoice that so many of your children are near you, while I am so far removed from you.

I have recently thought much of the feelings which our Saviour expressed to his mother according to the flesh. When extended upon the cross, and enduring its unknown agonies, to make an atonement for the sin of the whole world, he did not forget the mother who stood by the cross, a witness of his sufferings. Casting his eyes on John, the beloved disciple, who was standing near, he said to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son," and then said to John, "Behold thy mother." Thus, in the last hour of his life, when the iniquities of us all were laid upon him, and he was sinking under the burden, did he provide for his mother, now advanced in years, and probably a widow and desolate. John understood the short sentence, Behold thy mother, and from that hour he took her to his own house. How touchingly has the

Saviour of the world taught all children, by this memorable example, what feelings they should entertain towards their parents, and how they should treat them. He had not where to lay his head, and probably his aged mother had no home till she found one with the beloved disciple.

I am thankful that you have a welcome home on the very spot where all your sons and daughters had their birth, and where you have been surrounded by goodness and mercy from the days of your youth; and still more thankful I would be, that God has provided for you, and is, as I trust, preparing you for an infinitely better and eternal home in his house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Mr. Temple was often invited to preach on board American and English merchant vessels, and sometimes on American ships of war visiting Smyrna. He was no friend to national armaments of any kind, but this feeling never led him to treat his countrymen, or Englishmen, who visited the Mediterranean in national vessels, in any but the most cordial manner. He never failed to let them know distinctly, that he utterly abhorred all the paraphernalia of war, but always treated them with courteous and Christian kindness, which commanded their respect for him as a minister and a missionary. These remarks explain the following passage: —

"I have spent the last two Sabbath evenings in a manner very gratifying to my feelings, in preaching to seamen on board an English vessel. There were present fifty or sixty men, masters, mates, and sailors, and all very attentive to hear. Since I came to

Smyrna, my practice has generally been to expound some portion of the Scriptures on Sabbath evening, to as many as were disposed to come and hear. The hearers, however, have usually been few in number. I regard it as a great happiness to be allowed the privilege of preaching to sailors, for their temptations and hardships and privations are many, and until within a few years, no man, comparatively, has cared for their souls. But it is otherwise now. The remembrance of my dear brother George, who doubtless found his unknown grave in the ocean, always constrains me to look upon the poor sailor with peculiar interest.

"To-morrow, I expect to preach on board the Ohio, at the request of the Commodore. It was my intention to have tendered my services, and I was happy to be anticipated in this by his request. Brothers A. and R. went with me this morning to visit this noble and beautiful ship, one of those strenuous peacemakers, that traverse the ocean for the sake of keeping the world quiet."

The following extracts explain themselves: —

"I am most sincerely sorry to see any symptoms of dissensions springing up among the different denominations of Christian missionaries in the Mediterranean and Levant. My opinion and my feeling too is, the less we feel, or think, or speak, or write, concerning the denominational differences and divergences, the better it will be for us all. If possible, to avoid it, I will not sow one grain of discord among my brethren, nor will I, in any way encourage others to do this. During all the years that I have been in the Mediterranean, I have never seen so many indications as

now, that Satan desires to have us all, that he may sift us as wheat.

"But our Lord has prayed for us, and I trust that neither our faith nor our charity will fail. All the elements of discord, political and religious, seem of late to be set in motion, especially in Europe and the East. Does it not become the disciples of our Lord, then, to study to be quiet, 'to be ambitious' to be quiet, that is, to take much pains to live in peace with all men? I do not doubt that you are as great a lover of peace as I am.

"The Lord seems, in a wonderful manner, to be preparing, throughout the world, the instruments by which he may finish his work, and cut it short in righteousness. Every thing seems to indicate that the long ago predicted day is at hand, when the Lord will make a short work in the earth.

"That which half a century ago seemed not within the limits of human possibility, is now, by the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence, become both practicable and easy.

"What a glorious day will that be, when the King of kings, and Lord of lords, shall send forth detachments of his valiant hosts to storm and take and cast down all the castles and strong-holds of the god of this world, after bringing the artillery of heaven to bear upon them for a few hours or days!

"The fall of Acre, almost in a moment, must, it seems to me, impress the Syrians and Egyptians much in the same way as the fall of Jericho did the Canaanites, and constrain them to say, 'Who can stand before these mighty ships and guns of Englishmen!'

"These mighty ships and guns, however, can only cast down and destroy. But who shall build up and plant? I hope the Lord will raise up many natives of the soil to build and to plant. For this let us constantly and most earnestly pray. Let us not forget that the Lord has said of that land, 'It shall come to pass, that like as I have watched over them to pluck up, and to break down, and to throw down, and to destroy, and to afflict, so will I watch over them to plant, and to build, saith the Lord.' Hath he said, and will he not do it?

"Pray assure our dear and afflicted brother and sister P. of our sincerest sympathy and love. How gloriously did Job come forth in the end out of all his afflictions, purified seven times by the heated furnace into which the Lord had cast him. When the poor man cried out, 'I am vile, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes,' then the Lord said, 'Him will I accept.' Then he could pray and offer sacrifice acceptably to the Lord. Was he a worse man, do you think, now than at the beginning, when the Lord bore such an honorable testimony of him to the devil? He was much viler certainly in his own sight, but more pure and upright, I doubt not, in the sight of the Lord. I have read that last chapter of Job of late with great edification. There is a whole volume of most weighty instruction it."

My dear Sister, — It seems very long to me, and it is indeed very long since I have had the happiness to receive any thing from your pen. I desire much to hear from you, and to know how you do, and how your soul is prospering. Time is silently and imper-

ceptibly gliding and stealing away, and eternity is coming nearer and nearer. This solemn truth impresses my mind, I trust, more and more, the longer I live. Are we, by the grace of God, prepared for death and the solemn scenes that must follow it at the judgment-seat and in the eternal world?

You are struggling with a feeble constitution, but the Lord knows your frame, and remembers that you are dust. The resurrection will give to all the children of God a glorious body, subject to none of those infirmities which afflict them in the present world. Think often of this. We all inhabit, for the present, a vile body, a mortal body.

You are a wife and a mother, and in this responsible relation need peculiar aid in discharging your various and difficult duties. How much good will you accomplish, if in all things you let your light as a Christian shine about you!

I think of you, my very dear sister, with a most tender interest, and am most anxious to know that you and your dear husband, my brother, are walking in the truth, and daily becoming, by the grace of God, more and more conformed to the image of his dear Son in all things. It would afford me very great pleasure to see you, if it should be the will of our Heavenly Father; but whether I am allowed to see you or not, I am always your very affectionate brother Daniel.

The following note was addressed to this sister's husband:—

My dear Brother, — The Apostle Peter exhorts husbands and wives to dwell together as being heirs together of the grace of life, that their prayers may not be hindered. (How happily must they live, whose prayers together at the family altar and in secret, with and for each other, are never hindered, and whose hearts are filled with the joyful anticipation of inheriting eternal life together in the kingdom of heaven.)

May you and your dear wife know this happiness in all its perfection, as you advance together towards the unseen world. Happy and blessed, in a peculiar manner, are those husbands and wives whose noble aim it is to promote, to the extent of their power, the comfort, happiness, and edification of one another, by every word and action. This was the design of our Heavenly Father in the institution of marriage. May our whole life be devoted to our Saviour, and to the edification of others.

December 18.

Dear Brother Goodell, — We cannot easily imagine how good and acceptable it is in the sight of God, when his people, feeling that they are unworthy to lift up their eyes to heaven in his presence, fall down before him in earnest prayer for the salvation of all men. The salvation of immortal souls! This was the end for which the world was made, and is upheld in being; for which the Son of God left his eternal kingdom in the heavens, and died in the agonies of the cross, for which the gospel is preached, and the Holy Spirit is given. This is the end which God has had constantly in view from

eternity. How acceptable, then, must it be to him to see hundreds and thousands of his renewed children bowing the knee before him, all asking of him that greatest of all his blessings, the gift of the Holy Ghost for the conversion and salvation of this world.

Oh, how little do we ever realize this! So ready is he to grant this blessing, that it often comes to pass that before they call he answers, and while they are yet speaking he hears. The humble and broken-hearted Daniel had not finished his prayer, before the angel was caused to fly swiftly with an answer of mercy. Oh that we better knew the import of those kind, encouraging words of our blessed Saviour, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will do it for you." How precious to the Father is the name of his dear Son! How does he delight to give to his disciples all things freely for his sake! Let us try to realize this, far more than we ever have done. Is there any thing we would not do for our beloved children? And is there any thing that God will not give for the sake of his Son? He has glorified him, and he will continue to glorify him again and again, till all the earth is filled with his glory. This is what we ask of God in prayer, and it must, therefore, be good and acceptable to him when we thus pray. May the first Monday in January coming, be the best, the most memorable that we have yet known. It will surely be so, if we are not deficient in our duty.

For this empire how earnestly should we pray! What an impression has the lighting down of Jehovah's arm made upon it within the last year or two! Has that arm which hung up the world upon noth-

ing, and stretched the north over the empty place, lost any of its strength in the flight of ages? Is not that ear still open which heard the supplications of Abraham for Sodom, the prayer of Elijah on the top of Carmel, the entreaties and confessions of Daniel in Babylon, and the prayers and supplications of the one hundred and twenty who on the day of Pentecost lifted up their hearts with one accord to the God who hears prayer? Does the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man, and of a multitude of righteous men united, avail less now than eighteen hundred years ago, in the days of the apostles? What should we pray for especially on that day? I would suggest as follows: —

1st. That we pray for all saints, the pastors and churches of our own country, the American Board and all its friends and coadjutors.

2d. For our missionary brethren and sisters of the A. B. C. F. M., and all the native helpers associated with them in all parts of the world.

3d. For all the churches and schools gathered by our brethren in the countries where they are stationed.

4th. For all Christian missionaries in the different parts of the world, with their children.

5th. For the plentiful effusion of the Holy Spirit on the whole world with the preaching of the gospel.

6th. For our missions in these countries, that we may all be of one accord, of one heart, that brotherly love may continue, that it may increase and abound more and more, that we may remember the commandment of our Lord to love one another as he has loved us.

7th. For the patriarchs, bishops, and priests, and for all the people of these ancient churches.

8th. For the sultan and all in authority under him, and for all the followers of the false prophet.

9th. For the children of Israel, and for all who seek their welfare.

10th. For the conversion of the whole world, for the universal establishment of our Lord's kingdom.

11th. That we unite in most hearty thanksgiving for the great things God has already done, and for the promise of still greater things which it is his purpose to do for this lost world.

There are so many things to be prayed for, and God is so much more willing to hear and give than we to ask, that it would seem as if the day could not be too long to be all spent in the enjoyment of this most precious privilege of prayer.

Let us not forget that it is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, that prayer be made for all men, for it is his will that they be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.

Being assured of this from his blessed word, we should find it in our hearts to pray such prayers before him. His only begotten and well-beloved Son has taught us and commanded us so to pray. May his Holy Spirit powerfully influence our hearts in this duty!

The influences of the Spirit in this world hitherto may be compared, it seems to me, to the mist in Eden that went up from the earth to water the face of the ground, before the Lord had caused it to rain on the earth. The Spirit has descended ever since the world began, and has refreshed the children of

God, and kept the church alive; but the day is yet to come, when it shall be poured from on high to refresh the face of the whole earth. Who can conceive the magnitude of that most wonderful event?

[Mr. Temple here alludes to the successful labors of a devotedly pious captain, and then continues:—]

May we not hope at another day to see hundreds and thousands of such instances of voluntary and useful service rendered to the cause of our Lord, both by those that dwell continually on the dry land, and by those that pass over the great and wide sea?

How much good every man may do who sets himself about it in good earnest! I love to see and to hear of such instances. They inform us most impressively how easily God can find instruments to accomplish his own work. When the Spirit shall be poured from on high, the multitude of the preachers will without doubt be very great. There will be no dumb Christians then as there are now, but each will be as all were in the days of the apostles, preachers of the word.

My dear Brother Goodell,— Your letter to-day affected me to tears as I read it. The close of this year finds all your children with you. But it is not so with me. Two of mine are silent among the dead with their mother, in the island of the shipwrecked apostle to the Gentiles, another has gone to the land of our pilgrim fathers, and one only is still with us. But, blessed be God, I trust it is well with them all, and will be well with them forever. This fills my heart with joy and thankfulness.

The year is now closed! What a wonderful year

it has been! How many millions of streams of mercy have flowed from the fountain of life upon the world, from the beginning to the end of the year! How precious have God's thoughts been to us! How great is the sum of them! May the parting year leave us humbled, penitent, pardoned, and looking by faith to the Lamb that was slain, and has redeemed us to God by his blood. May the Lord, in his great mercy, send his Holy Spirit to aid us in beginning our spiritual life anew with the new year. At this time, we should certainly pray with Moses, the man of God, that he would cause his glory to appear to our children, and establish the work of our hands upon us. Let us be of good courage. The Lord liveth, and blessed be our Rock.

1841.

January 14.

Dear Brother Goodell, — It seems to me, and this impression is gaining strength daily, that the time is fast approaching when the glorious Lord will do great things which the church in general looks not for, when he will do his short work in the earth, when he will make for all people a feast of fat things, destroying the covering that is cast upon all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations, when millions and millions of men will say, "Oh Lord, our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion over us; but they are dead, and shall not live; they are deceased, and shall not rise again!" These things are now beginning to come to pass. But the Lord will be inquired of by his people to do these

things. Oh that prayer might be made continually by the whole united church for the speedy accomplishment of those promises which God has made, and which he has given to encourage our prayer!

Should a stem from such a stock as I am, shoot forth and bear much fruit to the glory of God, it would be another added to the many millions of wonders of the Divine grace. God can indeed of stones raise up children to Abraham. He has done for me and my children, not indeed more than I asked, but more than I had dared to hope. I would not forget, however, that the evening does not always fulfil the promises of the morning. As long as we and our children are in this present evil world, our path is full of danger. How little do the young know this! In looking back on my own path, it seems to me to have been on the very edge of a precipice from the beginning till now, and I owe it entirely to the grace of God, that I did not long ago plunge down that fearful precipice into destruction. May he hold me up to the end!

Think of a new heaven and new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness. Righteousness hitherto has been only a sojourner on earth, dwelling with Abraham and his few faithful children in tents or frail tabernacles; but the whole world will yet be its holy palace, where it will dwell.

Dear Brother Mack, — We were concerned to learn that sister Mary suffers so much. What admonitions are imparted to us by the infirmities which growing years bring with them in their rapid flight! Happy is it for us when new light breaks in through

all the chinks and openings which time makes in the soul's dark cottage.

I trust, dear brother and sister, that as you feel the earthly house of your tabernacle gently shaken by the hand of time and disease, you find new evidence that the inner man is growing stronger and stronger every day. You are, I trust, among the many sons and daughters whom the blessed God is bringing to glory. The captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering, and no other way seems as yet to have been devised by Infinite Wisdom, by which the children of God attain to perfection, but by suffering.

Our aged mother Ely, it seems, is now with you, and in daily expectation of a speedy departure to a world, where those that look out of the windows will no longer, as now, be darkened; to that blessed world, which is enlightened by the presence and glory of the Lamb. Oh, what a blessed privilege to be with him where he is, and see him as he is! All that is ever seen of him in this dark and distant world is only a few glimmering rays of his glory.

Dear Brother Benjamin, — May the blessed Saviour endue both yourself and brother K. with all heavenly wisdom and knowledge, that you may at all times know what it is proper to do in your trying circumstances. John, even that disciple whom Jesus loved, said to him in one instance, — I presume he never said so again, — "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him because he followeth not us." I wish he had been the last disciple that ever said the same thing.

John said this when he was but a young disciple, and had leaned seldom, or perhaps never, on the bosom of Jesus; he could not have said it when he had more fully understood and imbibed the spirit of his Master.

(Dear brother, a meek, humble, affectionate, Christian spirit is worth more, infinitely more, in the sight of God and his holy angels, than any thing and every thing else on earth. When we see the absence of it in others, may this stimulate us to strive to attain and nourish it ourselves.)

In the following letter allusion is made to the dangerous illness of a son of Mr. Goodell's: —

April 9.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I have just returned from hearing a most edifying sermon from the Rev. J. R., from Cambridge University, England, on the words, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," etc. We have recently heard several most excellent sermons from this young man. He is a pupil of Mr. Simeon, or rather is of the same evangelical school. He is going within a few days to Constantinople, and I trust you will see him, for he is a man of an excellent spirit. He tells me there are about four hundred young men of like views with himself in that university. Is not this wonderful? It cheers my heart to hear such tidings. May our sons be numbered among those who shall proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, constrained by his infinite love.

The Lord is giving you a new kind of lesson, painful and trying, it is true, but edifying and useful.

It is a little difficult for us to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations, but if the trying of our faith works patience, we shall in the end have much reason to count it a most joyful event that has tried us, though ever so severely.

I am glad you hear the kind voice of our Saviour saying to you, "Fear not, it is I." The disciples on the mount feared as they entered into the cloud that passed over them. But a voice issued from that cloud, saying to them, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." There is a voice issuing from every cloud that passes over us which bids us listen to the words of God's beloved Son. How happy are we when we can meekly and calmly listen to him, for his words are most precious; they are spirit and life.

We have commended you and yours to God this evening in our little meeting for prayer. How precious is this privilege of sympathizing with one another in all our troubles, of going with all our own sorrows, as well as with those of our dear brethren, to our great sympathizing High-Priest, to cast our cares on him, knowing that he cares for us.

Cheer up, my dear brother! God deals with you now, more than he has ever done before, as with his sons. May he support and comfort you in this day of your trial, and bring you out of it in his own good time, like silver that is purified in passing through the fire. You are in the path that has been trodden by all the children of God on their way to the kingdom, and will not think it a strange way. You will find in it the footsteps of all the flock that is gone before you. The good Shepherd leads his flock by the right way.

[To the same.]

The tidings of your letter to-day did indeed surprise me. I had hoped your dear son would be spared to you. But it is the Lord who has called him away, and you will say, "Let him do as seemeth good to him." This is a new trial to you and our dear sister. I rejoice in the consoling belief that a rich blessing is in it for you and yours.

The blessed Lord distinctly says to you, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. You cannot say, an enemy has done this. It is your Heavenly Father, who says, "all souls are mine," that has taken this beloved child away. The day-spring of eternity will soon reveal to you a thousand reasons, all infinitely wise and good, why this son was taken from you at this time.

The blessed God is now what he always has been and always will be. He has always been a sovereign over all the universe, doing his own pleasure in heaven and earth, and all deep places. We may be quite certain of this one thing, that the Judge of all the earth always does right, and oh how happy and blessed are we, if we can from the heart say to him, "Thy will be done!"

I cannot tell you, dear brother, how much my heart sympathizes with you and our dear sister in this affliction. Were I near you, I would certainly endeavor to strengthen you with my words, and with the moving of my lips, to assuage your grief. But you have the great Comforter, the Holy Ghost, with all the strong consolations of the gospel within your reach, and I trust you will not faint in this day of trial.

One stream of your earthly consolation is now dried up, but, blessed be God, with him is the fountain of life; and, should every stream on earth become as dry as those in the desert before the drought and the heat, still this fountain would be as full as ever. Go to it, dear brother; drink, and drink again. Though the well is deep you have something to draw with, and you know how to do it. Alas, how many there are who neither know where this fountain is, nor how to draw from it!

This affliction will doubtless bring many sins to remembrance, and make you feel more than ever that you are a sinner; but I trust it will bring still more vividly to your remembrance the blood of sprinkling, the precious blood of Christ, that takes away the sin of the world. How precious, how infinitely precious is that blood! How precious is that all-prevailing advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous!

As you have been much confined within doors, and full of cares and anxiety for some time past, I hope you will not fail now, if circumstances do not forbid it, to go abroad and take exercise and air in the open field or elsewhere. I was formerly too inattentive to this precaution in the time of my troubles. Such seasons try our bodies as well as our souls. When the Almighty makes our hearts soft by such visitations, we need to be cautioned against the danger of becoming debilitated in body, and so fainting under the blow of our Heavenly Father's hand. Experience has given me painful lessons on this subject. I hope you find that happy is the man whom God correcteth.

[To the same.]

April 23.

We have all read with deep interest, your touching letter to your aged and pious father. It has been a relief to your sorrowful bosom, I feel assured, thus to open your heart to such an earthly father; and it is your peculiar happiness to find a still greater relief in pouring out all your sorrows before our Heavenly Father, who pities his afflicted children more than the kindest fathers of our flesh ever did or could theirs. You do not need to be informed, though it may not be amiss to remind you, that our merciful and faithful High-Priest, though touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and afflicted in all our afflictions, still says, "as many as I love I rebuke and chasten." Rebuke and chastisement are the means he has been employing with all the millions of his sons and daughters, whom he has from the beginning of time been training on earth for glory and honor and immortality, and eternal life in heaven. It was his method with the patriarchs and prophets and apostles and saints, ages before we were born, and it will be his method with his people to the end of the world. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," said our blessed Lord to them whom he loved, as the Father loves him. Should we not then submissively, nay, thankfully receive such tokens of our faithful Saviour's love, knowing that he sees it needful for us to be brought into severe trials, that we may through them, with the accompanying aids of his Holy Spirit, be made more and more partakers of his holiness?

It is most consoling to be assured by Christ, that

every branch in him that beareth fruit, is purged by his Father that it may bring forth more fruit. You are not a dead and withered branch, my dear brother, though you doubtless feel and deplore your barrenness. You have through the grace of God brought forth fruit to his glory, and will, I trust, bring forth much more. Indeed, I trust I see already indications that it begins to be so. We must first be emptied, before we can be filled from that fulness which is in Christ. We must be humbled under the mighty hand of God, before we can be truly exalted. By all the trials our Heavenly Father sends upon his children here, he is preparing them for a place in his house of many mansions in heaven.

The promises and the providence of God are well adapted to make us abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost. In all labor there is profit, though it does not always appear at the moment. The fruit must have time to ripen. The tree must have time to grow. We must plough in hope, and sow in hope, and must not be impatient for the harvest, till the sun and the rain and the dew and the wind have all alternately warmed and moistened and refreshed and fanned the ripening fruits. Let us be thankful for the tender shoot, or the slender blade, or the forming ear, hoping that in due season the full corn will be found in the ear.

By what slow degrees have we attained to our present humble stature in the kingdom of our Saviour. What long patience has he had with us. Had he been like us, would he not have given us up a long time ago as hopeless subjects? I feel that it would have been so with me.

There is something very solemn and affecting to my heart in the prospect of parting with Mr. H. It reminds of many beloved ones who have gone to a more awful distance, to the unseen world. One feels at such a moment how many opportunities of doing good to departing or departed friends have been lost. So life glides on, with many regrets and sorrowful remembrances of the past, and many good resolutions for the future, and, as I would fain hope, with some small amendment, by the grace of God.

June 23.

Dear Brother, — Though separated from you all at the distance of six thousand miles, I am still your brother, and the feelings of a brother towards you all lose none of their strength by the lapse of time or the intervention of seas, though great and wide. Distant though I am in space, still I am with you in the warm affection of a brother's heart; and this affection, I am persuaded, will never cease or decline till my reason or my mortal life shall have vanished. If you knew how much happiness your recent letter gave me, I am persuaded you would often drop a line to visit me in this Old World, this empire of the false prophet.

There is more now than I have ever seen in the East to encourage the hope that the Lord will once more return and revive his work among these decayed churches, once a noble vine, but now so deeply degenerate. For this let us pray without ceasing. Do not forget, dear brother, how the Lord has said, (Jer. xvii. 5,) "Cursed is the man whose heart departeth from the Lord." This greatest of all sins

steals insensibly upon me. We must watch against it with the greatest care, or it will ruin us. It is the ruin of this world, and yet the last sin that men suspect in themselves. It often brings a curse on Christians. Above all things, let us take care to keep ourselves in the love of God.

Nothing is better adapted than the belief of the doctrine of the salvation of all men, to cast the poor soul of deceived man into a deep sleep. "Thou shalt not surely die," was the declaration of Satan to our first parents in Eden; and thou shalt not surely die, he has been repeating from the beginning to every son and daughter of Adam for six thousand years, as he has gone up and down and walked to and fro in the earth. I am astonished more and more the longer I live, to see how extensive and how powerful is the influence exerted over men by the ruler of the darkness of the world. He turns away the minds of the Jews from our Lord Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of man, and keeps them vainly looking and waiting for a Messiah to come. The pagans he drives away from the blessed God, and urges them to worship demons and idols. The Mahometans he holds spell-bound in the chains of the most gross imposture that ever degraded fallen man, and nine tenths of all the inhabitants of Christendom seem to be blinded and deceived by his stratagems, in one form or another.

The testimony of the Bible is, that he has deceived the whole world; that the whole world lieth in wickedness, or, as I think the meaning is, in the wicked one. He is the God of this world.

Has the grace of God, my dear brother, delivered us in any good measure from this great adversary,

who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour? Are we indeed delivered from the kingdom of darkness and brought into the kingdom of God's dear Son? If so, and I trust it is so, then how shall we ever sufficiently praise and adore that mercy which has been so signally manifested to us?

I trust the influence of our Saviour's religion is seen and felt in your family. Heaven must begin on earth. Let us try to make our families little images of it, as far as possible. There may be much of the spirit of heaven in us while our home is on the earth.

Dear Brother Goodell,— Our beloved brother Hebard died on the 30th ult., in the Lazzaretto at Malta. To us it seems affecting to think of one so dear to us dying in such a situation. But precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints, whether among their beloved sympathizing friends, or in passing over the sea, in a Lazzaretto, or on one of the mountains of Moab alone, and sinking into a solitary and unknown sepulchre.

Our dear brother was hastening to the home of his childhood, but God, we trust, has in mercy called him to the everlasting home of the righteous. When Alba was destroyed and its stones employed in building Rome, Livy in his history writes concerning it, *Roma crescit Albae ruinis.* We may say a greater thing than this when the earthly house of a Christian is dissolved, namely, *Coelum crescit terrae ruinis.*

The death of our dear Christian friend administers to us all an admonition which, I trust, will not be in vain. How happy shall we be if we can say at the

end of our frail life to our Heavenly Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

I had many opportunities to know the amiable and excellent spirit of our departed brother. He had much endeared himself to us by the truly Christian spirit constantly exhibited during all the time of his sojourn with us.

The mortality in the Syrian mission is remarkable. Death has already cut down eight adults belonging to it, if we reckon Wortabet as one; and sickness and loss of sight called three more quite away from the field. I trust, however, these are not to be considered as indications that the Lord does not approve this enterprise. Sennacherib with his countless Assyrian army came up against all the defenced cities of Judah, and took them, and besieged Jerusalem itself, soon after the good king Hezekiah had effected a great reformation which the Lord approved. But probably he needed this admonition. It was not the Lord's design to stop or hinder the good work, but to encourage greater zeal and fidelity. So, probably, in the present case, the Lord's design is to move his coworkers to greater purity of motive and holier zeal in his work.

[To the same.]

July 30.

Yesterday was an awful season with us here. A fire broke out on Wednesday night, at twelve or one o'clock, and in its progress has laid nearly a quarter of the city in ashes. The Jews and the Turks are the greatest sufferers. The greater part of both are now, in this respect, like the Son of Man, who had

not where to lay his head in the days of his flesh. The Greeks, too, are great sufferers. Nearly the whole of that part of the city which was nearest to the hill is consumed. At present it is impossible to know what is the amount of the loss sustained. There is doubtless much exaggeration. This, I believe, is certain, that at least one half of the Jews are houseless, and probably more. Had the wind been south, instead of north and west, it seems probable that the greater part of the city must have been consumed. It is indeed of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. I am not aware that any connected with us are among the sufferers.

The coins of Turkey were no small source of inconvenience to one compelled to transact as large an amount of pecuniary business as Mr. Temple. A paper currency was unknown, and all transactions were confined to solid cash. The coins most in use were very bulky, being nominally of the value only of about one half or one third that of pure silver, but they were so adulterated as to be really of much less than their nominal value. Fluctuation was constantly taking place in the value of the currency, and it was difficult and perplexing to keep pace with the ever depreciating exchanges. The money was made principally of copper, and washed or thinly plated with silver, which soon wore off in places, and exposed the baser metal beneath. Passing through many hands, and in seasons of plague being frequently plunged into water or vinegar to prevent infection, it could not be handled without soiling the fingers, and might be most truly called "filthy lucre."

This explanation will render more intelligible the following letters: —

"I hope the time may come, when the sultan's coppersmiths and coiners will be better employed than in casting and stamping and bringing into currency such worthless filthy lucre as we are compelled to soil our hands with, and waste our precious time in counting or weighing continually.

"But, my dear brother, this teaches me an affecting lesson every day. As compared with sterling gold and silver, is not this base coin of the sultan, probably quite as valuable as the piety that is current in this corrupt world, if it were compared with that exhibited by the Son of God, who said, My meat and my drink is to do the will of him that sent me?

"Do you not love to think of a world where all is what it appears to be, where love is without dissimulation? How rich and how abundant must that grace be, which shall prepare any of us to be worthy inhabitants of such a world, all our dispositions and all the feelings of our heart being entirely transformed by the grace of God!

"This business of handling money and keeping accounts, amounting in my own case to more than two hundred thousand piasters for six months, is no trifle, I being paymaster for this amount, in sums varying from ten to two thousand piasters, to printers and binders and carpenters to the brethren here, in Greece, in Syria, and I know not how many other places. My best hours for a week past, have been spent in arranging and settling these multifarious accounts, and they seem to be like the making of many books, without end. It costs me much hard

labor to keep my own accounts straight, and to straighten those of some of my numerous correspondents is no easy thing, as I have learned by more than a little painful experience. I hope you find less difficulty in the calling of a treasurer.

"My heart was much affected this morning, by the sight of the distress that is now seen in our streets. It would be consoling to feel that any hear the rod and understand who has appointed it, and turn to Him that smites them. Probably our city never before had so great an amount of poverty and sorrow in it as at this moment. Not less than seven thousand depend entirely on charity for the bread that nourishes them from day to day. What shall we render to the Lord that this is not our situation?

"Thank you for your precious thought concerning Christ. My dear wife, in her dying moments, said to Mr. Jowett, 'I cannot find Christ.' 'Well,' said he, 'Christ will find you.' I am found of them that sought me not, says this gracious Saviour. This is our consolation. Had it depended on us only, we should never have found him, nor should we cleave to him for one hour if he did not hold us by the right hand of his love. Hold thou me up, says David, and I shall be safe."

September 17.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I sympathize most sincerely with you in the failure of your sight, for I begin to suffer in the same way. For a year or more, I have found it difficult to read small print in the evening without artificial aid. But what a mercy it is, that I have enjoyed the precious privilege of reading with my own eyes the lively Oracles, with

perfect ease and comfort, for the long period of fifty-one years and more. The days of our youth are gone, and the days are fast coming upon us in which they that look out of the windows will be darkened. Solomon calls them evil days, of which one must say, I have no pleasure in them. But, blessed be God, he has provided strong consolation even for the days of old age. Let us look forward continually to the resurrection of the dead. The glorious bodies of the saints, then shining forth like the sun, will be no more, as now, subject to decay. I rejoice in the certainty that our Redeemer lives, and that he will stand in the latter day on the earth; and it is my hope that through his infinite grace, my eyes and yours too may behold him, however dim they may become by use, or time, or disease, while we dwell in our present houses of clay.

Had not sin come into the world, might we not with all the human race have gone to heaven by a translation, as Enoch did, without seeing either death or knowing any of those decays which prepare its way?

Dear Brother Benjamin, — I am sorry to hear of the dissolution of the school at Ariopolis, but do not see how it could be continued under the conditions imposed by government. We cannot and must not be the promoters and patrons of superstition or false doctrines, in any shape whatever. As for gratitude, we are to look for none. When the Lord of glory sent his disciples forth into the world to preach, he did not intimate to them that they were going to spend their days among a grateful people. What has not God done for us, but where

are the demonstrations of our gratitude? We resent it, and not without reason, when men treat us as we constantly treat the blessed God.

I hope there is no ground to cherish the anticipation of your removal from Greece. Better days will doubtless come to these countries, but not perhaps till worse ones have passed over them.

It is not for us, however, to know the times or the seasons which the Father has put in his own power, nor would I wish to know them. He reigns, sitting on his throne, high and lifted up, so high, that the agitations of this lower and little world do not disturb it in the least degree. Let us not be moved by any of those events which happen, but wait on the Lord with humble faith and prayer. He knows how to dispose of them. They have not taken him by surprise. Our glorious and glorified Lord Jesus Christ, is head over all things to the church, and he will not fail nor be discouraged till he has set judgment in the earth.

I have felt of late as if I could do almost nothing else but pray. How vain is the help of man! It is through God only that we can do valiantly. With his help, what ground is there for discouragement? Surely, none.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I find that since I came to Malta, in February, 1822, no less than eighty missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M., including their wives, have come from the United States into the Mediterranean. Of this number, sixteen have died and thirteen returned home, with little prospect of revisiting this field. At the end of twenty years

more, how many of those now on the ground will probably remain? With the spirit of the twelve apostles, what an impression would so many have made!

I wish you to enjoy the peculiar happiness of feeling that you have done all you could to open to the Armenians the pure river of the water of life, which flows from the throne of God and the Lamb, in the Holy Scriptures. The sooner this work can be accomplished, in a proper manner, the better.

I trust the result of all the present agitations, both among the Armenians and other people in this country, will be the more extended diffusion of Christian knowledge. When will the day come in which it can be truly said here, that the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth?

November 4.

Dear Brother Goodell, — From the letters received from Syria, you will see that the grave still cries, "Give, give," and never says, "It is enough." You cannot but admire, as we all do, the grace that sustained our dear young sister in her last most agonizing hours. It does seem truly wonderful to see a poor sufferer, pressed out of measure above strength, under the weight of those keenest of all sorrows, the fruit of the primeval curse, still triumphant in the only Saviour of sinners. Could any thing but the grace of God in Christ, have imparted to our dying sister such strong consolations at such an hour?

Shall we not all, with grateful hearts, praise, honor, and extol that rich mercy, so signally bestowed on her?

What a privilege it is for a dying sinner to know and confide in an almighty and infinitely precious

Saviour, to look to him when he feels himself sinking under the world of his own iniquities. Where can any one look, in life or death, but to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world? Let us look to him anew, for he is the Saviour of the world.

We are all of one opinion in regard to your duty as to proceeding with the translation of the New Testament. This work finished, you can then say to the Armenians, "Come, for all things are now ready." You will then have set all the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem wide open, and have brought to their doors, streams from the pure river of the water of life, and I trust this will not have been in vain. No, it cannot be in vain. In the translation of the Old Testament, you have been passing through a goodly and a glorious land, but, in comparison with the land before you in the New Testament, it had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth. There you had, indeed, the stream flowing in the desert; but now you enter a land that drinketh water of the rain of heaven, and has fountains springing out of hills. Yes, here you will find the well of living waters springing up into everlasting life. May you drink as you go on, and be strengthened with strength in your soul.

How sad are these rumors of war between England and the United States! Who can paint the horrors, the misery, and the guilt, that must be the consequence of such an event, should it happen!

What a happy world this would be, if men would only consent to obey the apostolic precept, not to avenge themselves, but rather give place to the wrath

of God, for he has said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." Vengeance is too sharp an instrument to be safely trusted in the hands of any one but the Father of mercies, though, alas! men generally think they have a right to employ it, especially when one nation sins against another. How often has recourse to this made the world as a wilderness. It will not always be so.

What a delightful, consoling truth it is, that Christ gave himself for the church, not simply to redeem it from the wrath to come, but that he might sanctify and cleanse it, and present it to himself a holy church, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, that it might be holy and without blemish! Is there now, or has there ever been, a single individual of the church on earth, that was not spotted, wrinkled, and blemished in many ways?

How lovely must the church of the first-born be in heaven, where every one shall have been washed and made whiter than snow, all being clothed in the righteousness of saints. The privilege of being with our Saviour in his own kingdom, and of being like him in all the dispositions of the heart, is not within the range of our poor and low conceptions. I try daily to sit down at his feet, and listen to his gracious words, and look at his perfect example, and beseech him to subdue my heart, and fill my soul with his spirit and his love, but after all I find myself so unlike him, that it sometimes almost seems to me that I have hardly begun to know him. I trust, however, I do most sincerely desire to be like him; for without this preparation, I plainly see that there can be no heaven for any one.

Dear brother, when we compare ourselves with Christ, the image of the invisible and holy God, how striking and how affecting is the contrast. I bless God that he sent down to earth, for man's imitation and love, this lovely and holy image of himself in heaven. Let us never fail to look at it every day. A portion of our time cannot be better spent than in this way.

[To the same.]

We have much to encourage us, in all that we attempt for the spiritual benefit of the people of these countries. We are preparing the way of the Lord. David prepared the materials, and Solomon built the temple, but the Lord commended David because it was in his heart to build it, though not allowed to execute his pious design. We are laying the foundation, and others will build upon it, I doubt not. The foundation must be laid, and the seed sown, before the temple can be built, or the harvest gathered on the field.

The following paragraph alludes to the death of Mr. Goodell's son, which was mentioned in a previous letter: —

"I do not wonder, that the return of your daughters reminded you all of one that will return no more to his earthly father's house. We must go to him, for he will not come to us. Oh, how cheering is the hope and the assurance given us in the glorious gospel, that the resurrection will restore to us all those beloved ones in Christ whom death has snatched away, and turned to corruption!

"Yes, it will restore them, not in that vile body in which we knew and loved them, but in one conformed to the glorious body of Christ. Though sown in corruption, it will be raised in incorruption. It sunk into the grave in weakness, but will be raised by Almighty power. We should always couple the resurrection with the recollection of our departed friends, for this comforts and cheers the heart. What a wonderful expression was that of our Saviour, I am the resurrection and the life.

"I preached last Sunday on David's having it in his heart to build the temple, and was surprised to find that the sum contributed for that end from his own private purse, was probably not less than all that has been contributed by the whole of Christendom for the conversion of the world for twenty-five years past. How strikingly did his princely gifts and ample preparations, made with all his might, and in his troubles too, show that it was in his heart to build an house for the Lord. The good things in the heart will come out, as well as the evil things there. So it was in David's case.

"Should the church set her heart on the conversion of the world, as David did on the building of the temple, would commercial or any other embarrassments check the flow of gifts in abundance into the treasury of the Lord?"

The sermon, referred to in the last extract, was not lost on its hearers. The donations mentioned in the next letter were the immediate fruits of it. The note accompanying the donation of £100, began with an allusion to the sermon on the preceding Sabbath as having led to it. The proposals of the

American Episcopal Church to the Greek Church, mentioned in the same letter, were those made at the suggestion of Bishop Southgate.

"We have lately had something to encourage and cheer us from among the English sailors. Several of them from the ship of war Daphne have called on me this week, for religious consultations, and I know not whether my study has ever been moistened by so many tears as some of them have shed while I conversed and prayed with them. They have attended our service for some time past in the Dutch chapel, and the truth seems to have impressed their hearts. All this is through the instrumentality of one pious sailor in that ship, who is a very modest youth, and hopes the Lord called him more than five years ago.

"To my very great surprise I received a letter this afternoon from Mr. Thomas Jackson of this city, on whose premises our presses were as long as we had any, and who has, though a Churchman, always attended our service in the Dutch chapel, inclosing a bill of £100 sterling on London, as a donation from him to our Society. Is not this noble? Some of the sailors who listened to the sermon which prompted him to make this donation, handed me each half a dollar. How soon should we cease to hear of pecuniary embarrassments in any of our missionary or other benevolent societies, if all would only do what they can to aid their funds.

"The proposal of the American Episcopal Church to the Greek Church, is regarded here as a crafty trap set for the purpose of catching them with guile. I have to-day had a long conversation with a very

intelligent Greek, in which I endeavored to convince him that no political motives have been concerned in this matter. But, alas! the people are so accustomed to intrigue in all their affairs, that it seems incredible to them that any affair of this nature can be free from it. The present aspect of the matter is unfavorable to our labors among the Greeks. It may in the end take a more favorable turn. They couple all Americans together, and if one suffers all must suffer. (As for me, I study to be quiet and to do my own business, and so by the grace of God will I do.) The intentions of the American Episcopal Church were good, I do not doubt, and I am grieved to see that her Grecian mother disdains to listen to such a worthy daughter in this way. It is, however, only just as I should have predicted. The spirit that dictated the language two thousand years ago, 'I sit a queen and am no widow,' has not vanished from the world yet.

"Men that love darkness because their deeds are evil, do not much like to be in company with those who carry lanterns with them, and are burning and shining lights. They are glad of any excuse for avoiding such company, and well indeed they may be."

My dear Brother and Sister Mack, — The gospel seems so precious to me that if I had a million lives I should think them most nobly spent in making it known in all the world. Ought we not to feel that our life has been wasted, so far as we have spent our days with any other aim than the noble one of aiding our fellow men in finding the way to eternal

life through the only Saviour of the world? How low, and unworthy of us is any other aim than this. This was the sole aim of our glorious Saviour, Christ, and he gave us this example that we might follow his steps. He labored and suffered and sacrificed himself first, and then entered into his glory.

The apostolic exhortation to us all, is to follow after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. (Holiness must be followed after. It will not come to us unsought. It drops on no one like the rain, which descends upon the evil and the good, asleep or awake. No one has ever become holy who did not take pains for it, giving all diligence to this end.)

Dear Brother Goodell,—We cannot too much feel the importance of training natives for the work of preaching the gospel in these countries. The more I think of it, the more does this seem to me our only rational hope for them. We can sympathize with them as little, I had almost said, as the angels can with us; not, however, because we are so much holier than they, but from the circumstances of our education. I did not feel this formerly as I do now. How could I, or any one, without the teachings of experience?

1842.

January 29.

My dear Brother King,—I must beg you to assure our afflicted Christian brother Korck, of my sincerest sympathies and prayers. I wish to remember them that are in adversity and suffering affliction, as being myself still in the flesh, and, as I trust, one

of the members of that body of which Christ is the head. (This body is joined together by joints and bands, and through these has nourishment ministered; and when all are duly knit together, it increaseth with the increase of God. It is only when the whole body is fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplies, according to the effectual working of the measure of every part, that there is an increase of the body to the edifying of itself in love. What a beautiful image! How striking and true. What a blessed privilege to be one of those joints or bands.) I would wish most earnestly to be a son of consolation to the sorrowful, afflicted disciples of our blessed Lord, in their passage through this valley of Baca, and to give them a cheering verse or two to sing in the house of their pilgrimage. They must all, however, be like their Lord for a season, men of sorrow and acquainted with grief. If it was necessary that Christ should first suffer, and then enter into his rest, how much more necessary is it for them to suffer before they enter their rest. Our blessed Lord, by his Divine sympathy, bears an important part of our sorrows, and thus lightens them. How should we imitate his heavenly example, aiding our afflicted brethren with our sincere and tender sympathies! The strong must bear the infirmities of the weak, and be imitators of God as dear children, by raising up as far as possible them that are bowed down.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Fifty years of your earthly existence is gone already. Our days on the earth are indeed as a shadow, and there is none

abiding. The sands in my life's hour-glass had been running two years and two months when yours were first set in motion, but who can tell us in which glass the last sands will fall first, or how much longer they may continue to run in either? It is the glory of the Lord to conceal from us this thing. It is a mercy to us that we know not the day of our death.

[To the same.]

February 25.

The rapid and astonishing motion produced in the world within the last few years by the agency of steam, is not to be compared with the movement of mind which seems of late to have been caused by some invisible agency, operating from one end of the world to the other, and producing most extraordinary effects in all directions. Who can look at all the heterogeneous elements, temporal and spiritual, ecclesiastical, political, and commercial, attracting and repelling, fermenting and foaming and threatening, without anticipating some great and tremendous catastrophe. Union among men on the principle of keeping them "frozen together" as formerly, seems now out of the question. The ice is breaking up in all directions, and what will be carried away as it floats on the swelling and irresistible stream, it is not possible for us to foresee. This, however, seems to me more than possible, that many things long regarded as proof against such an occurrence, are almost sure to be swept away. Well, those things that cannot be shaken will remain, and no matter how soon every building resting on the sand, falls and perishes.

I do not find that our Lord reproved James and John as idle and indolent because he found them not fishing, but mending their nets. The time thus employed was not lost, on the contrary it probably gave them a much fairer prospect of success in fishing than they could have had without making such repairs. Some parts of their nets were probably broken, and others much weakened and worn by long-continued use. Mending them was a sacred duty. The fishers of men, I am persuaded, are many of them in fault in this particular. They do not "mend their nets" as much as they ought. Were they more attentive to this, is it not probable that they would more frequently be seen, like Peter, dragging their nets filled with great fishes, and if not so many as one hundred and fifty-three, at least a great many.

But how do we need a visit from our Lord while mending our nets, and when we go a fishing, that we may know how and where to cast them, otherwise it is quite certain that we shall toil all night and take nothing.

I suppose you hear a great deal more than you wish concerning many in the Church of England, and some in our own country, who profit of late more than their equals, in that kind of religion which renders them more and more exceeding zealous of the traditions of the fathers. This is an evil disease, but it is getting to be common, it seems, among men of whom we might hope better things. Experience seems to say that it is a hard thing for any one to sit down at the feet of Jesus and learn of him alone, and to receive his gospel in all its native simplicity.

Many thanks for the notice of the happy death of Mr. S. I bless God with you for his grace to this Christian brother, already gathered to his rest. How much fruit has already been gathered to the glory of God from that memorable revival at Dartmouth College, in which Mr. S. was apparently made a new creature in Christ. Eternity alone can disclose to us all the happy results of it. Poor man! he had been long doing business in the great waters, it seems, driven up and down by the tempests, sometimes seeing neither sun nor stars for many days, and nearly all hope of being saved occasionally taken away. But, how clear was the shining after the rain! The last morning that dawned upon him was a morning without clouds. How often do we see that, though sorrow and darkness continue for a night, light and joy come in the morning. The light affliction of the children of God, which is but for a moment, does indeed work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How many tunes, hymns, and anthems we have sung with this departed brother on earth! May we, through the rich grace of our only Saviour, be prepared to sing with him in the heavenly mansions the new song to Him that loved us! Such peaceful, triumphant deaths, are encouraging to our weak faith. Sooner or later God will not fail to revive the spirit of the humble and contrite ones. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. He sometimes allows a dark cloud to rest on them through all their life, but shines brightly on them in the dying hour.

That wish of our departed Christian brother to

live and preach Christ, rather than to die and enjoy heaven, was very noble.

[To the same.]

We were alarmed on Wednesday night by a fire, which consumed from twenty to thirty houses. Had not the ships of war sent engines and men to our aid, it seems almost certain that the best portion of what the last fire left of this city must have been the prey of the flames.

This is a noble way of employing ships of war. How much better it is to employ men in extinguishing the flames of a burning city than to compel them to send forth from the thundering mouths of cannons, shot, shells, and rockets, to batter down the walls, and burn to ashes the dwellings of the frightened and fugitive citizens. In the present instance, the officers and men from the ships acted nobly. They took the business into their own hands, and enforced good order. The goodness of God to us all, in sparing our houses, calls loudly for our most grateful thanksgivings.

In our times, the winds of divers and strange doctrines are so high and rude and loud, that we should not think it strange if many are carried away by them. But it is a good thing, yes, a good thing, to be rooted and grounded and established in the truth. If all the world cry "Lo, here," or "Lo, there," I trust we shall not go after them. Let me sit meekly and humbly at the feet of Jesus, ever learning of him. He will teach us of his ways. From every other teacher, we shall learn little else than folly and impertinence.

May 26.

DEAR BROTHER KING, — On Friday evening last, we gave the parting hand and kiss to our son Charles, who then left us on his way to the United States. The parting was painful to us and to him; but I trust that we all have been enabled to bow with submission to what was evidently the will of God in this matter. Nature shed then a few tears, which grace, I think, would not rebuke, even should they now and then return, like the clouds after the rain.

You who know me, will not need to be informed that this separation is a painful trial to me, leaving us as it does alone in this strange land. We were not, however, left sorrowing most of all with the assurance that we should see his face no more, for we love to cherish the hope that we may see him again, if the Lord will. I see nothing but mercy in all this, trying though it is to nature. We rejoice to commend our sons to God, our Father and their Father, and the more so, as we see reason to hope they both have learned to cry "Abba, Father." What a privilege to have a God so nigh to us in all things that we call upon him for!

The following letter contains notices of discouraging appearances in reference to missionary labors among the Greeks. Similar notices will be found occasionally in the correspondence after this time. The final result to which they led is known to many, and need not be anticipated here.

"The Greeks at Athens seem determined not to accept longer the aid of foreigners in the education of

their youth, etc. They have said every thing bad against Mr. Hill, and he has finally closed his boarding-school for girls, and will probably give up all his schools. Our friends have distributed scarcely half as many books in Greece the last year as in former ones. Our encouragement among that people is for the present very limited. This hostile movement at Athens will have no small influence among the Greeks in this empire. But let come what will, it is true that much good seed has been sown, and I trust that time will show that it has not been sown in vain.

"Brother King will probably remain on the ground, at least for a season. Mrs. T. goes on quietly at present with her school in this city. We all feel, however, that every building in this empire rests on the sand, and that no one can tell how soon the storm and the flood may sweep every thing away.

"How light and momentary does every affliction appear when compared with what our sins deserve, and especially when compared with eternal ages of inconceivable holiness and happiness in the kingdom of God. May we not, then, with Paul, be sorrowful, and yet always rejoicing! Let sorrow continue for a night, since joy is to come in the morning. Those whom John saw before the throne, serving God day and night in his temple, had come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. I fear there are but few, very few, who ever seriously think of washing their robes in the blood of the Lamb, till tribulation reminds them of the need of this. The Psalmist says

of those who are not in trouble as other men, nor plagued like other men, that pride compasseth them about, like a chain. This is generally too true."

Dear Brother King, — A wild mulberry-tree was planted last winter in the court directly under my study window, and four scions were inserted in its branches. At the opening of spring, three of these shot forth and flourished, but the fourth showed no signs of life, but seemed to be dead. Within the last week, to my surprise and delight, the fourth has sent forth a germ, and is now raising its head among its companions, green and flourishing.

This little tree is a preacher to me. It bids me not to be discouraged by unpromising appearances. A process was going on under the bark between the scion and the branch, altogether out of my sight, and the result of this was apparent in due time. From this I would learn both patience and hope.

The spiritual scions we insert, often seem for a long time to be dead, but let us hope. A process may be going on, of which we are little aware. The various processes and operations in the kingdom of grace, are as little within our comprehension as they are in the kingdom of nature. All is of God in both. He that plants and he that waters are nothing. Still let us plant, and sow, and water, and look up to God for his blessing. Then it will not be in vain.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Is it not a delightful thought that God our Saviour is glorified even by the death of his people, an event which nature so much dreads, and would, if possible, forever shun?

How wonderful are the triumphs of grace! It subdues every thing, even death itself, extracting its sting, and converting it into an instrument of glorifying God at the very moment when it demolishes the noblest of all his works in this world, reducing to dust and corruption the body of man, so fearfully and wonderfully made. Thanks be to God for this grace!

May we, my dear brother, know and feel daily more and more of this grace. It is all treasured up in Christ our blessed Lord, and we are bidden more welcome to receive it in rich abundance, than we are to breathe the air of heaven. May we glorify God by our life and by our death.

You will be gratified with the letter which I send you. It is from a good brother, but he is like a bruised reed shaken by the wind. The Apostle Paul exhorts us to comfort the feeble-minded, to support the weak, to lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees. A few kind, encouraging words, sometimes come like a healing balm to the sorrowful soul. We are none of us better than the apostles, and the chief of them mentions in one of his epistles that, apostle as he was, he was still in weakness and fear and much trembling. They were but men though apostles, and we are but men, and very weak ones too, as I have had too much reason to know concerning myself and others. The treasure of the gospel is committed to earthen vessels, and for this very purpose, that the excellency of the power may be of God. If a giant had killed Goliah, this would have been no wonderful thing, but when this huge giant of Gath is prostrated to the earth by the

sling of the stripling David, and his head cut off with his own sword in the hand of that ruddy youth, how does this proclaim the power of God! God employs things that are not, to bring to nought things that are.

The letter that follows, was addressed to a missionary brother who had encountered very great trials and discouragements. Other letters will be found occasionally, written in a similar strain. It is not designed to give a history of the Mediterranean missions in this book, and it will, therefore, be sufficient to say that there were at this time, from sickness and death in missionary families, and wars and opposition to missionary labor, many aspects of the field which made it natural and proper for some to offer cheering and encouraging thoughts to others weighed down by troubles. No one was more inclined and prompt to do this than Mr. Temple.

"I was not without fear that my last note to you had failed to express the tender sympathy which I ought to cherish towards you in your present trying situation. Your very kind answer, however, leaves me no reason to doubt that it was received by you just as I wished it to be. It is a sacred duty, and a most precious privilege to sympathize with our Christian brethren and pray for them. I understand this, and trust I feel it more and more the longer I live. More than fifteen years ago, when my beloved wife, my only daughter, and my youngest infant son, were all sick and dying, my heart was almost overwhelmed. At that trying moment, I was powerfully impressed by the words of our Saviour, 'Have faith

in God.' Happy indeed are we, if we can at all times repose the most unshaken confidence in him. And why should we not? (No trials or troubles can separate us from his love for one moment, though they may come upon us like a wide breaking in of waters. Still, however, we are flesh, and not spirit, and sometimes, alas too often, deserve the rebuke of our Saviour to his disciples, 'Oh ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?' How much reason have we to pray, 'Lord, increase our faith.')

"We must not fret ourselves because of evil men, though they bring their wicked devices to pass. (It is our duty and our privilege to rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him. He reigns. What more can we desire?) His benevolence would spare us every trial if he did not see that our highest good demands trials of faith and love, and hope and patience. It is hard to be patient in tribulation. It is hard to sit still and wait when one is panting and longing to advance. But God in his providence often compels us to sit still and wait in such circumstances.)

"Let us try to wait on the Lord and be of good courage, and he will strengthen our hearts. I suppose every missionary has met trials of a very different complexion from what he had anticipated. Certainly it has been so with me. Let it satisfy us that the Lord has chosen them for us. He knows what we need. (Why not cast all our cares upon him? for he careth for us. May he bless us with more faith!)"

July 21.

DEAR BROTHER SMITH, — I was sorry to learn that your infant son was so feeble, but hope the mountain

air may invigorate him. Alas, what a bad air we all breathe in this lower world. How it impairs our spiritual health and vigor; and if we could not ascend to a higher region from day to day, what would become of us!

The circumstances of your mission are certainly, in a high degree, trying to faith and the patience of hope.

We all need to listen often to the suggestions of the sweet Psalmist who says, "Commit thy way to the Lord, trust also in him. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." The Lord reigns, not we, nor any of the children of men. This may well be our joy, nay, our constant exultation. Let us imitate the husbandman who waits for the precious fruits of the earth, and has long patience till he receive the early and the latter rain. He knows that the plowing the soil and sowing the seed are committed to his care, but the clouds that give the rain are not at his command. He is not responsible for it if the heavens give no rain for three years or for ten years, and if all the seed die in the ground for want of it.

Be comforted, dear brother, your labors will not be in vain in the Lord. Every one will receive a reward according to his works, not according to his success. Your mission is without doubt preparing the way of the Lord in Syria, and this should console you. Oh may we all know the full blessedness of looking continually to Jesus! We can see nothing but darkness in any other direction, but he is Light.

[To the same.]

In the parcel I forward with this letter you will find some New York Observers addressed to our be-

loved and lamented brother Hebard. In that blessed and holy world to which he has gone, with so many others once very dear to us all, he needs no such bearer of news passing from continent to continent. How happy are they who have fairly escaped from the pollutions of this present evil world, and found their everlasting heaven and home in the presence of the holy Saviour, seeing as they are seen, and knowing as they are known, fully satisfied because they are now in his likeness. Let us labor above all things to be like our Lord in all our dispositions, carriage, and motives. Should we not wish to flee from heaven itself, were it possible to find ourselves there without the likeness of our Lord?

You will have heard of the movements with regard to Jerusalem as an English Episcopal See. Religion cannot live without a form; but it is sad when forms rise into too much importance. Shadows grow *long* only when the sun is *low*. There are disciples now as of old who are too ready to say concerning some of the forms of the Christian church, as they did to Christ concerning the temple, "Master, see what manner of buildings are here!" But, let us say with all our hearts, Grace, mercy, and peace, to all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity!

Constantinople, August 13.

My dear Mother, — I came to this city with Martha ten days ago, for the purpose of breathing a purer and cooler air than we can enjoy at Smyrna at this sultry season of the year.

I cannot command language to convey to you any adequate idea of the impression made on my heart

by the stupendous scene that spreads itself out before me. The sun, I am persuaded, does not shine on another spot, in his circuit round our globe, so full of beautiful, grand, and striking objects, as meet the eye here, wherever it is turned. My heart is touched and affected in no ordinary manner, as I wander among the tombs of the countless dead, and the dwellings of the no less countless living men and women, marching on together towards man's long home, without any cheering and truly Christian hope of finding at last that blessed and holy home, which our Lord has gone to prepare for us in our Father's house of many mansions. My eye affects my heart. No spot that I have seen has impressed me like this. There is such a mingling of the living and the dead, the one continually burying and trampling on the other, apparently with little affection, regret, or serious thought; there is such an imposing show of proud Islamism and decayed Christianity, flourishing apparently only in lifeless forms and heathen ceremonies, that one's heart withers and sickens at the sight, and cannot refrain from sighing out with the sorrowful prophet, How long, how long? Oh Lord, revive thy work!

In such a valley of the shadow of death, you can conceive how grateful it is to me to find so many of the Armenians seeking and finding and pursuing the narrow path to eternal life, in the midst of such a multitude, thronging and pressing the broad way that leads to the second death. The hand of nature, or rather the hand of God, has done every thing for this spot to render it most beautiful for situation, and the depravity of man has left nothing undone to render it a sink of concentrated moral corruption

and guilt, and such it has been for a series of ages. I hope its redemption is drawing nigh, that the darkness will soon be passed, and the true light shine upon it.

The weather here is very delightful. The coolness of the air revives our withering spirits, and makes us feel that all our vigor is not yet gone. The twenty hot summers which I have spent in this part of the world, have impaired my good constitution to some extent, though less, perhaps, than I had reason to expect.

If I could visit Reading as easily as I can be transported from Smyrna to this great city, how soon would you see me on the spot that gave me birth. My desire to see you grows stronger as years go over me. I carry you, my dear mother, in the filial and grateful remembrances of my heart every day wherever I am, and it is my sincere prayer that you may, with all saints, comprehend more and more the length and breadth and depth and height of the love of God in Christ, and be filled with all his fulness. What should we desire so much as to be holy and without blemish before our Saviour in love?

My dear Brother Smith, — I have been reading this morning, with great interest, the charge and the promise which God gave to Joshua, after the death of Moses. The charge was, "Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed;" and the promise is, "The Lord thy God is with thee;" "I will be with thee, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." Have not we received the same promise and the same charge? And is there any more

cause for fear, dismay, or discouragement in our case, than there was in his? Your trials are certainly severe, but is not the Almighty God able to sustain you in them all? Who can doubt this? It is better to think of his strength than of our weakness.

We are weak, it is true, and so was Paul; but as he was stronger in the hours of his weakness than at any other time, so may we be. "When I am weak," said he, "then am I strong." I hope you will find yourself strong in the Lord. You are cast down, but not destroyed. When I was in deep affliction, I committed the great error of thinking more of my great loss, than of the immense amount of God's mercies, which I had enjoyed, without any adequate gratitude, for many long years. I was too ready to think and to say, I must sink. But this was wrong. I now see it and feel it, though not as I ought. Many of the children of God have said, as David did, "I sink in the deep waters;" but not one of them has ever sunk there, nor will the gracious Lord allow any of them to sink, any more than he did Peter, when he walked on the waves.

Let not your heart sink, dear brother, in regard to your mission or any thing else. You sustain the mission no more than you bear up the pillars of the world, and if one or the other trembles, you are not responsible for it.

I often need, as Melanchthon did, some one like Luther, to tell me that I am not the ruler of the world. The Head over all things to the church, will not retire from his throne, nor give up all for lost, should your mission be broken up, and should we all be driven from this land of the false prophet, that is

darkened by the smoke issuing from the bottomless pit, and cursed by the progeny born of the mother of harlots, and begotten by the man of sin.

No, no, the God of Zion still reigns. Our little plans and fond hopes may all go to the winds, but the purpose of the Lord, that shall stand. He has purposed, and who shall disannul it; and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back? Let us think of this. He knows all our state, and cares for us. Let us bear no burden which he allows us to cast on him, for we are weak, and he is almighty.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I am anxious for the time to come, when you will be at liberty to give the Armenians, in your conversation with them, the impressions and the results of the lessons you have been receiving for fifty years together. This seems to me very important. Pray think of it seriously. It is as true now as it was in Paul's time, that though there are ten thousand instructors in Christ, there are not many fathers. Days should speak. Our days will soon be gone. I think it would comfort you to take some of those inquirers after the right way, the old paths, and lead them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. It seems to me, that hardly any thing would cheer me more than such a work, but it falls not to my lot to do it. Let us pray without ceasing.

September 15.

My dear Brother Thompson, — I cannot tell you how much I was distressed by the facts detailed in your letter of the 29th ult. We have fallen upon

times that try men's souls; but for our consolation, our Lord forewarned us of all these things, that when they are come to pass, we may remember that he told us of them. He sent his first disciples forth as lambs in the midst of wolves, but said for their encouragement, and not less for ours, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The defection of many, nay, of all of whom you once hoped well, should not discourage you. Paul had this trial, "All they of Asia have forsaken me." Some at one time were willing to pluck out their eyes and give them to him, but afterwards became his enemies. He well knew what it was to be in perils amongst false brethren. We cannot take a step on missionary ground, or taste one cup of missionary trials, which he has not taken and tasted before us. Let us be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. Let us seek the Lord and his strength continually. May he teach us to know the way wherein we should walk, for we lift up our souls unto him. He will guide us by his counsels, and afterwards receive us to glory, if we only look to him in faith and humble prayer.

My dear Brother Smith, — I have expressed only a very small part of the sincere sympathy which I feel towards you in your present trying circumstances. The Lord our Heavenly Father has visited you with breach upon breach, and caused his waves and billows to go over you. But he has not forsaken you; and I trust that as the best cordials are given to the sick, the fainting, and the sinking ones, so the Lord will give you his choicest consolations

in this season of your trouble. How consoling it is to know that he does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. He takes nothing from us but with the benevolent intention of giving us something better. How happy are we, if we can submissively and cheerfully bow to the holy will that ordains chastisement, and kiss and bless the faithful hand that inflicts it. We shall see, and feel, too, if others cannot, that we have needed all the discipline that we have received from the hand of God, and shall doubtless be constrained to say, we have received less than our iniquities deserve. It is a most consoling truth, that whatever our trials may be, they all come from our Heavenly Father's hand, and are all designed for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. What an infinite gain there is in every trial and loss which adds to our holiness! It was this, doubtless, that made Paul so joyful in all his tribulation. May the God of all grace arm us with this mind! Let us look continually to Jesus. For the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross. The glorious prospect of a crown of joy forever in heaven, made the agonies of the cross light and transient in his estimation. Will not such views have the same effect on us?

Cheer up, my dear brother, for the Lord, I trust, is with your spirit, and preparing you for his everlasting kingdom. You are in some danger of being too much cast down by the events that befall you in your mission. Cast all your cares on the Lord, for he cares for you. Why should we not rejoice in him at all times? I do most sincerely regret that any of your associates have become discouraged. If the

door is not wide open now, it may be soon, and they are good servants who, when not in actual service, only stand and wait.

Again, I would say to you, cheer up. The glorious Head of the church who was dead, is alive again, and will live forever. His cause will never fail while he lives to carry it on. There is life in him, and he gives life to the world. Let us try to do what we can, and trust in him to do what we cannot. The disciples could roll away the stone from the grave of Lazarus, but they could not cause the dead man to rise. They could loose the grave clothes that bound his hands and feet, but they could not impart to him the power of moving and walking. But all this Christ could do, and did do. We can preach the gospel to those who are dead in sin, but we cannot cause them to hear it and live; but our blessed Lord can do this. He commands us to do the one, and encourages us to hope that he will do the other. But, alas, how apt are we to be discouraged, and neglect the one, because we cannot do both.

Good Martha and Mary thought it hardly worth while to have the stone removed from their brother's grave, he had been dead so long, even when our Lord commanded this to be done. I find a sad image of this in myself.

Must Syria be given up in despair, because Satan and sin and death have reigned there so long? Is the stone on the mouth of that great sepulchre so heavy that it cannot be removed, and are the dead within so strongly bound hand and foot that they cannot be loosed, and must all hope be given up that

the voice of the Son of God will say to them, "Come forth?" No, no. I am glad of your resolution to remain and to preach as long as your strength continues. He who is the Resurrection and the Life, will not permit you to labor in vain. How thrilling is the voice of our Saviour to Martha, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Oh how important it is to have faith in God! But to our evil hearts of unbelief how hard this is!

Our immortal fellow men in Syria are dead in trespasses and sins, but do we not know that our risen Lord, who has life in himself, is able to give life to them? I cannot bear the thought of giving them up as lost without hope, and I am glad to find that you cannot any more than I. Let us pray for them as we have never prayed, with strong crying, with many tears, to him who is able to save them from death; and being in an agony, let us pray the more fervently, with groanings that cannot be uttered. It will not be in vain.

Mr. Temple had a rare faculty for addressing and interesting children, owing doubtless to the fact, that he was deeply interested in them. He was for many years of his life an assiduous teacher in the Sabbath school, and often, after ceasing to teach, addressed Sabbath schools with great success. His last public effort was in a Sabbath school, and he was listened to with breathless attention. For several months, beginning in the latter part of the year 1842, he lectured weekly in a school for English and American children at Smyrna, taught by a lady from Massa-

chusetts. It was an exercise in which he took great delight, and which deeply interested the children. Occasional allusions to it are found in his letters.

"I am travelling through the Old Testament with Miss D.'s scholars, and lecturing on it as we proceed. It instructs me not a little, and seems to interest them. The last lecture introduced us to Joshua, hastening by a forced march all night to the aid of the Gibeonites, who had made a league with him, but were now besieged by the five kings of Canaan, who were angry with them for having made peace with Israel. What an image is this of the blessed Jesus, who comes as soon as invoked, to the aid of all who have made peace and a covenant with him. Joshua pursued and destroyed these enemies of the Gibeonites, till not one of them was left that breathed. So will Jesus, our Lord, triumph over all the enemies of his church, till they are put under his feet. Those Gibeonites, though once aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, were protected no less than Israel, as soon as Israel's leader had made a covenant with them. What a precious privilege it is to be associated with the Lord's people! The conduct of the five kings towards the Gibeonites is a lively image of the rage and malice of earth and hell against all who come to Jesus as their Saviour, forsaking the world, and confiding in him as their Almighty Friend and Protector. May we and all our dear children be found among those who have made a covenant with him, and to whom he has given his promise, that he will never forsake them."

November 19.

DEAR BROTHER THOMPSON, — How should I rejoice were it in my power to relieve you. But this, were it possible, would not be useful, for it is the will of God that we should be tried. The bush seen by Moses in the desert of Midian was a true image of Israel, then in the fiery furnace of Egypt, burning indeed, but not consumed; and it is not a less vivid image of every true Israelite now. They are all in the furnace, yet will none of them be consumed, for God is a consuming fire only to his adversaries.

I trust there are great and rich blessings in store for Syria. The waters will gush out from the sanctuary at a future day, rising to the ankles, to the knees, to the loins, and finally becoming a sea to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over.

The cloud of Syria does not extend over the whole world. If there is darkness there, light shines on other regions.

The first of the following extracts is from a letter to a beloved sister-in-law who was slowly wasting away with consumption. It never reached her, however, for she had been for more than a month among the spirits of the just made perfect, when it came to her bereaved husband and family.

VERY DEAR SISTER, — I am anxious to add a few lines to Martha's letter in the spirit of a son of consolation. Let me say to you, then, "Be of good courage." Think it not strange if you meet with fiery trials in your Christian course. Israel did not meet their worst enemies in the edge and entrance

of the wilderness, but when they had advanced somewhat, and the Anakims, those fearful giants, were the last of their foes whom they encountered and destroyed in the promised land. This is an image of what is likely to befall us in our Christian warfare. Our greatest enemies will be the last we meet, but, blessed be God, we shall conquer through Him that loved us and gave himself for us.

The blessed Saviour, my dear sister, has given you ten thousand pledges of his everlasting love, and he will not fail to redeem them all. He will not forsake you, no, never. Our safety does not consist at all in our love to him, but in his love to us. The helpless infant is not safe because it clings to its mother, but because its mother presses it to the bosom of her love, and will rather expose her own life than that of her darling child. Has not our Saviour given his own life for us? Has he not tasted death, by the grace of God, for every man? Can we not trust in one who has loved us so much, and loves us still, with so strong an affection that he would give his life for us a thousand times were this necessary? Can we not say with John, in view of all this, We have known and believed the love that God hath to us?

The deepest sense of our utter and unspeakable unworthiness and sinfulness, should be no impediment to our trust in Christ, or joy in God, for is there one among the millions of the saints in light, who does not feel and know that he is infinitely unworthy to be saved? Never can we be happy and full of joy till the last lingering desire to establish our own righteousness is taken away from our bosoms, till we

submit with all our hearts to the righteousness of God which is by faith in Jesus Christ. The moment we do this, our peace will be like a river, our doubts and darkness will all vanish together. Till we can see and feel that our iniquities have been laid on Christ, and that he bore our sins in his own body on the tree, the remembrance of them will press us down to the dust. Could we shed an ocean of tears, and bathe ourselves in it a thousand times, this would bring us no relief. The blood of Jesus Christ, and that alone, applied by faith, cleanses from sin.

December 23.

Dear Brother Goodell, — The whole aspect of missionary affairs in the East, seems to me to call loudly on us all for great searchings of heart. There seem to be troubles on every side, and if Paul were here, I think he would write out of much affliction and anguish of heart, on various accounts. It seems to be the will of God to try us all, to see what is in our hearts. Happy shall we be, if, when we have been tried, we come forth like fine gold.

We, my dear brother, can no more sustain our missions in this quarter of the world, than we can bear up the pillars of heaven, and give ordinances to the sun and the moon. It seems as if the ruler of the darkness of this world were really touching at this time all the strings on his great instrument of discord, from one end of the earth to the other. How sweet, how grateful, how consoling must the harmony of heaven be, to one whose ear has long been grated and tormented by the harsh discord of this distracted world! Let us comfort ourselves with this joyful anticipation.

Your suggestion concerning a tract on affliction, is one that strikes me favorably. I should delight to put my hand to such a work, and perhaps I may. Almost all men need an interpreter to teach them the import of the language of our Heavenly Father, when he utters his voice in affliction. He often calls them again and again, but like young Samuel who as yet knew not the Lord, they know not who it is that calls, nor what it is that he says to them. But if there be with him an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness, then God is gracious to him, and saith, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom."

This day is the first in the fifty-fourth year of my life. How have I spent the fifty-three now gone as a tale that is told! What a stream of goodness and mercy has followed me all the years of my life! The beginning of no past year has found me under such an impression of my absolute need of an almighty Saviour as this does. What could I do, and where could I go, pressed as I am under the remembrance and the weight of my sins, if I could not look up to the great advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who saves his people from their sins. I feel that I am utterly, helplessly, and forever lost without him, and never did he appear more precious to me than now.

1843.

January 1.

My dear Brother Goodell,— My thoughts have visited you and yours this morning with deep and tender interest, and every feeling of my heart prompts

me to wish and ask for you and them, all the rich spiritual blessings which come from the Father of mercies.

With the new year may we all begin a new life of daily and deep spiritual devotion, of cheerful and holy obedience to our blessed Lord, who has loved us and given himself for us. How solemn a thing it is to live in such a world as this! It is a redeemed world, a world filled in all its parts with the glory and mercy of God. What an amazing amount of obligation to the blessed God presses upon us. So many are the mercies we have received at his hand, that if we would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered. Who can reckon them up in order? We know not the number of them. How precious were the thoughts of our Heavenly Father to us, and how great the sum of them while we lived and studied together in former days, and how precious have they been to us and to our dear families since we have been separated. May He who has been our God, filling our cup and causing it to run over, be the God of our dear children, and of our children's children for ever and ever. What should we feel towards him who has loved us and given himself for us! I think he is more and more precious to me, for I certainly find more and more how much I need such an almighty and merciful Saviour.

May this year be rich in spiritual blessings to you and all yours. What a blessed man would you be, should all your children be this year brought into the kingdom of our Saviour! Is this too much to hope and to ask?

I greatly feel the absence of my two sons, but am comforted by the privilege of commending them to God, who is able to keep them from falling. This is more than I could do were they always with me. Job had a tender remembrance of the days of his youth when his children were about him. But the blessed God is infinitely better than sons or daughters can be, and I trust I can say, the desire of my soul is unto his name and to the remembrance of him.

At the beginning of this year, I am as I have been from the first day I knew you, thirty-one years ago, your truly affectionate brother, D. TEMPLE.

[To the same.]

What a strange, insane world this is! The Millerites are doing and saying the most extravagant things in the United States. They have gone far beyond the apostles in their prophesyings. They disdain the idea of seeing as through a glass darkly, or of prophesying only in part. They go for the whole with a vengeance. How will Satan and infidelity triumph, when the last hour of this fleeting year shall tell the world that these are false prophets. But the foundation of God standeth sure. This is our joy.

How desirable it is to put all the natives whom we guide and train upon their own responsibility, as soon and as far as possible, in such ways as give the best promises of their usefulness. If we must decrease, it is consoling to hope they will increase. In this way, as also in making good books, we may hope that we are bringing forth fruit that may remain. If the fruit of our lips is destined to perish, like untimely figs, or an untimely birth, may we not,

with good reason, hope that it will be better with the fruit of our pens. I do, and I must, cheer myself with this hope. From almost all quarters we hear encouraging accounts of the increased circulation of our books, and increased interest in them. More than $1,400 have been received for books sold, issuing from our press within the last year. This is not a trifling sum, in such a country as this.

It is much easier to condemn ourselves, and others too, than to reform either. We cannot lend to the Prudential Committee or the churches our eyes to look at the state of things in this country, nor is it possible for us to borrow their eyes for this purpose; and as long as this is the case, we and they may continue to see things in a very different light.

Neither we nor the churches ought to be discouraged if our missions here are not like the rod of Aaron, which budded and blossomed and bore ripe almonds, all in a single night.

I feel as if no pleasant bread would come into my mouth till the Spirit be poured from on high upon us all. Why should we go about beating the air, when the Holy Ghost can easily give us strength and wisdom and union? I never felt more confident than I do now, that God will revive his work in these countries. Let us not think for a moment of abandoning our hopes, just when the dayspring from on high is about to visit us. The things that have happened, call for much prayer and deep humiliation among us. Shall this be in vain?

February 16.

Dear Brother Goodell, — I am glad you have commenced the exposition of Paul to the Galatians,

and hope you will both be edified and edify, as you proceed in it. What a stupendous truth the apostle propounds and defends in this wonderful epistle!

How consoling is this wonderful tidings, that a simple faith in the Lamb of God, in the blood he shed on the cross, cleanses, washes away, and annihilates a world of iniquity, all the guilt of the man in whom this faith is found! My wonder and my gratitude increase, the more I think of this exceeding grace of God. Paul is so charmed and carried away by it that he cannot endure the thought of any other mode of salvation for a sinner, and is ready to anathematize even an angel from heaven, should he venture to suggest the possibility of salvation by any other means. How his heart swells, and his language burns, as he advances with this wonderful theme. The preciousness and importance of this doctrine must rise in our estimation, the more we meditate upon it. It is the grand, leading, prominent feature of the Gospel, the soul and life and spirit of Christianity. It rose on Luther's mind like the morning star on a long, dark night. The clear and full exhibition of it, cannot fail to procure a great and genuine reformation in all the East. How should we long to see the clouds dissipated that have been gathering round, and concealing this doctrine for so many ages in all the churches in this ancient world. Blessed be God, it is now beginning to burst through the dark clouds, and a few minds have caught a glimpse of it. With how much reason may they hail this bright morning star. It announces the coming day.

February 17.

Dear Brother Calhoun, — I trust that your visit to Athens will, by the blessing of God, contribute to promote brotherly love and mutual faith. If we employ our tongues for any other purpose than this, it will be a grief and offence of heart to us at another day. I grieve to think how little my tongue has been a tree of life. How much good might we all do, if our hearts were so filled with the constraining love of Christ, that it would gush from our lips, like the stream from the rock smitten by the rod of Moses in the wilderness. Why should it not be so? How soon will all opportunities to glorify our Saviour on earth be gone! How soon will it be no longer in our power to utter a word of comfort or counsel, or kind and tender brotherly reproof. Alas, how many opportunities of doing good to our brethren, do we, through want of love to Christ and them, allow to escape us. With a right Christian spirit, how much might we do to build one another up on our most holy faith.

Dear Brother Smith, — You have been toiling and rowing against a contrary wind in a dark, stormy night, but be not discouraged, for I trust that in the fourth watch of the night, if not sooner, the Lord will come to you, as he did to his disciples of old walking on the water, and saying, "Fear not, it is I."

Have we ever set ourselves to seek the promised aid of the Spirit, as we are encouraged to do? What, but the Spirit of God, can soften the hard

heart, or enlighten the dark mind, or subdue the obstinate will? It was a noble resolution of the apostles, to give themselves to prayer, and the ministry of the word. Our success will doubtless be like theirs, the more nearly we imitate their example.

Should all the brethren of the mission be filled with the Holy Ghost, what effect would probably be produced on the natives! On the day of Pentecost, the Spirit descended first on the apostles, and then on the multitude. The apostles were first filled with the Spirit, and then the cry was among the people, "what must we do?"

February 21.

My dear Brother Thompson, — Your mind is fully made up, and your effects are all in readiness, it seems, for your return to the new world. I cannot tell you how painful it is to me to see my beloved brethren, the Lord's messengers of mercy, retiring from this Eastern world. But if it be the Lord's will that you should have no more place in these parts, I trust that in our dear native land, or in some other part of his great field, which is the world, he may open for you a wide and effectual door to preach the gospel.

Your parting with the brethren will be a tender one, your bosom throbbing and yearning with love to the blessed Saviour, and to them with whom you have been associated, and whom you expect to see no more, till the dead, small and great, shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. May the hour, so solemn to you and to them, be blessed to you all.

It is a blessed thing to have Christian brethren in this world. I bless God that it is my privilege to have so many of them. They, like ourselves, are

compassed about with many infirmities, and groan under a body of sin and death; but soon they will be, as we trust we shall also, among the spirits of just men made perfect. What a glorious prospect!

The letter immediately following was written to a brother-in-law, on hearing of the death of the sister, the letter to whom, given above, never reached her.

My dear Brother, — Daniel's letter of the 15th of December, this day received, brought us the fully anticipated but sorrowful tidings, that your beloved, pious, and devoted wife, and our inestimable and tenderly beloved sister, had on that day fallen quietly asleep in Christ. Our tears and our sorrows flow and mingle with yours in this great loss which we all sustain.

I know how desolate your house is by this event left to you, and how deeply this affliction will enter your heart. We have bowed our knees again and again before the throne of grace, and implored for you and for ourselves the sustaining grace and the strong consolation we need under this blow from the mighty hand of our Heavenly Father.

We have wept and prayed and praised, wept over *our* loss and *your* loss, prayed that it may not be in vain, and praised our Saviour for the rich grace that made her what she was. All this you have doubtless done, and will continue to do.

Were our sympathizing Lord now on earth, and with us as in the days of his flesh, he, I am sure, would not rebuke our tears, but would mingle his own with ours, as he did with those of Martha and

Mary at the tomb of their brother, and would at the same time remind us, as he did them concerning Lazarus, that our dear sister shall rise again. He would not permit us to sorrow as those who have no hope. Our dear sister sleeps, but he will come at another day to wake her out of her sleep. How are we consoled, dear brother, by remembering what she was, how early she chose the good part, remembering her Creator in the days of her youth, and devoting her earliest years to his service, cleaving to it and delighting in it more and more, walking with God till she was not, because he took her to be with him in his kingdom, as we cannot doubt.

The evidence of her piety was not to be sought in her last days and hours alone, on the bed of lingering disease, and in the chamber of dissolution. No; it is our privilege to look back over a period of more than forty years, and find in them all the constantly augmenting proof that God was the portion of her soul, that her desire was to his name, and to the remembrance of him; that she was looking unto Jesus, and looking for that eternal life in him, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began, to all that love him and trust in him. I bless God that you had such a wife, and we such a sister. I bless him for her lovely and amiable disposition, for the grace which he imparted to her, for her pious, exemplary life, and for its tranquil, peaceful, edifying close. She felt that she was a miserable and polluted sinner; but now she is, I trust, a happy, spotless saint. She mourned and wept over her countless imperfections; but now, we doubt not, she is numbered with the spirits of the redeemed made per-

fect. How precious is this consolation! She has gone from an agitated world lying in wickedness, to the rest that is glorious. She was looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life, and now she is gone, as we doubt not, to enjoy that mercy forever. Let us abound then in praises offered to the God of all grace, on her account.

It is your privilege, — and what a precious privilege it is, — to know where to go in such a time of affliction. You know how to approach our most merciful and faithful High-Priest, who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, who sympathizes with us in our troubles, and invites us to come to him in all our sorrows, and cast our cares on him, for he careth for us.

You know that with God is the fountain of life, though all our streams of earthly consolation vanish like the snow waters, and go to nothing, like the streams of the desert which pass away. Blessed be God that you know all this. You know how by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let your requests be made known to God, and I trust you will find that the peace of God which passeth all understanding, does keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus.

The millions that surround us, are in general perfect strangers to any such consolations as these, in the days of their troubles. This light affliction, dear brother, heavy though it seem to us all, will work out for you, I trust, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, enabling you more and more to look not at things seen and temporal, but rather at those which are unseen and eternal. What an infinite

value do such trials impart to the exceedingly great and precious promises of God in the gospel!

By this affliction, God is doubtless granting an answer, though not as you expected, to many of your prayers. By this, he will aid you in setting your affections on things above, where Christ sits at the Father's right hand in heaven. You will find probably new aids in prayer, an increased measure of faith, and above all, I trust, that Christ will by this means become more and more precious to you. To his infinite mercy I most joyfully commend you. May he impart to you his peace that passes all understanding, causing your joy in him to be full.

March 24.

Dear Brother Goodell, — A woman came to me yesterday, in no small anxiety, to ask my opinion as to the probability of the earth's destruction by the threatening and blazing comet now approaching our native planet. I endeavored to quiet her fears, and to direct her mind to Christ, who is to come with clouds, and be seen by every eye, and to be welcomed by all who are his true disciples, and love and wait for his appearing and his kingdom. It is consoling to know that he who commandeth the sun and it riseth not, and seals up the stars; who alone spreads out the heavens, and treads on the waves of the sea; who brings forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guides Arcturus and his sons, brings forth and guides the fiery comet, and will not allow it to hurt the earth, or to scorch men or trees, till the appointed hour, and then, perhaps, a comet may be destined to break the earth to shivers like a potter's vessel. The comet

proclaims that power belongs to God, and the Bible tells us that to him belong mercy and forgiveness.

It is now very brilliant. Its tail extends probably not less than 100,000,000 of miles. It cannot be less than this, if its body is, as it appears to be, as far off as the sun. But the astonomers will soon tell us all about it, as far as their observations and calculations will allow them to attain to any precise knowledge concerning it.

How many there are, who need to hear the prophet say, "Thus saith the Lord, learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them." Jer. 10: 2. May we be able to lift up an unpresumptous eye to them, and smiling, say, My Father made them all.

The Turkish government began, in the year 1841, to establish quarantine regulations, and the happy result was, that the plague ceased to visit Smyrna. The disagreeable and irksome necessity was, however, imposed on travellers, of undergoing the serious discomforts and tedious delays of the lazzaretto, where the only accommodations furnished were bare walls. All travellers arriving at Smyrna from a country where the plague prevailed, were subjected to this quarantine process for a period varying from ten to twenty or thirty days, according to the state of the public health in the place from which they came.

Every comfort obtained at the lazzaretto came through the intervention of friends and acquaintances in the city, or was procured at great cost through its

appointed officers. Mr. Temple had frequent occasion to provide for the temporal comfort of missionary families obliged to undergo the inconveniences attending confinement there. The first two of the following extracts are from notes to missionary brethren in quarantine.

"I hope you find the lazzaretto comfortable. What a blessed thing it would be could we find some lazzaretto where a few days' quarantine would effect a moral purification in us."

[To another friend.]

"We are not less grieved and disappointed than you this morning in not seeing you. But there is no remedy. It does not depend on the European physician whether you come out to-day or to-morrow, but on a Turk who is at the head of the Health Office.

"I hope you will all make a virtue of necessity, remembering that if you do well and suffer for it, taking it patiently, this is acceptable with God.

"I am very sorry for you, but this trial will be for good in the end without doubt. Solomon, in his times, saw the tears of those who were oppressed, and they had no comforter, and on the side of their oppressors there was power. It is so now. But be comforted, dear brother. Your oppressions in the lazzaretto will soon cease. How should we pity those who are the miserable victims of an iron despotism, and without any comforter in earth or heaven. It is not so with you.

"Remonstrance or entreaty, in the present case, is altogether vain, for we are in Turkey, which, like the grave—its too vivid image—is without any order, a

land of darkness and the shadow of death, with this striking difference, however, that it does hear the voice of the oppressor. May the blessed Lord, who was with the exile of Patmos on the Lord's day, be with you on the coming day, and be a little sanctuary to you. His presence would be infinitely better than ours. May his spirit cheer and comfort you, and keep you in perfect peace!"

Dear Brother Benjamin,— Our blessed Lord accomplished comparatively little by his own preaching, but the twelve disciples whom, by his holy example and heavenly teaching, he instructed and qualified to be his heralds, carried his gospel in triumph through the world! Let us think often of this. His disciples were proclaiming his gospel when he had ascended to his own kingdom. How happy shall we have reason to consider ourselves, if any of our disciples may be so employed when our dust shall have returned to the earth as it was, and our souls to God who gave them. Let us cheer ourselves with this hope.

I trust, my dear brother and sister, that you are both like Paul, pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ, always having high and holy aims, always striving to cheer and aid each other onward in the way to glory and honor and immortality and eternal life. How poor and mean a thing is the most endeared union of two persons, if it aims not at something infinitely above this perishable and perishing world, if their great aim is not to aid each other in becoming prepared for a holy heaven. Paul prayed that his brethren,

the Philippians, might be not only without offence, but also filled with the fruits of righteousness. How happy and how blessed should we all be if we were filled with such fruits ourselves, and always using our best endeavors to render others equally fruitful.

May 3.

My dear Brother,— My eyes were filled with tears of gratitude and joy when I learned recently from one of C.'s letters, how kindly you and your wife had taken into your family his little ones during the illness of their poor mother. I thank you for this brotherly office so cheerfully discharged. Strangers, moved by the love of Christ, discharged this kind office for my four children, when the chastening but faithful hand of my Heavenly Father laid my beloved wife in the dust, and made them motherless in a strange land, four thousand miles from all my friends. I can never think of this but with tears of gratitude to those kind benefactors.

I am happy to feel assured that the natural and filial kindness of your hearts, not to say your noble Christian feelings, will prompt you to discharge every duty, and to impart every comfort in your power to our aged, infirm, and beloved mother, so that I need say nothing on this subject. I thank you both for your filial kindness to her. The Lord will reward you for this.

Dear Brother Goodell,— The bishop of Gibraltar lately consecrated the English burial ground here, a spot inclosed and used as a cemetery for two hundred years, I am told. The consecration of cemete-

ries, and the baptism of church bells, are both authorized by the same book, but that book is not the Bible.

The cemetery in which Moses was buried, was not consecrated, for the Lord buried him, and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." I conclude that the body of our Lord was not laid in a consecrated cemetery, for his sepulchre was in a garden, and no intimation is dropped of its having been consecrated. If the thousands of prayers read in our cemetery here in the course of two centuries, have not consecrated the spot, it seems to me that the one read by the bishop can have done but little to render the inclosure sacred.

He also consecrated the chapel in the Consulate. How strange this seems! Persons accustomed for half a century to worship God there, found, on reaching the door of the chapel on the morning of consecration, that, by some mysterious cause, this house of prayer had all on a sudden, become so profane, that no one could enter it till the bishop had sanctified it by his own entrance, and by reading a psalm, read there a thousand times before. Printed regulations were circulated for the performance of this imposing rite. The bishop's chair was to be set on the north side of the altar, or chancel. Why the north side? Is this more holy than the south? or was it that, like the Turks, his face might be turned towards Mecca in prayer? On entering the church, he wore a mitre, and carried a silver cross in his hand. This all savored so much of Rome, and was so utterly unexpected, that a friend of mine, sitting at my side, almost fainted, and my heart, I must say, sunk

within me at this sight. Mrs. S. B. told us, on the following day, how thankful she was that her Roman Catholic servant-maid did not go on that day with her children, as usual, to be a witness of a scene so much like what she sees in her own church.

On the day of the bishop's departure, he confirmed about thirty-five young persons. I was present to witness this ceremony, and am sorry to say that it was painful to my feelings in no ordinary degree. I know many of the youth thus confirmed, and fear the best evidence of their piety is to be found in their ability to repeat the creed, the Lord's prayer, and the catechism; and yet the bishop addressed them as Christian brethren, born again, delivered from wrath, and thanked God for this, praying that they might continue in this grace!

The imposing ceremony was well adapted to convey to them the impression that they are in the way to heaven, and have only to hold on their way. How I longed to hear him say to them, "This rite does not make you or confirm you Christians; it is but a rite, and without repentance and a lively faith in Christ, a thorough conversion of your hearts to God, you may die in your sins, and be lost for ever, after all this." But this was neither said nor implied by him in his address to them. In fact, I deeply and most painfully feel that such ceremonies and addresses have a direct and powerful tendency to confirm men in the ruinous and fatal persuasion of their safety. They are, I fear, not in any honor, of no real value, but rather to the satisfying of the flesh. They have indeed a great show of wisdom and of religion,

and can boast of great and venerable antiquity, but are unprofitable and vain.

Finally his lordship ordained our good brother W. as a deacon. After being ten years in the missionary field, ordained and sent forth by the Lutheran Church, to preach the glorious gospel, his lordship gives him the ghostly authority to read the sacred Scripture in the church, and, with his special permission, to preach. As a proof of his authority to read the sacred Scripture, the bishop called on him to read the gospel of the day on the spot, which he did. What do you say to all this? Has not his lordship given this good brother an Irish hoist in his ecclesiastical promotion?

It seems that public sentiment in England will not now, as formerly, tolerate fox-hunting, card-playing, and dancing clergymen, and this class are now put upon another scent; they are now rite hunters, ceremony and tradition mongers, and loud proclaimers of the apostolical succession, understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm. The church is as well served by those who hunt foxes, as by those who hunt rites, and the hounds and horns of the former disturb the world infinitely less than the hue and cry of the latter. May the blessed Lord reveal himself to them, and bring them to Paul's resolution, to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified!

My dear brother, this whole system of high-churchism never appeared to me as it does now, and I can say no less of it than this, I hate it with perfect hatred. It amuses men with sounds and shadows, but defrauds them of sense and substance. It puts

men under the mere shadows of good things, and persuades them that they are in full possession of the good things themselves. If what I have seen is a true specimen of the tendency of the Church of England, and the influence she is exerting, I am constrained to sigh and say, the right hand of Protestantism is withering away. You may write on that church, "*Ichabod*, the glory is departed." Men who are patrons of such a system, though they may seem to be somewhat in conference, will, I think, add very little to us. How is the gold become dim! But the Lord reigns.

[To the same.]

We need trials of all kinds, and it is our happiness to know that the kind, the number, and the duration of them, are all the appointment of infinite wisdom and mercy.

Tell my dear sister G. to be of good cheer. Neither you nor she would choose to have one trial less, or otherwise than our Heavenly Father has appointed, if you could for one moment see how benevolent is his design, and how blessed will be the end of this visitation. He causes his own beloved people to weep for a night, but will not fail to bring joy to them in the morning. They can do little but weep on earth, they will do nothing but sing forever in heaven. How many millions there are now uttering songs in heaven, who uttered sighs and poured out tears through all their sorrowful passage thither. We have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very piti-

ful and of tender mercy. Let us think of this in all our troubles.

Time, trials, and the grace of God, will doubtless render it more and more apparent to each genuine child of God, that there is a world of iniquity in each human heart. But, though we may and must feel that we are without strength in ourselves, it is still our happiness to be assured that in the end we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us and gave himself for us. More than conquerors. To be conquerors is much; but to be more than conquerors, what can that be? A general sometimes obtains a victory, but it is with such a tremendous loss and slaughter of men, that two or three such victories would be his ruin. Not such will be the Christian's victory. He will sustain no loss, but every combat will be overruled for his good. He will gain by every apparent loss, he will be made stronger by every weakness and wound, his falls will make him rise the higher, and his death will gain him eternal life. Surely, then, the Christian will be more than a conqueror, but this will be only through Him that loved him.

The renowned champion of Waterloo won the day, it is true, in that most desperate struggle. He came off conqueror. But oh, what a loser. He had to deplore the loss of a multitude of his best friends and bravest officers and most faithful soldiers, slain and left dead on that fatal field of battle. But what will the Christian conqueror have to deplore? He will be able to say most truly, I have lost nothing. He is infinitely more than a conqueror. He that is in him is greater than he that is in the world. How

much more than a conqueror was Christ over Satan, at the very moment when he seemed to be completely in his power! He had lost nothing by him, but had spoiled him and made a show of this openly, triumphing over him in his cross. Not less glorious will be the conquest of every Christian, in the end. He will be more than a conqueror.

Such a conquest as this should encourage our hopes, and save us from sinking in discouragement in the midst of our conflicts. Solomon long ago warned us, that though our hearts should cheer us in the days of our youth, yet these days would soon be past, and the days of darkness would come, and be many. You have seen a half century of good days, and have rejoiced in them all; and though you may now know something of trouble and sorrow, I doubt not that they will soon be past, and be succeeded by a whole eternity of better days than either of us can at present conceive. I hope your convocation will deserve to be denominated a festival of brotherly love, a meeting for Christian and mutual counsel and prayer. Such a meeting will deserve to be remembered forever, with approbation and gratitude.

The annual meeting of the mission was this year held at Constantinople, and Mr. and Mrs. Goodell wrote Mr. Temple that they were preparing to entertain him at their house at that time. He replied as follows:—

"I am truly thankful that you and Mrs. G., my very dear old friends, are so kindly arranging your house to receive us. Your assurance of this touches my heart. How much more should it touch and

rouse my heart to know that our almighty Saviour, the Ancient of Days, whose love to us had no beginning, and will have no end, is preparing a place for us in our Father's house of many mansions, and that he will receive us not on a transient visit, but to dwell with him forever. Can it be so? Yes, it is even so. Why are not our hearts full of love to this most precious Saviour? How infinite are our obligations to him!"

[To the same.]

June 23.

What a changing world this is! Yesterday we were withering and languishing, as it were, in the torrid zone. Suddenly the wind changed, and with it the whole face of nature, and to-day we are almost ready to shiver with cold, and feel as if we had travelled, within the space of eighteen hours, as many as fifty degrees of latitude towards the north pole. Can it be that the wind sent from our Heavenly Father's treasures can revive us so much in so short a space? Oh, what a lesson does this teach us! What impressions should it give us of our frailty and dependence! Our souls are not less dependent on the breathings of God's good Spirit, than our bodies are for health and vigor on the pure air of heaven. Without these, each languishes. All effort, bodily or mental, was an insupportable burden to me yesterday. I lectured to the children of Miss W.'s school, but my meagre thoughts moved as heavily as the chariots of Pharaoh, when the Lord took off their wheels in the Red Sea.

[To a missionary friend in the country.]

I hope you and Mrs. B. will find the Lord a little sanctuary to you in your rural retreat. The devout patriarch Jacob, reposing his head on a pillow of stone in the lonely desert, and finding there the presence of God, called the spot Bethel, and the gate of heaven. Why may not we find a Bethel and a gate of heaven in all situations?

July 20.

Dear Brother Goodell, — The missing tin box came to hand to-day, but without any apology for playing truant in so unaccountable a manner. Whether it had concealed itself in some crevice on board, or in some corner or nook on shore, I do not learn; and, as it came in an orderly manner into my study at an early hour this morning, without any sign of either guilt or compunction, I bade it welcome, as usual, and made no inquiries about its errors. I hope its fidelity will be as remarkable in future, as it has been in the years that are past, and certainly a more faithful and trustworthy messenger has seldom been found.

I thank you for your kind invitation to visit you. The languor we all feel from breathing this almost molten atmosphere, constrains us to pant for some cooler region, where one would not find it labor and sorrow merely to live and breathe.

I think we must defer the pleasure of seeing you, much as we both desire this, for some other season. We have begun to visit the villages, and hope to spend some days at them all, for though the air is not much cooler in them than in the city, it has still many more of the elements of life in its composition.

We have just returned from a very precious visit to Boujah, and find it has done us good, though we spent there only two days and three nights. It has revived us both in body and soul.

Our visit to Mrs. S. B. and her sister, was most delightful. Both of them seem to be lovely Christians.

Mrs. B.'s bereavement has been greatly blessed to her. Her loss has been a greater gain to her, than all she had ever gained before. How blessed is the man whom God chastens and teaches at the same time out of his law! When his rod and his spirit come together, rich indeed is the blessing!

July 27.

Dear Brother Smith, — I duly received your letter by the last steamer, as also the one by Dr. Wilson, in whom we all were extremely interested. He seemed to us an extraordinary man, and his accounts of India made us all feel as if ten thousand voices call aloud, saying, "come to India and help us." What a world is that, swarming with immortal beings for whom Christ died. How consoling it is to know that God so loved the *world*, that he gave his only begotton Son for its redemption. When will the world know this? How should we desire that his way may be known upon earth, and his saving health among all the nations, and that all the nations may come and worship before him, and glorify his holy name.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Do you not long to be like Christ, and sigh and groan over the sad linea-

ments of the old man which you still find upon your soul? Heaven, it seems to me, would hardly be an object of desire to us, if we could not cherish the joyful hope of being like our holy and glorified Lord, as well as with him, in that blessed kingdom.

I send for your perusal and examination and correction, the prayers I have compiled and composed. Many things will probably suggest themselves to you which I have omitted and forgotten. We shall be very poor helpers of men's infirmities in composing prayers for them, if the Spirit which maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God, do not teach and aid both us and them.

Has not the dread of formality in the use of written forms of prayer, deterred too many preachers from studying as they ought, the appropriate language of devotion? I fear it is so. Far too little attention, in my opinion, has been given to this subject, by most of the ministers of the gospel.

Vulgar and homely language is not the proper medium to be employed in communion with the God of our spirits. He that covets the best gifts and strives to excel to the edifying of the church, will not fail to take pains not only to obtain the spirit of prayer, but also to command the appropriate language of devotion. It is sad indeed when one's prayers are felt by devout hearers to be less edifying than one's sermons. But is not this too often the case? Let us all beseech God, the giver of all good gifts, that we may always preach in the spirit, and pray in the spirit, and sing in the spirit, and with the understanding also.

[To the same.]

August 10.

I have no strong objections to the usual ascriptions to the Trinity at the close of prayer, though I very seldom use them, finding nothing of the kind in the sacred Scriptures. These, and bowing at the name of Christ in the creed, had a common origin; and the one seems to me as poor and slender a protection to the doctrine of the Trinity, as the other is to the divinity of our blessed Lord. The intention of Christian antiquity was by these to protect the one and honor the other. I find my reverence for all the inventions of men, however pious and venerable they may be, fast melting away; and I trust I can add, that my reverence and my love of the Bible and all it contains, are increasing as fast as the other vanishes. All that comes from the Word of God is so pure, that we need not fear to receive it with confidence; but what we gather up from venerable tradition, that old dragnet in the muddy stream of time, is little better than sand, rotten wood, worthless shells, pebbles, and decaying bones. We may throw the whole away without sustaining any material loss, for the volume of inspiration gives us all we need.

Blessed indeed will be the day that shall set this subject in its true light before the whole world, bidding the inventions, traditions, and doctrines of men to be silent, while all mankind shall listen with reverence to the lively oracles of God alone. Few Christians do this, I fear, in our times.

Dear Brother Calhoun, — I am glad you have been favored with a view of the backwoods of the

United States in Asia Minor, and still more glad should we both have reason to be, could we find the men and the principles in Asia Minor, that felled the trees, and tilled the soil, and taught the schools, and formed the churches, and preached the gospel, and made the laws, and regulated the morals of our beloved New England.

But alas! where in Asia Minor, or in any other portion of the Eastern world, or, indeed, of the whole world, shall we find, at this day, such men and such principles?

The inhabitants of these countries have hardly dreamed of such a thing. But it was the gospel that gave birth to those men, and to those noble, godlike principles; and what it has done once, it can do again. It can, and I trust it will, at another day, fill this old world with better men and holier principles than the new world has yet seen. Let us cheer ourselves with this joyful hope.

We may devour the opinions and works of many of the early Christian fathers, with little Christian edification. After devouring scores of them, we shall be found, as far as solid Christian edification is concerned, like the seven lean kine in Pharaoh's vision, after they had eaten up the seven fat kine, for, it is said, they were still ill-favored as at the beginning.

This ill-favoredness will never vanish from the Christian church, I fear, till she shall feed on something better than what comes from the folios, traditions, and opinions of the fathers.

Let us, as the apostle exhorts, prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good. Perhaps it may

not harm us to hold with a loose hand, till we have examined them well, some things now commonly believed among our Christian brethren.

But let us withhold our reverence from every thing that lacks the stamp and authority of inspiration.

I hope Mr. B. is learning lessons among the briars and thorns, which will be useful to him. Some men are so made that they cannot, or will not, learn much anywhere else.

But the Lord knows how to put his hook into the nose of every leviathan, and draw him out of the deep. How happy would it be for all Christians, if they were as closely joined together as the scales of leviathan, one so near to another, that no air could come between them. Were it so, Mr. B. would not be in his present position.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Your excellent father then has finished his course, kept the faith, and gone the way of all the earth, as we doubt not, to the rest that is glorious. The earthly house of his tabernacle is now dissolved, he is unclothed, and clothed upon with his house from heaven. In his body he was absent from the Lord, but now he is present with him. He groaned being burdened, but now his joy is full. I can mingle my tears with yours for your loss, and my thanksgiving with yours, for his gain. You will have reason to bless God forever, for having given you such a father, and for continuing him so long to you and your brothers and sisters. How few have had such a father. The good counsels, the godly example, and the prayers of faith, given and offered by your father, are in-

finitely more to be valued than the most princely fortune that ever became the inheritance of any son or daughter. You are the son of parents passed into the skies; and what is still better, you are, I trust, through the abundant grace of God, on your way to the same kingdom to which they are gone.

Considering all his circumstances, it is wonderful that he was such a Christian. How will he bless God forever, that he was so poor in this world, and so rich in faith, that his way to the kingdom lay through so many troubles. How soon will the soul forget all its sorrows when it is born into the heavenly paradise! May a double portion of his spirit rest on you, though not present when he was taken up from you. I think no angel will give even a gentle rebuke, if you should for a little while stand gazing up into heaven after him; but I am quite certain that all the angels would approve your conduct, should you stand often and long, gazing up thither, with all the affections of your heart, at Him who is the light and the glory of it. How rapidly our best and dearest friends are taking leave of their fellow pilgrims in this vale of sorrow and tears, and going to their rest! The one Mediator does not intercede in vain, saying, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." He will not cease to intercede, till they are all with him, seeing him as he is, and being like him.

Your father as well as your mother have now forsaken you, but the Lord has taken you up, and he will never leave nor forsake you. Though all our

friends should die, still the Lord liveth. Blessed be our Rock!

[To the same.]

October 13.

My friend C. is afflicted with the same complaint that seems to prey on your good friend J.; viz., the violent inflammatory abolition fever. His letters to me sometimes indicate paroxysms of partial delirium; but I am comforted with the hope that he will survive this visitation, though I much fear his recovery will be slow. I hope, too, that your worthy friend may recover entirely. If we were in that climate, I think it not improbable that we should feel some of the symptoms of this complaint, though I am inclined to think that our constitutions are not so susceptible of such diseases as those of some others.

I can hardly say as much of my nerves, as you do of yours. "This modern and popular invention of nerves," if it is indeed modern, which I rather doubt, (for I suspect they knew something about them in ancient times,) disturbs a great many people who might otherwise be very tranquil and happy.

Mine occasionally trouble me not a little, especially when the south wind blows for a day or two, for though I would not be among those who regard the wind, I still find it compels me *nolens volens* to feel something about it whether I think of it or not. It compels me to feel how frail I am, and this gives me lessons which might be valuable if I would profit by them.

Dear Brother Calvin, — There are so many things in these times of agitation to distract our

minds, that we are in no ordinary danger of losing sight of our own souls. Let us beware of this danger, and guard against it, keeping our hearts with all diligence.

This age of novelties, bustle, and confusion, is very unfriendly to the cultivation of deep, quiet, and elevated piety. Strive, my dear brother, to be a meek, humble, and holy man. We live in a world that lies in sin, but let us remember that our complaints of it will not raise it from its degradation. The Lord, however, will set a mark of approbation on those who sigh and cry before him, confessing and bewailing their own sins, and the sins of others.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Did you ever notice that the only reason assigned why God's wrath was kindled against Eliphaz and his two friends, was this, that they had not spoken of him the thing that was right, as Job had done? How dangerous a thing it is to belie him, or to give our fellow men wrong impressions concerning him. Hardly any thing is more to be dreaded than this. Let us pray much to be taught of God, that we may make known the truth as we ought to speak. Christians are sanctified through the truth, the word of God, which is truth.

Dear Brother Whiting, — Should it appear to be plainly my duty to visit the holy, or rather unholy, city, and the land of the apostles and prophets, I should be happy to see you all there. At present, I do not see that Providence calls me in that direction. Though my original destination was Palestine, I still

find myself, after a two and twenty years sojourn in the Mediterranean, far away from it. I would wish, however, that neither Palestine nor any other spot on the globe may have any attractions for me in comparison with the Jerusalem which is above, where Jesus, our Shiloh, is gathering together in one, the children of God that are scattered abroad in the earth. That is the Holy City, whither all the tribes of the true Israel go up. In that holy city there is nothing that works abomination or makes a lie; no sorrow nor crying nor death is there; they need no candle nor sun nor moon, for there is no night nor darkness there, the Lamb is the light thereof. When it was opened to the astonished and delighted vision of the venerable exile of Patmos, eighteen hundred years ago, he saw no temple therein. (A temple implies ordinances and sacred days;) but heaven is itself a temple, and all time there is one eternal holy day without night, an eternal Lord's day! Dear brother, is the Lord, in his infinite mercy, making us meet to be partakers of this glorious inheritance of his saints in light?

Dear Brother Goodell,—I see from the *New York Observer*, that our old class mate, ——, has been unanimously chosen Bishop of ——. I hope he will be as good a one at least as Bishop Onderdonk seems to be, of New York. I should not expect to find him leaning towards Puseyism. But mitres seem, I hardly know how, to give strange inclinations to the heads upon which they are put in these days. I am, by the way, a great admirer of bishops, provided they are such as Paul taught

Timothy to ordain. But such, I fear, have ever been, and are likely still to be, *avis rara in terris.* How does the church and the world need good men full of the Holy Ghost, mighty in the Scriptures, meek, patient, and apt to teach, in these times now going over us!

The visit made by Drs. Anderson and Hawes in the years 1843 and 1844 to the missions in Western Asia, is well known to the Christian public. One of the results of it, deeply affecting Mr. Temple, is fully and feelingly described in the letters which immediately follow: —

November 27.

Dear Brother Benjamin, — I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the happiness you now enjoy of meeting at Athens, Drs. Anderson and Hawes. They will be as welcome to you, I am persuaded, as the two angels were that came to Lot in Sodom; and if they say to you, as those heavenly messengers did to Abraham's nephew, "Up, get you out of this city," I hope it will not be for the reason they assigned, "because the Lord will destroy that place." How should our hearts yearn over the people of these countries, as our Saviour's did over Jerusalem, and with what constant entreaties should we go to the throne of grace, to the Father and fountain of mercy for them! The night has been a long and a dark one, but let us hope the shadows will soon flee away before the dayspring from on high. Will not the glorious beams from the light of the world soon fall on this benighted region, and guide men's feet into the way of truth? Oh, when will He who has

been lifted up, draw all men to him according to his promise?

Dear Brother Goodell, — It seems to us all a great favor, that our dear brethren Anderson and Hawes are, in the kind providence of our Heavenly Father, allowed to visit us. I trust it will not be in vain, but will lead to some important results. It will be, I trust, the aim of all to make them as fully acquainted as we can with our whole purposes and manner of life, with what we have done or attempted. What a happy thing it would be, could we give them a genuine daguerreotype impression of it all. But this is impossible. I hope still that they will obtain a correct impression of the main things that affect us and our mission in Turkey. This, I think, we all desire no less than they. It is a most happy circumstance that a delegation comes to us, in whom we all have the most unlimited confidence.

Our blessed Lord said to his disciples, "I will come unto you." We may be as glad of the coming of our brethren, as Paul was of the coming of Titus; but what will it avail us if the Lord comes not with them? May He come with them, and be with us, and then our meetings and intercourse will be profitable to us all.

Dear Brother Benjamin, — Our friends, Drs. A. and H. left us on Friday last for Constantinople. During their stay, we were all fully occupied in examining and discussing very fully the affairs of this station in all its aspects and relations, and the result has been a little surprising to us all. The unsatis-

factory results, and the unpromising aspects of the Greek department, both in Greece and Turkey, gave us all, after much and prayerful consideration, the painful impression that it is expedient to relinquish this branch of our mission for the present, and that the funds of the Board be expended in some other field where better prospects invite our labors. We are, therefore, making our arrangements accordingly. No more printing will be done in that language at our expense. Mrs. Temple's school is to be given up, and our bookstore to be closed.

As for myself, I am too old to think for a moment of learning a new language, and no opening invites me here in any language I can command. Having, therefore, no more place apparently in these parts, and the finger of Providence seeming to point in that direction, it is now probable that the next autumn will find me in the United States, if the Lord will. I need not say to you how extremely painful to me and Mrs. Temple is the prospect of our removal from this field, which has been my sphere of labor for twenty-two years past, and Mrs. Temple's for fourteen. But if it shall plainly appear that this is the will of God concerning us, I trust we shall go as cheerfully as we came, when his providence called us hither.

Let Him choose our inheritance for us. So I trust we can all say. He will do all things well for us. How much cause have we to trust in him at all times!

Dear Brother Smith, — We find that twenty-eight ordained missionaries have been sent to the

Greeks, that more than ten thousand children and youth have been taught in their schools, that more than eighty thousand copies of the Scriptures have been circulated among that people, within the last ten years, and that probably more than $250,000 have been expended by missionary societies for them.

Is it not truly and deeply afflicting, after all this, to think of giving up this branch of our mission as a forlorn hope? It pierces my heart through with many sorrows. I am not worthy, it is very true, to have a place or a name among missionaries, but my heart is with them to live and to die with them.

No other cause has such a place as this in my bosom. Oh, how consoling it is to know that this cause is infinitely dearer to our Saviour than it can be to us, for he gave his life for it!

December 28.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — I need not tell you how deeply and how tenderly my feelings are affected by the prospect which now opens before me. For a quarter of a century my thoughts have revolved, with intense and growing interest, around these regions of the ancient world, and for twenty-two years my home has been here.

It has been my expectation here to live, and here to die and be buried, and not in my native land, by the side of my father and mother. The thought of a removal, of a return to our native land, seems to me like the wandering of a satellite out of its orbit. My judgment approves of the conclusions to which our examinations and discussions conducted us in reference to the Greeks, and still the thought of wiping

off the dust of our feet as a testimony against them, and of quitting all their coasts, and saying we leave you to perish, harrows up my soul within me, and constrains me to reproach myself for the very little Christian compassion I have felt for them, and the little I have done for them in a truly Christian spirit. Oh, how little of that mind which was in Christ, that Spirit which drew him away to the mountains and the desert, to spend whole nights in agonizing prayer! My heart is greatly stirred within me when I think of this. All that I have accomplished, attempted, or desired, or sought for this people, from God the infinite and overflowing fountain of love, seems so small, so far below what it ought to have been, that I cannot but feel how unworthy I am of a place or a name among Christian missionaries.

I can say with the emphasis of deep feeling, I am an unprofitable servant; but I cannot add, I have done what it was my duty to do! Experience is giving me this impression more and more deeply, the longer I live, and I am likely to be constrained to use this language at the last hour of my life, rather than that uttered by our Lord, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do!" These twenty-two years of my life spent in the Mediterranean have vanished like a tale that is told; while I have been busy here and there, they are gone; and now the time seems to be at hand when I shall go too. I have loved my brethren, and loved my work, and I do love them still and more than ever; and if the Lord shall distinctly say, Go home, I shall carry them with me in my heart, for this world is not wide enough to separate them from my strong affections.

1844.

[To the same.]

January 25.

I thank you for your kind, fraternal, and Christian sympathies expressed to us at the prospect of our removal. The thought of it is to us both almost like the anticipation of dissolving our connection with this world. But I trust we can say, and do say, with all our hearts, the will of the Lord be done, in this, and every other event concerning us.

I trust it may be still your privilege to remain in the East, and to labor here for years to come. Be of good courage and of good comfort, my dear brother. The Lord be with your spirit, giving you health, and filling your soul with his love and peace and joy!

Dear Brother King, — I duly received your letter by the last French steamer, and sympathize with you and brother B. most deeply in the concern you feel at witnessing the course events are taking in regard to the new constitution of Greece. I am extremely sorry to learn that the shadows on the sundial of Grecian liberty have gone backwards so many degrees since 1822. But this is not so great a miracle as was indicated by the retrograde motion of the shadows on the sundial of Ahaz in the days of Hezekiah. The features of the constitution, as far as they have yet appeared, do not seem to declare that its framers are peculiarly guided by the wisdom that is from on high, but rather by the wisdom that descendeth not from above. How often, alas, do we see,

both in the proceedings of public, political, and ecclesiastical bodies, as well as in those of private individuals, much more that reminds us of the ruler of the darkness of this world, than of the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift.

It now seems to be the Lord's will that I should have no more place in these parts. I trust that some other door may be opened when this one is shut. The field is the world! On withdrawing from the Greeks, we surely can feel no regret that so much has been done for them, but rather that it has not been tenfold more. It would have been a reproach to our churches had nothing been attempted for the spiritual renovation of this people, at a time when they were passing through so great a revolution in their political relations. I rejoice that so much has been attempted for their spiritual benefit; and if it be found to be in vain, I trust the responsibility will not be ours, except to a limited extent. There will be, however, great responsibility somewhere, and it is affecting to think of it! Oh that Greece knew at least in this her day, the things that belong to her peace, but they seem to be hid from her eyes! It is painful to see that while she acknowledges Christ as the head of the church, she still prefers the synodical canons and the traditions of the fathers, to the lively oracles of God. May the Lord open her eyes to see, and touch her heart to feel, and move her to correct this great error. (What a poor blind guide is man's erring reason! What egregious folly the wisdom of this world!)

[To Mr. Goodell.]

I hope our dear brethren A. and H., after having seen the grace of God both at Broosa and Constantinople, will be as glad as that good man Barnabas was, when he had been sent by the church at Jerusalem to Antioch, and had seen the grace of God there.

It is not our privilege to see any thing of this kind with us, but I would thank God, the God of all grace, that other eyes may witness what is not permitted mine to see.

The thought and the prospect of returning to the United States have been more trying to myself and Mrs. T. than you can easily imagine; far, very far more so than was the thought of leaving the United States without the hope of returning any more to our native country. But the more I look at the subject in all its bearings, the more I feel satisfied it is our call to go, though I have not the remotest idea of the things that are to befall us there. It seems very much like launching an old weather-beaten, leaky, and unseaworthy ship, with sails ripped, and widely opening seams, in a sea that is troubled by fierce winds, in cold, boisterous, wintry season. We, dear brother, are advancing towards that season of human life when one is afraid of that which is high, and fears are in the way. My hopes, however, prevail over my fears.

The numerous and kind expressions of sympathy and brotherly love that come to us from you and our other brethren and sisters, on all sides, aid us in understanding what Paul meant when he said, What mean ye, to weep and break mine heart! Nothing

touches, melts, and breaks one's heart like such undissembled Christian kindness, and most of all when our hearts tell us how unworthy we are of it.

It will not be possible for me to go to Syria and return in season. I should wish to have seen the promised land, but this is not practicable. I still hope, however, to be allowed to see, to enter, and to inhabit, at last, that good land of which this is but a faint shadow.

Dear brother, I cannot tell you how this breaking up of our establishment affects me. I am sometimes hardly able to show myself a man. I *feel* too much like a child, if I do not think and speak and understand like a child. But I would be a man and act like a man, a Christian man. Man, however, or child, breaking up or settling down, on the land or on the ocean, in Asia or in America, I am always most truly yours, D. T.

Dear Brother Smith, — Many thanks for your kind and cordial invitation to visit you with the brethren. The disposition is by no means wanting in me to do so, but the call of Providence does not seem to me quite plain, and the opinion of the brethren is, I think, like mine in this matter. I am truly sorry, after having lived so near to the promised land for so long a time, to bend my course towards the far West without the privilege of once seeing it with my eyes.

But this is a matter of small consequence. It would gratify me to see the place where the Lord of glory was born, and where he lay after he had tasted death for every man; but it will probably edify me

much more to follow him by the eye of faith to his kingdom and his throne in the heavens.

I feel it would be well worth a voyage to the world's end to get our hearts fully impressed with a feeling of the constraining love of Christ. Enviable above all things is the privilege of doing any thing to aid our fellow men in coming to a right knowledge of Christ, and to love him in sincerity. Who can tell us how precious Christ is! Are not the dimness and dulness of our perceptions of this among the causes, if not a principal cause, of our unfruitfulness as his ambassadors?

Dear Brother Calhoun, — It is a matter of very small consequence whether the place of our brief earthly sojourn be the East or in the West, for very soon it will know us no more.

One is willing to buffet the storms, tossings, and perils of the wide and troubled sea, that his joy may be full in seeing beloved friends, from whom he has been separated, face to face; and should not the Christian be more than willing to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, that he may behold and be with that holy Saviour whom, though not having seen him, he still loves? The passage of the children of God to his heavenly kingdom is through much tribulation; but as soon as he shall appear, all this will be forgotten, and they will be glad with exceeding joy.

The more I reflect on it, the more persuaded I feel that the Lord calls me to leave the East. How happy should I be could I feel that I am a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's service, and pre-

pared for every good work, whether in the East or the West. But he who employed ravens to feed one of his prophets, may, perhaps, employ me to feed some of his saints with the sincere milk of his Word.

We are likely to have no more pleasant walks together in this vale of tears; but no matter for that, if we may, through the infinite mercy of our Saviour, be prepared to dwell together forever, in a holy heaven, with all the spirits of just men made perfect.

My dear Brother Benjamin, — The thought of quitting our station, and breaking up all our connections here, reminds us powerfully of that event which is at hand, when we shall be called to dissolve all our connections with this present evil world, and go the way whence we shall not return! Beyond the great and wide sea, should we be permitted to reach in safety the desired haven, we may anticipate a welcome and a greeting from our beloved friends that will be as joyful as the parting will be painful to us on this side of it. This is an image of a Christian's departure from this vale of tears. A few loving and loved friends gather around him, and weep over him at his parting; but how many millions unnumbered will welcome him with heavenly greetings when he shall reach the haven of eternal rest, where he longs to be! Our friends naturally wish us to be with them, and our Lord desires his disciples to be with him where he is. And soon his desire and prayer will be fully answered.

Dear Brother King, — It is our present intention to dispose of our effects, and be ready to quit our

house and go to Constantinople on the 12th of April, on our last visit to our dear brethren and sisters there. I cannot realize that we are actually going; it seems like a dream of a disturbed night. Mrs. Temple has this day dismissed her school, with many tears from her own eyes, and many more from the eyes of the little girls, her pupils. Many of them had committed the whole Gospel of John to memory, and some of them the four Gospels. May they all be prepared to meet that beloved disciple in the heavenly kingdom.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Yesterday we were in a whirlwind and tempest from morning till evening, disposing of our effects at auction. Mrs. Temple and I both feel as if we had been tossed by a furious storm; but it is all blown over now, though our poor bark is still trembling and rocking from the effects of the tempest.

It is affecting to one to see so many of his pleasant things laid waste, to see such a change come over him in all his affairs, as we are now called to experience.

I fear we have scarcely taken the selling of our goods so joyfully as those ancient saints, of whom the world was not worthy, did the spoiling of theirs, though I trust it is our precious privilege, as it was theirs, to know in ourselves that we have in heaven a better and an enduring substance. What a lesson do these changes read to our hearts, and how solemnly do they admonish us to think of and prepare for that final change, which is hastening on towards us all! Blessed change, when sin shall be exchanged for holiness, a dying existence for an endless and

happy life, and a world full of sin and sorrow for a heaven of holiness and joy!

We are now approaching much nearer than ever before to the condition of the apostles in *one* respect, if no more, namely, having no certain dwelling-place. But it is good to feel that one has no home on earth, and to be looking and longing for one heavenly. (Our changing state is adapted to aid us in detaching our affections from this world, to which we naturally cling, as the snails to the ledges and rocks washed by the waves of the sea.) It is a very long time since any thing has happened to me that has shaken me like this trying event of quitting the East. I desire to feel in the depths of my heart, that as our Heavenly Father is changing all our *circumstances* here, and sending us away, so the hour is approaching when he will change our *countenances*, and send us away from this world to our long home; and may it be our heavenly home! Should it be so, how many myriads will greet us there, and possibly a few will be found in that countless multitude who may be my joy and crown of rejoicing for ever! How great a mercy this would be!

We were surrounded yesterday by the descendants of Abraham, swarming in at the sale of our goods; but alas, how little did they remind one of that father of the faithful, except by the affecting contrast in their characters to his.

Our good brother W. is fully satisfied that he has followed the path of duty in leaving Syria, and turning his face towards the United States. His removal is like the transplanting of a young tree, whose roots have only begun to penetrate the surface of the soil;

but ours is more like uprooting a full-grown tree, whose roots have pierced deeply into the earth, and branched out widely and far. Whether the one or the other will bear fruit in new soil and under a new sun, remains to be seen. If the one or the other can be planted by the river of waters, they may perhaps bring forth fruit in their season, and then drop and fade. Watered by that river of God which is full of water, they cannot fail to flourish and bring forth fruit, even in old age.

April 27.

Dear Brother Goodell, — How different are the thoughts and ways of the Lord from ours. We hoped to be ready to leave for Constantinople tomorrow, but Mrs. Temple has been ill all this week, and is now confined to her bed, with a good deal of fever, and is in the doctor's hands. With all our goods sold and gone, and our house almost naked and bare, you can easily imagine that our circumstances are now rather trying. But it is the Lord! Perhaps it is his will that we go to see you no more.

The cherished plan to pay a farewell visit to his endeared missionary brethren at Constantinople, was not disappointed. After two or three weeks spent among them, Mr. Temple returned to Smyrna, and passed two or three weeks there before finally bidding farewell to the scenes of the East forever.

The reasons which impelled him, and his missionary brethren and advisers, to regard it his duty to abandon the foreign field, and return to the United States, and his painful feelings in doing so, have been distinctly presented in preceding letters. The

whole truth cannot be told, however, without saying that some of the missionaries were unwilling that he should leave the East, at any rate, and desired earnestly that he should be retained there to aid the missionaries in Western Asia, by his long experience, and the influence of his elevated piety. Could it have been foreseen that his life would be in a few years a sacrifice to the change of climate, no one would for a moment have thought of his departure from Turkey. It was confidently anticipated that a long career of usefulness was before him as a preacher of the gospel and pastor in his native land. But the Lord chose otherwise; and though there are those whose regrets are often kindled as they look back to these decisions of years gone by, he who was most intimately concerned in them doubtless has none.

The views of the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M., in regard to Mr. Temple's return, are indicated in the following extracts from a letter by one of them.

"Nothing has been further from their wishes than to see you removed from the missionary field; and they would gladly have created a department of labor for you in the Greek language, had it been in their power, where you should have employed the residue of your days. Of this you are well aware; and you were not less of opinion than themselves, that, all things considered, it was not wise to attempt such a thing, and at your time of life, forbidding the acquisition of the Armenian or Turkish languages, it was better for you to return into the bosom of the churches of your native land."

The departure of Mr. Temple from Smyrna, occasioned deep grief to many besides his missionary associates and friends. He had obtained the respect and affection of many among the natives and foreign residents, who could hardly consent to part with him. J. Van Lennep, Esq., the Dutch consul, had become so attached to him, that he would not remain in the city the day of his departure, but went away and spent it in the country, in order not to see him sail. There were many in Smyrna, as in Malta, who loved him as the means of their spiritual enlightenment and comfort. All who knew him revered him for his holiness, his close walk with God. Mr. Goodell said of him, in his funeral sermon, with great truth: —

"Among the various nations and tribes and sects of the East, his name is held in high estimation. Even Jews, Turks, and Infidels, will some of them pronounce it with something of the same reverence with which we should pronounce the name of 'Our Father in Heaven.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Temple embarked at Smyrna, June 7, on the barque Stamboul. Two daughters of his dear friend Mr. Goodell, and Rev. Mr. Keyes and wife, returning from the Syrian mission on account of feeble health, were fellow passengers. The vessel stopped for water at Vourla, twenty miles from Smyrna, and Mr. Temple wrote from there the following notes.

Dear Brother Benjamin, — While swinging at our anchor, for a little while, let me drop a line to you, just to assure you again of our love, and best desires for your holiness and happiness.

Looking simply at our own hearts as they are, what comfort can we find? But looking to Jesus, a world of rich consolation is opened to us in a moment. To him let us continually look. Darkness, and nothing but darkness, will be found within and around us; but light will shine as soon as we look upwards to Jesus, the light of the world. Why is he not to us, as he was to the apostles, all and in all? We must look to him and go to him continually, and then our peace will be like a river, and our joy will be full. Instead of this, how often are we afraid to rejoice at all, and go mourning all the day long as with a sword in our bones?

Peace be with you, dear brother, yes, the peace of God, that passeth all understanding. "My peace I give unto you," said our blessed Lord. There is no peace like this, and this he offers to us as freely as he did to his bosom disciples. Though he has left the world, he has not taken his peace from his disciples, but leaves it with them as their precious inheritance.

Dear Brother Goodell, — At seven last evening, we gave our dear brethren and sisters the last look, the last word, the last kiss, and now our path is on the mountain wave, our home is on the sea. We came here for water, and in a few hours shall be again on our way.

I feel now that we have taken our final leave of the East, and are on our way to the West. I trust the Lord will be with us, and in his good time bring us to our desired haven. The parting scene was painful, but not more so than I had fully anticipated.

Happy the world where adieus and farewells are altogether unknown!

I preached my last sermon on Sunday last. It cost me no ordinary trial of feeling to address the little congregation under these circumstances.

Let this convey to all with you our flying, but affectionate farewell, till you hear from us again, if the Lord will. Could we confide to the winds and the waves our letters, you would often hear from us on the troubled sea.

PART IV.

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

On the voyage, Mr. Temple kept a journal in the form of a letter, addressed to Mr. Goodell, from which the following extracts are made.

Off Cerigo, June 10. — We left Vourla, on the morning of the 8th, with a fair wind, which continued till yesterday noon. All the passengers, myself only excepted, paid in full the customary tribute to the ocean for the right of finding a path through its world of waters. As I am now an old acquaintance, though not an admiring friend, it has consented, for the first time in my seafaring life, to allow me thus far to pass on without the customary fees. I dare not, however, promise myself the privilege of traversing its wide domains without tax or tribute of one kind or another. This royal highway of nations is now just what it was 6,000 years ago, and will not be mended, though it should be travelled by millions and millions for 60,000 years to come.

The commencement of our voyage has thus far been very propitious, and we hope that goodness and mercy will follow us to the end of it. Here,

perhaps, more than anywhere else, we can learn to feel how blessed will be that world where there will be no more sea, for the sea is an example of storms, troubles, dangers, want of comforts, separation from friends and home. Oh, what will heaven be! Blessed home of holy souls! There may we and ours find the rest that remains for the children of God.

We have Dr. Chalmers on board, who has this morning begun to expound to us the Epistle to the Romans, and promised to give us one hundred lectures, should circumstances permit, during our voyage. M. D'Aubigne is also on board, and promises to edify us with the history of the Reformation under Luther. In addition to these renowned authors, we have all the holy prophets that have spoken since the world began, together with the apostles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and, what is infinitely better than all, the presence of him who made the sea and the dry land. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. What more can we reasonably ask?

But how does my heart leap out of my bosom, and out of the ship that is bearing us towards the land of the Pilgrims, and return to you and the scenes we have left, with a strength of affection which I feel to no other part of the world. May the God of all grace be with you and all our dear brethren with you! The wind and the waves and the ship, can blow and bear my body far away from you all, but my heart and my soul will be with you till death, the last enemy, shall lay us in the dust. It is a comfort to me to feel that I am not fleeing from my post, like Jonah from the presence of the Lord,

but on the contrary am listening to and following the distinct intimations of his will.

22. Off Cape Bon. — On Sabbath evening we passed Malta, my old home. The sight of it touched a thousand tender strings in my bosom, recalling days and scenes never to be forgotten, nor ever to be remembered but with the liveliest gratitude to the God of all grace. On that spot reposes the dust of one half of what was once my beloved family, and there it will repose in silence till our blessed Lord, the resurrection and the life, shall say, "I go that I may awake them out of sleep." It is now more than twenty-two years since I saw that island for the first time, but how many changes have gone over me within that period.

I am more than ever willing to resign to those who like it, the privilege of traversing the great and wide sea, but for myself I shall value henceforth more than ever a firm footing and a quiet home on dry land. This tacking and tugging and rolling, this being the sport of the wind, which goeth towards the south, and turneth about to the north, and whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to his circuit, is not a little trying to a poor landsman like me, and the more so, as I was accustomed to stand, on the land, from morning to evening, and here am obliged to sit or lie the greater part of the time. This is a most lazy mode of spending one's time, though I am most anxious not to lose one moment of it. All about me this morning are listless, feeling the effects of their recent illness, and the paralyzing influence of the south wind, which hardly breathes with sufficient strength to move us

over the breadth of the waters at all. A calm is, on some accounts, more trying to us than a storm, in this hot region, within a short distance of the African coast. But all is well to one who, like Paul, has learned in whatsoever state he is therewith to be content. I suspect he did not learn this most useful, but most difficult lesson, till he had been some time in the school of Christ, and the bulk of mankind, yes, of Christians, too, have it still to learn, I fear.

I long to receive your news, and especially the letters and papers by the French steamer of to-day. How go the affairs of the world we have left, since we embarked on this world of waters, where go the ships, and where is that leviathan which God made to play therein? We are not by any means alone, for within two or three days we have seen from thirty to forty ships, the greater part of them sailing in the same direction with us, but falling astern, as we outsail them, though our poor ship at this moment hardly advances at all. We are now under an African sun, and an African wind, or rather want of wind. We are likely to find abundant opportunities on our passage, for patience to have her perfect work. With all our discomforts, however, we are more comfortable than I had anticipated.

How dependent are we on the wind. Our progress for six days past has not been more than two hundred miles, which, with a fair, strong wind, we might have passed over in twenty-four hours. The wind bloweth where it listeth. Without its aid, the sailor and the gallant ship can do nothing. And what can the Christian do without the aid of the Spirit? He is carried away by the current of this

world, and makes no progress towards the haven of eternal rest. When we have lost the wind, the current has borne us away without resistance.

It is Saturday afternoon. May the Lord be a little sanctuary to us on his holy day, and to you as a place of broad rivers and streams.

24.— We are sailing slowly against a head wind. Yesterday, with a fair wind, we sailed more than one hundred and fifty miles, right on our way, and to-day we scarcely advance at all. The Sabbath was a good day to us. In the morning, prayers and exposition, and in the afternoon, a sermon on deck, and in the evening, singing and prayers in the cabin. The captain seemed pleased with this, and remarked that this was the first time he had gone to meeting at sea. We are now about thirteen hundred miles from you.

30.— Sabbath, half past four, P. M. We are exceedingly tossed and driven out of our course by a strong head wind. The rolling and pitching of the ship will not allow us to have any service on board today. Oh how glad should we be to hear the people say, We will go into the house of the Lord! How precious is the remembrance of the Lord's house to a devout soul when far off upon the sea! With all the rocking, tossing, lurching of our ship, and the loud sighing of the wind, I still find the Sabbath a precious day, and the presence of the Lord and his loving-kindness to be better than life itself. I have been greatly edified in reading "Brooks' Mute Christian," a most admirable work, full of the most pious, judicious, scriptural, and consoling considerations, adapted to the state of an afflicted child of God. It

has comforted me much. It would comfort you; I hope you will read it. Our way to the kingdom of God is through many tribulations, and none are allowed to escape them.

July 1. — At this hour, ten A. M. with us, but half past eleven with you, I suppose you are met with the Armenians for prayer, this being the first Monday in the month. We are still tossed on the troubled sea, buffeting a strong head wind, about twenty or thirty miles from Cape Palos, on the coast of Spain. These tempestuous days and head winds leave a blank page in life's journal to most of our passengers; but I trust it will be found at another day, that some useful lessons of instruction have been indelibly traced on those now apparently blank pages.

The stock of patience, with some of us, is getting rather scanty, but we have agreed that the captain is the only one on board whose privilege it is to complain, and with this understanding we get on pretty well thus far.

3. — Yesterday we experienced a fair weather tempest. The sun was clear without a cloud, but the wind and sea were tempestuous. The sea boiled like a pot, and one would have thought the deep to be hoary. All were confined below except myself, who kept my position on the quarter-deck to avoid sickness, and was splashed again and again from head to foot by the spray. At night the wind died away into a calm, and we were all glad because we were quiet.

14. Sabbath morning. — On the 11th instant I wrote and left a letter for you at Gibraltar. On that evening, having taken in water and provisions, we

sailed at six with a fair and fresh wind, passing through the Straits at the rapid rate of eleven knots an hour. How did the ocean boil and foam! That fresh and fair wind has continued till now, bearing us onward from eight to ten knots an hour. At this moment we are about six hundred miles from Gibraltar. This rapid sailing, however, has not been without much motion, which has driven all the passengers, myself only excepted, from the table to their berths. We have all been consoled, however, with the thought, that we are homeward bound, though sorely tossed on the way.

The Mediterranean treated us somewhat as Pharaoh did the children of Israel, for a long time refusing to let us go, but finally thrusting us out with haste. The Atlantic welcomed us with joy, lifting up its hands on high, and uttering a loud sound with all its many and mighty waters, as it received us upon its broad bosom. Oh how full of wonders is this wide world of waters! and what a multitude of thoughts does it awaken within me! As I have sat solitary on the quarter-deck or lain silently in my berth, what tender remembrances of the past have come over me, and what anxious, doubtful, and sometimes tearful anticipations of the future! How consoling the injunction of our blessed Lord to his disciples, Be not anxious for your life, and take no thought for the morrow. How safely may we confide for the future in Him who has so faithfully provided for us in all the days and years that are past. Yesterday was one of the most trying ones we have had for sea-sickness, and I saw tears in the eyes and on the cheeks of more than one of our passengers.

What an image this is of life's tempestuous sea, and how joyful is the anticipation of soon reaching the quiet and peaceful shores of a blissful eternity in our Saviour's kingdom! (In that kingdom there will be no more sea and no more tears, for the former things will be done away. How can we express our obligations for that blessed Saviour, who came from the bosom of the Father's infinite love to redeem this world from sin, and from the wrath to come, and to make the children of wrath partakers of the Divine nature! Partakers of the Divine nature!! This, my dear brother, is what we need more than every thing else.)

16.—The fair wind still continues to blow, though very quietly. In a little more than four days it has borne us onward nearly nine hundred miles in a straight course towards the land of our birth, of our early homes, and our fathers' sepulchres.

Since we passed the Pillars of Hercules, my thoughts have hurried me continually from the East to the West, whither I go bound in the spirit, not knowing the things that shall befall us there. We were nearly stationary for the last two or three days spent in the Mediterranean, sailing indeed slowly to the westward, but carried continually to the eastward by the force of opposing currents. How powerful is the undercurrent of this world, opposing our progress towards heaven!

Our gentle wind and smooth sea yesterday and to-day, have brought all our party to the table again. Such is seafaring life.

Our voyage has not been distinguished by any remarkable incidents thus far. In the Atlantic we

have not seen a fish of any kind. A few stragglers from Mother Carey's numerous brood of chickens have flitted round us from day to day, skimming over the wave, and now and then giving them a tip-toe touch, as with still extended wings they picked up something floating on them. I am not of that brood; I am no bird of the seafaring feather. In the Mediterranean we were visited by many a school of porpoises coming to pay us their respects and give us their salutations, as they darted and sported around us on all sides in their own element. The captain stretched out his hand to greet them, armed with the deadly weapon, thrusting it at many, piercing two or three, but securing none. We saw many turtles sleeping on the bosom of the sea, and the captain lowered his boat and went once in pursuit, but in vain, for those creatures, though natives of the ocean, had no notion of coming on board to try a sailor's life, or to suffer a turtle's death to satisfy our taste.

In one of my former voyages several of these animals were captured while taking a quiet nap on the smooth surface of the sea in a fair day. I took my place in the boat with the pressgang that went on that expedition, and when the poor captives were brought on board, they protested as loud as they could hiss against this violent impressment in a time of profound peace. But their protestations availed as little as they do when uttered by an unlucky son of John Bull who has the misfortune to fall into the hands of her Majesty's merciless pressgang, when her gallant ships of war are to be manned for the ocean.

In entering and anchoring in the harbor of Gibraltar we had the finest view imaginable of that impregnable rock and fortress, sailing, as we did, almost round it from the south-east to the north-west. A dense cloud, brightened by the sun's rays, hung over it all the day in the same position. This is formed by the warm current of air which, rushing from the eastward and striking its perpendicular eastern side, and thus being pressed upward into the cooler atmosphere above, renders visible the vapor or moisture with which it is charged in its passage over the face of the waters. Such a cloud is always there in the summer, I am told. It reminded me of the pillar of cloud that hung over the camp of Israel in their passage from Egypt to the promised land, though this frowning promontory, fortified on all sides, and ready to belch out from its surface and its very bowels too, fire and brimstone and deadly balls and bombs at the daring foe that shall approach it, very little resembles that chosen people whom God went to redeem. I am glad that this impregnable castle is in the hands of England, and most heartily do I hope that the thunderbolts of war will never be again launched from it, as they have been in years now gone by. We all gazed at it in wonder as we entered its harbor, while we lay in it, and when we left it. On the earth I believe there is not its like. Happy will be the day when the gospel of Christ shall have expelled the spirit of war and reconciled the nations, inspiring them with the principles of peace and goodwill to man. Then, this now frowning fortress will smile on the coming or the departing ship as it passes by from Europe and Asia and Africa, and the land

of our birth. Blessed be God, his promises render it certain that such a day will come. May it come soon!

18.— Yesterday our fair wind lulled into a calm, and our good Stamboul, as if weary of sailing so long a time in one direction, refused to obey her helm, turned right about with her head to the east, and said, as distinctly as action could utter it, that she would not move another mile to the westward, till the wind should compel her to do so. This morning the wind has been very variable, blowing within the compass of six hours in all directions, but strongly in none.

We saw St. Michael's, one of the Azores, early this morning, about fifty miles to the north of us. Thus we have accomplished one third of our voyage from Gibraltar to Boston in seven days. How joyful should we all be, could we reasonably hope to accomplish the remaining two thirds in fourteen days more! The clouds, the air, the ocean, all tell us distinctly that we are no longer in the Mediterranean. All reminds us of our own native skies. How pleasant, how edifying it is, to look at the ocean, the stars, the clouds, the moon, the sun, the sky, and to say, with a filial spirit, My Father made them all! Such a spirit I would wish to nourish in every region and clime, on the sea and on the dry land. This would be to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. This the mind that was in Christ. The swell of the sea is to some of our party very painful to-day. In fact our passage is, on the whole, to most of the passengers, a *via dolorosa*, and they long intensely, nor they alone, to bid adieu to the rocking and rolling

and swelling of the troubled sea. It is just six weeks to-day since we placed ourselves on its bosom to be transported by its winds and waves to the United States. You all have still the same place in my warm affections and brotherly remembrances, at this distance of three thousand miles, that you had when we were less than three hundred miles asunder. The God of all grace, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, bless you all more than I can ask or think. No privation on board seems to me more painful than that of a quiet, retired nook or corner, where one may give utterance to the desire of the heart in prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, unseen and unheard by any one. My religious enjoyment is materially abridged when circumstances deny me the privilege of vocal prayer. I need the voice and the ear, as well as the Spirit to aid me in devotion, and feel greatly straightened when shut up to mental prayer only. How infinitely precious is the privilege of having boldness and access with confidence to God in prayer, by faith in the one Mediator! Our daily evening singing and prayers in the cabin contribute much to our comfort and edification. The captain is very civil, kind, and obliging to us all, and is apparently much more than willing to allow us to have prayers in the cabin, and to give thanks daily at the table.

19.—We are beating slowly against a head wind, about sixty miles north of St. Michael's. Yesterday and last evening we had a smart dash of rain. This is a region of clouds, variable winds, and frequent rains, as the captain informs us. He is anxious, therefore, to get beyond their influence as soon as possible. But how do we feel our impotence! We

cannot lift up our voice to the winds any more than to the lightnings, so that they will come and say, Here we are! I trust the time is not distant when human skill, with the Divine blessing, will discover some easy and practicable mode of propelling all ships through calms and against head winds. What an amount of time and an outlay of money and patience would thus be spared. Steam, at present, is too expensive to be employed. But this, I trust, will be superseded by some other and cheaper agent.

22. — For two days past we have made but little progress, being opposed by a head wind and a head sea, into which the Stamboul has plunged her head with great violence, to the no small annoyance of the passengers, and not without much injury to the rigging and straining of the masts. The pitching of a vessel is a more trying motion than its rolling. We are not yet beyond all the Western Islands, but today are sailing with a tolerably fair wind. Yesterday, Mr. K. gave us an excellent sermon on deck. It was refreshing to me to join in this service under the open heaven, on the bosom of the wide sea, this image of eternity. I felt that the Lord, who sitteth upon the floods, was with us. On the Sabbath, the thought of home, friends, and country, and, most of all, the sanctuary, are more tender and touching than at other times. The strong affections of the heart hurry one into the midst of them, and for a moment one seems to be there.

29. — We are now less than two hundred miles from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, sailing right before a fair wind, with our studding-sails set, the sky covered with thick, dark clouds, and the rain falling

fast, but our gallant Stamboul gliding over the waves seven and a half knots an hour, with little motion, and all on board occupied with needle or book or pen or painter's brush, every heart exulting, and every face smiling with joy and hope. Six days more, with such a wind as this, would bring us to the desired haven. The bare thought of this is full of inspiration to all our bosoms. Yesterday and the day before, the sea was in the wildest commotion. It was almost impossible for an unpractised foot to keep the floor. Mrs. T. fell with violence, though without serious injury, on the cabin floor, in attempting to cross it, and the barefooted and surefooted steward slipped and came down twice flat upon the cabin floor, to the no small amusement of some of the younger members of our party, who are a little given to laughing, especially when the lurching ship throws any of its inmates into such undignified positions. The ordinary gravity of my own risibles I confess was a little disturbed by these untoward occurrences. One can hardly refrain from an innocent smile now and then at the strange and awkward manner in which we get crammed and jammed together by a sudden lurch of the ship.

Four o'clock, P. M. — Who can tell what a day or even an hour may bring forth, especially at sea? I had scarcely finished the preceding page when the wind suddenly changed, and blew with a violence that threatened to strip all our canvas to atoms. After blowing thus for some little time, it as suddenly died into a perfect calm, leaving our poor ship almost as helpless as a motionless log, to be dashed against and over by the waves it has set in motion.

Such is our seafaring life. Sometimes the wind, especially after a calm, comes to us lightly and gently, tripping over the waters as if on tiptoe, and again it comes with the strides and the strength and the voice of a giant.

31. — Yesterday we were visited by squalls, thunder and lightning, and drenching showers; and to-day we are enveloped in a dense fog, so dense that nothing can be seen more than twice the length of our vessel. Yesterday morning it was so warm that we all wilted and withered under the heat, and to-day it is as cold as autumn. In the Mediterranean we were wearied out with the monotony of the scenes; but in the Atlantic, change follows change in rapid succession. At one moment the sea is smooth as the quiet bosom of an unruffled lake, and again it is lashed into fury and wild uproar by the wind. I pity the poor sailor. Yesterday the captain and all his men were drenched to the skin again and again by the copious rain. One needs to make a voyage to learn how to feel and pray for them that go down to the sea and do business in the great waters. Why are seamen so seldom remembered and mentioned in public prayer? It seems to me, that in future I shall think of them with more interest than ever before. How often and how powerfully has our present voyage reminded me of my poor beloved brother, who, like us, sailed, eight years ago, from Smyrna for Boston, and doubtless found a grave, like thousands of others, in the sea, as no tidings either of him or the vessel of which he was mate, have to this day come to us. But he had chosen the good part; and the blessed Saviour, whom I trust he

loved, will come, at another day, to awake him out of sleep, in his unknown grave in the ocean! We are now very near the Grand Banks, if not already on their eastern edge; but the fog hides the sun, and so allows us to take no observation for ascertaining our exact position. A man is constantly on the sharp look-out to guard against the danger of coming into collision with ships in the fog, as a fair wind is urging us on at the rate of about eight knots an hour.

Aug. 3. — I read to-day, with great delight and edification, Dr. Chalmers' sixty-fifth lecture on the text, Rom. viii. 32, He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? I do not remember a volume that has so much instructed, delighted, charmed, and edified me as these admirable lectures. I hope you will not fail to read them. There is nothing of the "Presbyterian sour" in them, but they abound in the marrow of the finest, sweetest Christian truth, expressed in fine language, and enforced by rich, striking, and beautiful illustrations. Almost every one of them has drawn grateful tears from my eyes, and given me a more extended and exalted view than I had before of the exceeding riches of God's grace in Christ. He handles the doctrine of predestination most admirably, giving it the most practical bearing and complexion, but not at all blinking it.

I can hardly realize that you, and our beloved brethren and sisters with you, are at this moment, probably, withering under the heat of a sun, which for three days past has hardly been able to show us

his beautiful face, by reason of the fog that almost constantly surrounds us day and night. My heart, dear brother, throbs with affection to you all, and draws me nearer to you the further I am borne away from you. What shall separate us from the love of Christ? and may I not add, what shall separate us from the love of each other in Christ? I trust that many waters of affliction cannot quench it, and that floods rolling between us cannot drown it.

6.—You can hardly imagine how anxious we all are to advance in our voyage. The last question at night, and the first in the morning is this: Are we on our course, and at what rate does the vessel sail? We all feel and confess that we are pilgrims and strangers on this great ocean, far away from our beloved families and homes, and every indication that tells us we are approaching the one and the other, increases the strength of our desire to be there. We are continually speaking of this, and it seems to be the centre and the sum of all our desires. We would not live always here, for we long to be there. How happy should we be were heaven as much desired and longed for as our earthly home is! How should we then think and speak of it!

7.—Last night, at about twelve, we came near running upon a fishing schooner lying at anchor. We were within two cables length of her, before she was seen, and then a loud cry from her watch informed us that she was there. The thick fog hid her from us, though she had a light hung out. We just passed her at the rate of five knots an hour, but not without putting her into imminent danger. I wonder how it is that ships do not more frequently

come into collision at sea in dark nights and tempestuous weather.

8.— We have need of patience. By our observation, which this first fair day has allowed us to take, after ten of fog, we find that we have advanced only five miles westward within the last forty-eight hours. We are now one degree further south than we were two days ago, and this has brought us into another and a milder climate. The fog has all vanished, and we are now cheered by a bright sun and a clear sky, but with little wind. The question is asked by some on board, Shall we ever reach Boston?

10.— Night before last we were visited by a terrific thundershower, such as we seldom, if ever, witness in the East. The rain fell in torrents for about an hour, and the thunder and lightning were loud, vivid, awful, and majestic. When the Highest utters his voice, and his lightnings enlighten the world, the earth, and the ocean, too, tremble and shake. Oh, how full of majesty is the voice of God! The storm soon passed away, the wind changed from south-east to north-west, and a smiling sun looked forth from his tabernacle in the sky. In bearing south yesterday to escape the breakers of the Isle of Sables, we got into the Gulf Stream. Thus, flying from Scylla, we fall into Charybdis.

The sixty-three days spent on board, shut out as we have been from all the world, have been very instructive to me, and would have been still more so, could I have been entirely free from the influence of sea-sickness. It has given me an exemption from care to which I had been a stranger for many years, and a season for calm reflection on the past, which I

greatly needed. How much reason shall I have for thanksgiving, if we may now soon come to our beloved friends with joy, by the will of God, and may with them be refreshed. The longing of all on board to reach our desired haven, increases faster than our distance from it is diminished by the rapid gliding of our ship over the waves in that direction.

I have seldom felt as I now do, how unprofitable a servant I have been; how little fitted I am, as a vessel for the Master's use. It is consoling to know that the reward we hope to receive, is a reward of grace, not of merit. If we truly grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, will not our sense and our remembrance of sin become more and more painful to us? It sometimes seems to me as if I had quite mistaken my calling. It is my consolation, however, to know that God makes use of base things, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are. He anciently employed one who felt that he was less than the least of all saints as an instrument of turning many from darkness to light, and of comforting and edifying his church. May it ever be my highest ambition to excel to the edification of the church. This I desire, and every thing else seems of little value to me.

11, at 4 P. M.— To-day we saw land, namely, Nova Scotia, in the vicinity of Halifax. It is reviving to see land again, after being so long tossed on the sea. We know that we are not far from our desired haven, though it is more than possible that the wind may not allow us to reach it for some days to come.

12.— We passed Halifax last evening, so near to it that its light-house fire blazed like a star in the

midst of the ocean. We lost sight of land during the night, which was a most splendid one, and this morning is not less so. After so many days as we have had of perpetual fogs, clouds, and copious rain, such a morning as this, without clouds, sends life and joy into the very souls of us all. The air is dry, cool, and invigorating. We are sailing over a smooth sea, with a fair, gentle wind, all feeling that we are now breathing the air of our native land. All on board are now cheerful and happy, remembering the miseries of the sea-sickness as waters that have passed away. I could not have been persuaded that our approach to the land would have produced so sudden and great a change in our whole company. Oh, what will be the change to the children of God when they approach, and when they actually reach, their everlasting home in heaven! The scene this morning aids in my conception of it. Every sorrow is forgotten in the joy we feel at the thought of having passed through the dangers of the sea. It all seems like a dream of the night when the morning comes and chases it away. We must forget our troubles, but would abundantly utter the memory of God's great goodness to us.

At twelve to-day, I discovered, as I thought, a steamer with a volume of smoke rising from it, and rising high into the air at a great distance from us; but soon corrected my mistake, finding it was nothing less than spouts of water rising from the boiler of leviathan, that king over all the sons of pride, whose oceanic majesty has kept this kind of steaming in play for six thousand years past. How full of wonders is the deep!

A swallow flew over us this morning, and I joyfully greeted him as a native and a lover of my own native country. I did not know till now how strong in my bosom is the *amor patriæ;* but as I approach it, this is warmed into life and vigor. Oh for a warmer love to a better country!

13. — The weather is still very fine, though the wind is not quite fair, which carries the Stamboul a little out of her course. I sometimes rally the captain a little, by telling him pleasantly, that she seems to take us for a party of pleasure, setting no value on time, and so for our gratification, wanders out of her course to give us all a sight of capes and promontories high and low, of islands and shoals, fog-banks and fish-grounds, gulf-streams, light-houses, and harbors, etc.; or else, being a very young mariner, only eleven months old, she does not know what her direct course is, having made but one voyage before this. We commend her, however, much for her excellent accommodations, and good sailing, and noble bearings.

The ocean all around us is moved and rippled with the tide. We have seen nothing like this on our passage. What a curious phenomenon, that this great ocean should so heave on its bed and run after the moon! There is to me now such a charm in this ocean, and such a volume of instruction opened by it, that my longings to reach the land are greatly diminished. Its voice as well as its motion, its swellings and rollings, are all full of majesty, and, like the heavens above it, declare the glory, the wisdom, the power and goodness of its Creator. Great, deep, broad, fathomless, and boundless, it is one of the most impressive emblems of eternity in this lower creation.

We expect soon to take our leave of this sublunary sea, and it is certain that we shall soon embark on eternity's ocean!

14.— Yesterday we passed over the spot where one of the crew of the Stamboul, on her passage out to Smyrna, in April last, accidentally fell overboard and was lost. The life-buoy was instantly thrown out for him, the vessel put about, and the boat lowered, but all in vain. The poor youth had sunk to rise no more, and the men who went to his aid in the boat, narrowly escaped with their lives, the sea being high at the moment he fell overboard. His trunk and his clothes are now on board, on their way to his widowed mother, to inform her that her poor sailor boy sleeps in the bosom of the ocean, and will return no more. A beautiful butterfly came on board and visited us in the cabin to-day, but brought us no other tidings than that we are approaching the land, which we hope to see in the morning.

15, 9 A. M.— A man at the main-top has just cried, "Land! Cape Cod is in sight!!" How grateful is the tidings! Every eye glistens and every heart throbs with joy. It is the land of our pilgrim fathers, the land of our birth, the land which the Lord has blessed. What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits? Surely we have reason to sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and to declare his works with rejoicing. Within a few hours we hope to enter the long desired haven, for the wind is bearing us towards it most prosperously. I would feel, however, that this is not our rest. It is not our home. Blessed be God, he sent his only begotten Son to die for us, and to prepare us an eternal home in the

heavens. May he by his effectual grace prepare us for that blessed home.

11, A. M. — Cape Cod is now in full view from the deck, and Boston is about forty miles distant. All on board are on the tiptoe of expectation, but as the wind is light, though fair, we shall not probably arrive till midnight or later. Cape Cod appears extremely low, scarcely higher than an extended sand-bank. No high land appears on our coast, as on all the coasts of the Mediterranean. The difference is striking. A schooner has just passed us, the captain of which is our captain's neighbor, and informed him that he saw his wife four days ago, at meeting. Good news for him. We hope to meet a pilot soon.

16. — The pilot came on board at eight last evening, but the wind soon died away, and we anchored a short distance from the light-house. At this moment, eight A. M., we are within four miles of Boston, which is now in full view. All are well and full of animation. Bless the Lord, oh our souls, and all that is within us, bless his holy name!

At ten we reached the wharf, in so thick a fog that nothing could be seen thirty rods distant. Within an hour after we were at anchor, Charles came and grasped my hand, almost before I saw him. Within another half hour Daniel came in like manner. This was almost too much for me. My feelings were in such a tumult that I am not certain of having showed myself a *man*, though I am persuaded that none who saw me at that moment would have doubted whether I was a *father*. Martha was scarcely less affected than I. What an hour was that to us all!

Mr. Temple visited his friends at Reading, and in other parts of Massachusetts, and attended the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., at Worcester, and then proceeded to Ohio to visit near relatives at Cleveland. He was detained there longer than he had expected, and finally passed the winter in Ohio. The following extracts from letters to missionary friends describe the first impressions made on his mind on his return to his native land.

Reading, August 20.

Dear Brother Goodell, — Under the paternal roof, I was permitted last Saturday to embrace once more my aged mother, and my dear brothers, my sisters being away. What tears, what joy, what a welcome! My dear mother's joy was full, yes, more than full, it overflowed. The scene was almost too much for me, though it did not overwhelm me, as I feared it would.

On Sunday I preached in our church to what seemed to me a large congregation, in which I recognized only a few familiar faces, death having laid the greater part of my old friends in the grave; and one generation having passed away, another generation has come up in its stead. My mother seems to bear her age well, her eyes not being yet very dim, nor her mental forces much abated. She, and all my friends, say that I look better than I did when they last saw me, fifteen years ago. My mother sends you her very kind remembrances as her son's old chum, and her own Christian friend. How is every thing changed in my native town! I seem to be like a stranger in a new world. Had I been placed on

this spot in my sleep, I should not have known on waking where I was, so entirely have its old features vanished away. A railroad is now being cut through the middle of my father's farm, within forty rods east of the house. Modes of living, dress, food, and furniture, — all, is unlike what it was fifteen years ago, — all is greatly improved in many respects. I cannot tell you how grateful to our feelings was the quiet and stillness of the Sabbath. Contrasted with a Sabbath in Turkey it seemed almost as if we were reposing in one of the holy bowers of Eden, before sin had been let loose to mar and ruin all. The state of religion seems to me not to be prosperous here, and I fear it is languishing in the country generally.

I cannot tell you what a consoling and cordial welcome we meet with on all sides, nor how unworthy we feel of being so kindly received. Oh, how unprofitable a servant have I been! Shall I ever be any better?

[To the same.]

Cleveland, September 26.

Dear Brother Goodell, — At Andover and Worcester we met many of our old friends. It was very grateful to me to find that the flight of time, that brushes away many of the brightest hues of life, had not brushed us out of their affectionate remembrances. They seemed gratified to hear from you, and inquire whether you are likely to revisit your native land.

I cannot tell you with what deep interest I think of you all, nor how unmeet a vessel I feel myself to have been for our Heavenly Master's use among you on missionary ground. After much fatigue from

journeying, innumerable welcome greetings of beloved relatives and friends, constant conversation, and the high excitement of passing through these new scenes in this new world, it has been most grateful to us both to find, as we have done, in the family of our brother and sister here, a season for retirement, and calm reflection and prayer. How does the soul need time and place to wait upon the Lord without distraction! How do we all need to watch unto prayer, that our prayers may not be hindered!

The people are all naturally anxious to hear about the East, and they must be gratified; but when one is telling the story the thousandth time, it sometimes seems like filling one's belly with the east wind and reasoning with speeches wherewith he can do no good. But *nolens volens*, the story must be told, and I trust, in some instances at least, it is not quite in vain. The Christian people in this country still need information concerning missions after all that has been done in this way.

I long to hear that the Lord is raising up men among the Greeks no less than among the Armenians, to whom he will say, "Ye are my witnesses." When will their priests cease to be no better than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals? My heart has been greatly affected this week in thinking of them. When will the Spirit of life from God, enter into them, and move them to preach a gospel to the people which will be to them spirit and life?

I can give you no just idea of the meeting of the Board at Worcester, nor will you be able to form a just conception of it from the reports in the New York Observer and the Evangelist, though both pre-

sent a fair and faithful outline. It is but an outline, however, and the half is not told. The seeing of the eye, and the hearing of the ear, are always wanting in the most faithful and elaborate report. It can at best give only the skeleton. It cannot present the flashing and the tearful eye, the melting and the impassioned tones of the voice, the speaking countenance, and the impressive gesticulation. I saw and heard and felt, till I had scarcely any power left to see or hear or feel any more, and left the town worn-out with fatigue. I trust, however, that it has done us good. It has certainly given us this impression, that the missionary cause has penetrated and pervaded the bosoms of a countless multitude in our native country.

Sabbath scenes and Sabbath bells, how they do impress my heart! How do they tell me, by contrast with the scenes in the East, of the infinite value of the gospel and its holy institutions. I do not wonder that Satan hates the light of the Gospel, and sets all his agents, popes, patriarchs, Puseyites, and faithless priests, and all lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, in battle array against it. But, blessed be God, its light is shining, and I trust it will shine more and more unto the perfect day, till like the sun in the firmament of heaven it shall break through every cloud, and cheer and revive this dark and dying world with its beams.

How do I love to think of you all, and to pray for you all, in the private chamber, in the family circle, and in the great congregation, that the blessed God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, would bless and enrich you with all wisdom and all utterance, and

enable you to make known the gospel as you ought to speak. (How much pride and earthly ambition, and how many desires of vainglory enter into the hearts of men and mar and spoil in the sight of God thousands of actions which are lauded and highly esteemed among men! May the blessed God create in us all a clean heart, and renew in us a right spirit, purge us and make us clean, and wash us till we become whiter than snow!) Let us pray this prayer of David over and over for ourselves till we die. I feel the need of it more and more.

In all my public addresses, I urge on my Christian brethren the duty and the privilege of prayer for you, and all our missionary brethren, your children, and the natives, especially those who have believed through grace. Pray assure my dear Armenian brethren of my love, and that many pray for them in this good land. Many give thanks on their account, hearing of their faith in the Lord.

The woful mania of speculation became some years ago a raging epidemic, from which few men, with money or without any, escaped. The prospect of sudden riches was so bright, that more than a few men, generally sober and considerate, became dazzled by it to such an extent as to part with their reason and sound judgment, and plunge into the wildest speculations. The consequence has been, that they have bought wisdom by sinking a fortune. To Christian men, this has been a most valuable lesson. They have learned not to trust in uncertain riches, having seen them so suddenly taking wings and flying away. Prosperity seems now to be returning to our country generally, flowing into it with

a full tide. Every thing indicates this wherever we go. I hope our repudiating States will pay their debts, and thus tell the world that they are as honest as they are prosperous.

It seems strange to me to receive letters so seldom as I now do. Indeed I hardly seem to have any longer a place in that world where I once lived, all is so changed. I trust, however, that my thoughts and affections carry me now more frequently, constantly, and powerfully, to a better though an unseen world, and an unseen Saviour. I trust you all find that the Lord is with your spirits, comforting and guiding and assisting you in all your troubles, and in every good work. Peace, love, and fulness of joy be with you, and all the brethren and sisters associated with you.

Cleveland, November 5.

My dear Brother Calhoun, — Many thanks for your kind and most welcome letter of September 6th, which came to hand to-day. How many most welcome and edifying recollections did it awaken in my bosom! I cannot tell you how many affectionate and grateful remembrances I still cherish of you and all the beloved brethren and sisters with whom my lot was so long cast, and from whom we are now so widely separated in presence, but not in heart. If I cannot say with Paul, that always in every prayer of mine, I make request for you and them all with joy, I can most truly say, that it is my precious privilege and joy to do this daily, and that every item and word of intelligence from you or them, is full of interest to me. I cannot tell you how painful to me was the hour of our parting from you and our

friends in the East; it was far more painful than the hour that gave me the last glimpse of my native shores almost twenty-three years ago, and my heart is still agitated with tender emotions, as often as I revisit in thought that land of those dear brethren whom I am probably not to behold again till time is no more.

How do you feel on that goodly mountain of Lebanon? Does that elevation bring you nearer to the gate of heaven, and secure to you more intimate fellowship with the Father and the Son? Blessed be God, this most precious privilege may be enjoyed in the humblest vale as fully as on the highest mountain, on the troubled sea as well as on the dry land.

What we shall do, or where our lot is to be cast, is as yet altogether unknown to us. My feeble endeavors, as a preacher, seem to be quite as acceptable to our Christian brethren as I had any reason to expect they would be. I think I never felt as now how unmeet a vessel I am for the Master's use; but I am encouraged by the fact that God has chosen weak things, base things, things despised, and even things that are not, to bring to naught things that are, in order that no flesh should glory in his presence. How should this encourage us in our weakness! The Lord employed Jonah, rebellious and disobedient as he was, fleeing from his presence, and murmuring and repining, as the instrument of bringing the inhabitants of that exceedingly great city of Nineveh to repentance, and that, too, by the utterance of one short sentence; and no wonder, for it was the preaching that God bade him. A shepherd's sling, the jawbone of an ass, and the blast of

rams' horns, were sufficient, under God's direction, to kill the giant of Gath, to slay the Philistines in heaps upon heaps, and to level the high walls of Jericho with the dust. While we remember the saying of our Lord, "Without me ye can do nothing," let us not forget that we can do all things, all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. Yes, we can.

This new world, our birthplace, unlike the old one where you sojourn, is greatly agitated at this moment by the presidential elections, vain janglings, divers strange doctrines, schisms, Millerisms, and other *isms* equally foolish, doating, absurd, and ruinous. (It seems as if more than a few, and some of them otherwise estimable and apparently pious men, had parted with their reason and common sense, and, losing sight of the fixed stars in the firmament of heaven, were running after every meteor whose electric but momentary flash astonishes a foolish world.) But this is no new thing under the sun. It has been so in the old time that was before us. This excessive folly and madness in some, is teaching most impressive lessons of wisdom to a multitude of others. But say unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! It must needs be that such offences come, though there is a woe to them by whom they come; but the Lord knows how to overrule them all for his own glory and the good of his kingdom, and this should satisfy us.

Did you ever ponder the memorable words of our Lord to his disciples, "As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." How wonderful is this! He did not love them as a

mother does her sucking child, or as Jonathan loved David, or as David loved Absalom, but infinitely more; yes, as the Father loved him! And if we are his, does he love us, even us, unlovely as we know ourselves to be, less than he did those ancient disciples? Oh may we both continue in his love till death, and forever!

Dec. 19.— We are still at Cleveland. The rigors of winter have now come upon us in furious winds, dark clouds, and chilling snow-storms. Who can stand before the cold of this climate after fifteen years spent in the mild clime of Ionia? It takes hold of me like an armed man, though it invigorates us.

Pray salute all our dear brethren with you by name from us both. Our heart's desire and prayer for them all is, that the Lord Jesus Christ may ever be with their spirits.

Cleveland, November 20.

My dear Mother, — The hope of soon seeing you has been the cause of my delaying to write you till the present moment. It is now certain we cannot see you, as we had hoped, this autumn. Martha's arm is still too lame and weak and painful to justify us in exposing her to the trials of a journey of seven hundred miles at this season of the year. We lose, too, the happiness of seeing Daniel and Charles again. This is a great trial to us, after so long a separation from them. But it is all right. Though I cannot anticipate the happiness of keeping the coming Thanksgiving with my dear mother under the roof and on the spot where I was born, as I greatly desired to do, I still cherish the hope of

keeping an eternal thanksgiving with you; and may I not hope, also, with my departed father and all my dear brothers and sisters, the departed and the survivors, in our Heavenly Father's house of many mansions? This is my joyful hope, through the abounding grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

1845.

Finding it necessary to spend the winter in Ohio, Mr. Temple accepted the invitation of the Presbyterian Church in Painesville to supply their pulpit for a season. There was an unquiet and disturbed state of affairs in the church, which gave special value to his eminently pious and pacifying labors. The affliction from which Mrs. Temple suffered, prevented her accompanying him, and to this circumstance this work is indebted for a number of extracts from letters addressed her during this temporary separation.

Painesville, January 4.

VERY DEAR MARTHA, — I was disturbed on my way hither by finding soon after I left you, that I had not taken the key of my trunk. There is something to be learned from such little accidents. They tell us, in strong language, how important it is always to be ready. In this case, however, the stage came half an hour before the time appointed, and there was the very best apology for our being unready. When the last hour shall come, may it not be like a thief in the night to us! How awful must be the coming of the Son of Man to one who has made no preparation for such an event. Let us constantly

watch and pray, lest coming suddenly, he find us unprepared!

I think I have not suffered in the slightest degree from coming here, and see reason to hope I may be able to preach with little inconvenience to-morrow. Paul sometimes found that his hearers did not despise his infirmity and temptation in the flesh, but received him as an angel of God, even as Jesus Christ. May the Lord bless my ministrations to the joy, comfort, and edification of his little flock in this town. Pray aid me with your prayers. I am, with more affection than I can express, your husband.

[To the same.]

I trust your poor suffering arm, precious to you, and not less so to me, is daily improving, and may soon be so restored, that your right hand will no longer forget her cunning. Should we not rejoice over this limb restored to soundness, more than we formerly did over all the others that have not been impaired? Perhaps it is our Father's design, by impairing and restoring this one limb, to secure from us the lively gratitude which we had never felt while all our members remained unimpaired.

Jan. 15. — This day reminds me of scenes long since past. It is eighteen years this morning since Rachel went to her rest in a better world. How thankful should I be, that the Lord provided for me a dear Martha when he called a beloved Rachel away. What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?

I preached last Sabbath twice, and conducted a prayer-meeting in the evening without any great inconvenience from cough, though my reins, from

pain in them, instructed me afterwards in the night season, and my eyes prevented the dawning of the morning, being held waking. I always feel the happier, you know, for having been fatigued on the Sabbath. In all such labor, I find there is profit for me, if for no one else.

I had yesterday a conversation of more than two hours with a pious mother, who came to deplore and confess her irritable disposition, her faultfinding temper towards her children. She wept, and seemed to deplore this great and grievous evil, both as it affects her own character and her usefulness in her family. She seemed to know and feel that it impairs her influence over her children, sours their dispositions, disgusts them towards religion, and puts their souls into great peril of being lost for ever. Still the habit had been so early formed and so long indulged, that she feared it was incurable, though she had made it, and still makes it, a subject of daily lamentation and prayer.

I told her I could find no language to express my sense of the magnitude of this evil, this crying, aggravated sin, and urged her, as she valued the peace of her family, the salvation of her soul, and the honor of religion, to set herself, by prayer and fasting and humble confession before God, to check and conquer this temper without delay, encouraging her to hope this may be accomplished, but only through the special grace of God in Christ. She has a promising son and daughter, both pious, and fears that her perpetual scolding and faultfinding have greatly damped and almost checked the spirit of piety in them. Solomon compares this evil to a continual dropping in

a very rainy day. It will wear an impression into the hardest stone, and is more to be dreaded than an occasional hail-storm, that lasts only for a short season, and is followed by clear shining.

I am thankful that such a dropping has never been heard in my house; had it been, I think I should have wished, more than a thousand times, that I was a hermit in the wilderness.

Had I the wings of a dove, you would see me very soon; but as I have only the legs of a man, or the strength of the horse to convey me, I must wait a little with patience, commending you meantime to God, who is able to keep you from falling, and to watch between us while separated the one from the other. I do not forget my dear right arm which you carry at your side. How kindly and cheerfully it has served me for a long course of years! May it be restored whole as the other. With you, or away from you, I am always your very affectionate husband.

My dear Brother Charles, — I am now supplying a vacant pulpit, at a distance of thirty miles from Cleveland, where Martha remains with brother and sister Taylor, enjoying every comfort, attention, and accommodation, that kindness, the most Christian and fraternal, can suggest. Such fraternal kindness in our circumstances, after so long a sojourn in Turkey, is more grateful than you can easily conceive. I cannot tell you how kind and fraternal a reception we have met in all directions, since our arrival in this country. It is all an expression of our Heavenly Father's kindness and love to us, and demands our liveliest gratitude to him.

I trust your health and your dear children's is quite restored, and that you enjoy the happiness I long for, though with little expectation of ever knowing it again, of having the candle of the Lord shine upon your tabernacle and your children about you. I have now no tabernacle for that candle to shine upon, and my children are far from me, no two of my beloved family being now together. But it is well. One half of what was once my beloved family sleeps quietly on the island of Malta, and the surviving ones are scattered from Maine to the far West. Again I say, it is well. It is as the Lord would have it, and this should, and I trust does, more than satisfy me. My joyful hope is, that, broken and scattered and sifted as my dear family is, a part of it buried in the old world, and the remainder isolated sojourners in the new, it will, at last, all be brought together in our Heavenly Father's house, where our blessed Lord is bringing together in one the children of God now scattered abroad, bringing them from the East and the West, his sons from afar, and his daughters from the ends of the earth!

This great valley of the West is a region of great importance and promise to our country and to the world. I had, and could have no just idea of it, till my eyes had seen it. I should prefer, however, to spend what remains to me of life nearer to the spot that gave us birth. I love New England, for it is the glory of all lands, for its general intelligence, its sterling virtues, its enterprising sons and daughters, and its Christian privileges. Oh that its people knew how great are their privileges, and consequently, how great their responsibilities!

[To his wife.]

January 23.

We had, last night, a very delightful and edifying prayer-meeting. I am happy to find in this church many choice Christian spirits, who seem to love the truth, and to take delight in approaching to God in prayer. This encourages me to hope that my coming to them has not been, and will not be, in vain. The hearts of all the brethren and sisters, or, at least, of a good portion of them, seemed to be tenderly affected last evening. I read and commented on the first chapter of the Acts, dwelling especially on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I trust that many longed and prayed for this promised gift of the Spirit. Oh should there be a revival of religion here through my poor ministrations, what cause for eternal praise and gratitude would this afford us both! Is this too much to hope for? At the very best, the ministry of reconciliation is committed to earthen vessels, and for this very striking reason, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of man.

It is a consolation and an encouragement to me to know, that in the weakest and most worthless of these earthen vessels, the excellency of the Divine power can, and often does display itself, in a manner that gives joy to the angels in heaven. What may we not hope for, through the abounding grace of God, reconciling the world to himself in Jesus Christ? The smallest blessing, the most limited measure of grace, is infinitely more than the best man on earth deserves; but the greatest of blessings, yes, the infinite riches of Divine grace treasured up in Christ, are not too great for God our Heavenly Father to bestow

on the vilest sinner, the most unworthy of all flesh, for the sake of Christ and through his mediation! How does God delight where sin abounded to make grace much more abound. May this grace abound and superabound in us both. Let us not consent to be like wells without water, when the fountain of life is full and overflowing.

What thanks shall we render to God our Heavenly Father for his great mercy in so far restoring your arm; and what for the infinitely greater mercy in restoring, as we hope, our souls! A restored limb must after all return with the body to the dust; but the precious soul renewed, restored, and sanctified, shall, at the appointed day, return to God, to behold, to be with, and to be like the glorified Saviour for ever! How sweetly does David sing of his good Shepherd, He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. May this good Shepherd restore our souls, and lead us, with the sweet psalmist of Israel, in the same paths, for his name's sake, even till we shall have passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

I cannot tell you how great a comfort it is to me to have something to do, something to work with, and to work upon. To beat the air, or to spend one's life like a tale that is told, is to me vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit. As the shadows grow longer and our sun is hastening towards its going down to rise no more, how should we be roused to work while the day lasts, before the night comes in which no man can work. Will you not ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Disease has compelled your right hand to forget to some extent her cunning;

but your tongue does not yet cleave to the roof of your mouth. Cannot this become like the tree of life bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding its fruit not only every month but every day? How blessed would be such a tongue!

How thankful should we have reason to be, could we find a useful home together, not separated as now, having no certain dwelling-place. If this is best for us, God will provide it in his own good time. The thought of having a tabernacle again for the candle of the Lord to shine upon, and of having our children about us even for a season, as in former years, touches one of the tenderest chords of my heart. Blessed be God for those happy days! The remembrance of them is sweet, though they should no more return, and our sons should never again meet us under our own roof.

I hope sister is no longer confined to her chair by her lame foot. Though she is not now one of those who can

> "Come and trip it as they go,
> On the light fantastic toe,"

I hope she is one of those who know how to behave and quiet themselves, like a child weaned of his mother, when the Father of their spirits corrects them for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness.

I hope this cold weather does not affect you unfavorably. I feel it when I go abroad; but as the poor African said, "I can bear the cold as well as anybody, only give me a good fire," so say I. Away from a good fire the cold penetrates me sensibly, though I do not perceive that it affects my health in

the least. What should we have done this winter in bleak New England? It was mercy that sent us out of it and kept us out of it till now.

When the spring opened Mr. Temple went to Cincinnati, at the invitation of an old and valued friend, to present the missionary cause there, and at other places in its vicinity. Having visited Marietta and Western Reserve Colleges, and the Lane Theological Seminary, and preached at New Albany and Madison, Ia., being received at all these places with a Christian warmth of kindness of which he delighted to speak, he turned his steps towards New England, where he visited his mother and his two sons, one at Amherst College, the other in the Bangor Theological Seminary. The following letters were written during these wanderings.

Cincinnati, March 24.

DEAR BROTHER GOODELL, — The West is a world of wonders and magic to us, as we pass through it with our ears and our eyes wide open. I cannot tell you half of what I think of it as it now is, nor one thousandth part of what I think of it as it is destined soon to be. Oh that the spirit of God may sanctify its young, vigorous, and aspiring energies, and bring into his service all its boundless, though, as yet, undeveloped resources. The mightiest monarchies and empires of ancient days are destined without doubt to dwindle into insignificance when compared with the empire that is rising rapidly in this Western world. Its soil, its climate, its rivers and lakes, its mines and productions, all seem to intimate that it was made for some grand purpose. Oh that

its population may not, as a people, live without God!

We hope to return to New England in May, but know not what is for us. The Lord will provide. Since Adam was driven from the earthly paradise, neither he nor any of his posterity has been allowed to return to it; but a better is reserved for us, I trust.

Bangor, July 17.

My dear Charles, — On our passage in the steamer Charter Oak, from Portland to this place, we were brought into most imminent danger at a little past eleven o'clock, yesterday morning, while sailing in a dense fog. Within one or two minutes after sounding, and finding ten fathoms of water, the boat drifted upon a rock a little aft midships. In an instant all was consternation on board. The timbers cracked fearfully, three or four planks on each side of the gentlemen's cabin floor started up two inches or more, and the iron supporters in the cabin were bent, and the boat lurched in such a manner as to fill us all with the awful apprehension that she would go to pieces in a few moments. There were on board 118 passengers and 41 sailors, besides several little children. We knew not where we were. All faces were pale with fear; some of the ladies shrieked and groaned and fainted, and seemed as if they would die with fright; nor was this confined to the ladies, for some of the gentlemen exhibited very little fortitude, and some of the ladies were calm, exhibiting a very edifying example of pious trust in God. After lying in this state half an hour, the Lord commanded deliverance for us, and the boat

without any human aid, was raised from the rock and floated safely on the bosom of the waves. What a moment of joy was that to us all! Still, however, we were not without fears that her bottom might be so injured that she would soon fill with water and sink. We found, however, that she made very little water, and then our alarm partially vanished. We rang our bell for aid, and shortly two fishermen came and informed us what our position was. How welcome to all our hearts were those two hardy sons of the ocean! We made a collection for them, and they returned to their business.

Feeling now that all danger was passed, and there being on board Rev. Dr. Bullard, of St. Louis, and a Baptist clergyman from Bangor, it was proposed that we all meet on deck, and offer hearty thanksgivings to the God of all grace for this signal deliverance. This was accordingly done. The Baptist brother read the 107th and 91st Psalms. I then made a few remarks, and offered prayer and thanksgiving, and was followed by a warm exhortation from Dr. B. I never saw an audience more moved. Many eyes were streaming with tears, as I trust of lively gratitude to God, for saving us all from so great a death.

The whole scene, from beginning to end, was one of the most affecting, solemn, and impressive that I have ever witnessed. It cannot be forgotten by me, and I trust it will be remembered with sincerest gratitude for ever, by many of our fellow passengers. It gave me an opportunity for very serious, and I hope profitable conversation with several on board, on the necessity of being constantly prepared for death. It was exceedingly edifying to us to find so many

Christian brethren and sisters among our fellow passengers, so many Christian hearts beating in unison. But for this scene, we should have parted without knowing each other.

Having visited these friends, and attended the annual meeting of the Board at Brooklyn, Mr. Temple spent a few weeks in Connecticut, addressing auxiliary missionary societies, and presenting the missionary cause to the churches. He also supplied the pulpit at Wolcottville for a few weeks. Late in the fall, he accepted an invitation to supply for a year, the pulpit of the South Church, in Concord, N. H., during the temporary absence of its pastor, in pursuit of health.

Colchester, October 10.

DEAR MARTHA, — I came to this town last evening, after the rain, yes, in the "clear shining after the rain." How did this clear shining cheer me after so cloudy and gloomy a day, rendered doubly more so to me by overfatigue on the two preceding days. As I rode along on my way, I could not help thinking how bright and glorious heaven will be to one who has passed through the toils and storms and sorrows of this transitory world, and how blessed to reach that holy world where all the former things are done away, — sorrow, temptations, and sins, with their bitter consequences past forever! As the sun went down upon me on my way hither, and the shadows of evening stretched themselves out, I looked up with unutterable interest and delight at the moon, and the brilliant stars, declaring the glory of God, and showing his handiwork. I think my heart felt grateful

to God for that greater and brighter Light than sun or moon or stars, shining on this world, and filling it with light.

In reference to our future lot, let us behave and quiet ourselves like weaned children, submitting it to the wise disposition of our Heavenly Father, knowing that he will provide for us. Have we entreated him as we ought to lead us and guide us and make our way plain before us? We may have done so in word, but not in heart.

Let us not indulge one moment's anxiety about a home on earth, but rather bless God that he cares for us, and knows what we need, and will supply all our wants according to his precious promise in Jesus Christ. It is enough that he has provided an eternal home for all his people in his heavenly kingdom. Let us think much more of that, than of an earthly home; much more of being with and like our Saviour, seeing him as he is in his kingdom, than of any situation on earth. My mind was much impressed this morning, with Is. xxvi. 4, "Trust ye in the Lord forever:" oh, let us trust in him, not for a day or a year only, but forever and ever, for he is a faithful God through all generations!

May your Sabbath be one of the happiest you have known, aiding you in pious thoughts, earnest prayers, and holy and heavenly aspirations; I do not say, not forgetting your affectionate husband, for neither of us has occasion to say to the other, Remember me.

Concord, November 24.

My dear Mother, — Though it will not be my happiness to be with you, as I had hoped, on the

coming Thanksgiving anniversary, I am still anxious to assure you, that my heart is ever with you, and my dear brothers and sisters who are about you. Had I consulted my feelings alone on this occasion, you would have seen me among your sons who will cheer you, I trust, with their presence at the table where we all once so often met with our departed father and brothers and sisters, now numbered with the generations that are gone the way of all the earth.

How many touching, affecting, and hallowed associations and remembrances is this day adapted to awaken in our bosoms! How should it remind us of that infinite love of God who gave his only begotten Son for us all, and through him is freely giving us all things! This love is the origin of our blessings. It is an ocean, sending out copious and countless streams to water and refresh the whole universe. Streams have been gushing forth from it ever since time began, and they will continue to gush forth and flow on, when time shall be no more. How full of mercy has the past year been to the country! How full to you, to me, to us all!

I trust it is my desire that God would enable me to minister to this people in the fulness of the Gospel of Christ. If I know my heart, it is my sincerest desire and prayer, that they may all be saved.

I hope you will find and take much time for prayer, now when the cares of this world press on you no longer. "Enter into thy closet," says our Lord to us all, "and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Is not this wonderful, that a reward should be promised

for discharging so important a duty, and for enjoying so precious a privilege, as that of going with freedom and boldness to the throne of grace, to ask from God the pardon of our sins, and the supply of all our wants, temporal and spiritual? Does this merit such an open reward? The unjust judge, far from promising any reward to the poor widow that came to implore his aid, was anxious, mainly, to get rid of her importunity; but God our Heavenly Father, the righteous Judge of all the earth, promises us a reward for our importunity. Will not you abound in this duty? Shall not your prayers come up daily before God as a memorial for all your children and grandchildren, memorials recorded there to remain when your prayers shall have ended, and your spirit shall be with the spirits of just men made perfect?

Since I came here, I have heard that Mrs. ——, the widow of the former pastor in this town, called her children around her dying bed, and said to them, "I die in the full persuasion you will all become the children of God," though not one of them was then pious. She has now been sleeping with the dead six years, and her eldest son is deacon in this church, and all her children appear to be pious. Was not this in answer probably to her prayers in her closet? How openly is she rewarded! How will she feel rewarded when she finds all her children with her in her Heavenly Father's house! There may you find all yours at the last day!

The following letters were written during Mr. Temple's residence at Concord: —

Concord, December 11.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER TAYLOR, — We feel thankful to you both for the kind interest you feel and so abundantly express for us. It is consoling to feel assured that we have entered the door our Heavenly Father opened to us. It is our hope that, as he directed our steps here, his blessing may be on our feeble endeavors to serve him among this people. We shall probably feel the rigors of a New England winter; but we do not know in what manner we could be better protected from the cold in this climate than we are.

I am listened to with good attention in my public ministrations, and the church and people are not distracted as in many, if not most other places where we have been, by the exciting and distracting topics which minister questions and strifes rather than godly edification. (I do hope the time is at hand when the churches in all our land will have rest, walking in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and being edified, and having favor with all the people.)

DEAR BROTHER CALVIN, — God, our Heavenly Father, is dealing with us as with sons in this world. What son is there whom the Father chastens not? But all our chastenings are for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. Never does he afflict his people willingly, or grieve the children of men. Still, however, he does afflict and grieve them often, and this is true of those whom he has chosen and whom he loves as the apple of his eye. "As many as I love," he says, "I rebuke and chasten." The end he proposes in this, is the obedience of his children.

Here our Heavenly Father sets before us his own example of bringing up children. Do you think we can find a better one? It has been tried for almost six thousand years, and all that have gone from heaven to earth, have been prepared for that holy world by his discipline. It is only the bastards, and not the sons, who have been without chastisement. But how kindly have all his chastisements been inflicted! Even when he speaks against them, he earnestly remembers them still; his bowels of love are moved in pity and his repentings are kindled together. Here, too, is our example. He does not always chide, nor will he keep his anger forever. May you, my dear brother, be a follower of God as a dear son in the education and discipline of your dear children. Children should be taught effectually to obey from a very early age; and if they are not so taught in early infancy, it will be no easy task to impress this lesson upon them at a more advanced period.

In all directions where I go, I meet most painful proofs that children are not thoroughly taught to obey their parents. Will they obey God when allowed to disobey their parents? No, surely not. The first lesson a child should learn should be, obedience to its parents. If it is not so, the child will probably be ruined. My observation and experience for more than fifty years, have given me this impression, and it is continually sinking more and more into my heart.

A child can be and ought to be made to obey before it can be reasoned with. God calls us often to do and to suffer many things, without giving the

reasons for them. He merely says, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.

No two children are exactly alike in their dispositions, though the offspring of the same parent. Persuasion will succeed with one, when only coercion will avail with another. A word or a look, with one, will make an impression which only the rod of correction will make upon another. Parents must study and understand the dispositions of their children, and then act accordingly. Many parents are training up their children in the way in which they *will* go, not in the way they should go, and there is too much reason to fear, that when they are old they will not depart from it. The Lord assist you to train up yours for him and for his kingdom.

My very dear Mother, — I have been meditating with much interest this morning, on that gracious covenant which God has made with his people, in which he promises to be merciful to their unrighteousness, and to remember their sins and iniquities no more. David says, He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger forever. He is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him; and as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Who can measure the height of heaven, or who can tell us how far the east is from the west? How consoling it is to be assured that all our sins, as soon as we believe in Christ, are removed from us as far as the east is from the west, and that they will never

be remembered nor mentioned to us by our Heavenly Father. When the prodigal son returned to his father, he saw him while he was yet a great way off, and had compassion on him, and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him, filled with unutterable joy that he had received him again safe and sound. He did not chide him, nor mention nor allude to his follies and sins. In this beautiful, inimitable, and touching parable, our Lord presents us an image of our Heavenly Father, who sees the returning sinner afar off, and is moved with compassion towards him, and comes to meet him and receive him with joy, and give him the most cordial welcome to all the blessedness of his heavenly kingdom.

Have not we, my dear mother, returned to our Heavenly Father? I trust we have with the same feeling and the same confession as that young man. If it is so in truth, then we may be assured that our welcome has been as cordial as his was. We may, and we ought to remember our sins for our humiliation, and to break the power of our pride; but he will not remember them; he will not mention them to us any more; he blots them out as a cloud, and as a thick cloud.

It is well and right for us to think of them. God commanded his ancient people Israel to remember their ways, and all their doings in which they had been defiled, and to loathe themselves for all the evils which they had committed. Why should we not do the same? But while we thus loathe ourselves, we must admire and love our gracious Saviour, and rejoice in that plenteous redemption that is in him. Oh what a precious, glorious truth it is, that the

blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin! We are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with something infinitely more valuable, even the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb slain without blemish and without spot. How precious, then, should Christ be to us! To him let us be ever looking as the Author and Finisher of our faith, praying him continually to enlighten and sanctify and save us, for he is the light of the world, and its only Saviour.

1846.

January 28.

Dear Brother and Sister Taylor, — The sight of our trunk yesterday, revived in us a most lively and grateful impression of our obligations to you both. The house whence it came, the room where it had stood so long, and the dear brother and sister who had given to us and to it so kind a welcome and so happy a home for so many months, all were brought with it so vividly to our minds, that we immediately bowed our knees by the side of it in our quiet and retired chamber, and thanked the Father of all our mercies for his great kindness in giving us such friends. It is our consolation to feel assured that he will give you both a full reward. I would wish to receive every favor from friends, not as from them alone, but rather as from God through them. How would all our blessings be endeared, and their value enhanced in our estimation, should we regard them as we ought, as coming from the invisible hand of our Father who is in heaven, feeling always that as he has not spared his own Son, but delivered him

up freely for us all, so he is freely giving us all things for his sake.

Dear Brother Mack, — Our Heavenly Father has borne us as on eagles' wings, and kept us as the apple of his eye thus far during this winter, and we have suffered almost nothing, comparatively, from its rigors. Indeed, I think we have neither of us suffered, but rather improved in health since we came into this northern latitude. All our circumstances have been ordered in great kindness, every day giving us the most abundant proof that our Heavenly Father cares for us. Why do we not see his hand more distinctly in the countless comforts and blessings that crown our lives? Why do we not feel that in him we live and move and have our being? that of him and to him and through him are all things? Why do we not feel every day that it is not the sun that shines upon us, but God through the sun, who makes it rise on the evil and the good? that it is not food that nourishes our frail bodies, but God through that food? Does the precious Sabbath come, and the bell ring to summon us to the house of prayer? why should we not feel that this is heaven's dawn in emblem, and God's voice proclaiming his mercy and grace to us? And why should we not regard every page of the Bible as an epistle dictated by our Heavenly Father's love, and addressed to us, telling of the kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world, and of the inheritance of the saints in light?

I trust we are enabled more and more to pray, "Thy kingdom come," and that we find ever increas-

ing evidence that the kingdom of God is within us. Oh how blessed we should be, should the blessed God our Saviour, who has prepared his throne in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all, prepare his throne in like manner in our hearts, and reign there in like manner, all the noble powers of our souls bowing to his will as his angels do before his heavenly throne. Should this be done, would not the kingdom of heaven be within us?

February 14.

My dear Mother, — I am thankful that I am permitted to offer you my filial and hearty congratulations on this anniversary of your seventy-seventh birthday! How few of the companions of your youth have survived the flight of those years! How many of them have said to corruption, "Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my sister and mother. The clods of the valley are sweet unto them!" But you live while they die. What striking proof have you had during this long life that God has cared for you! Have you lacked any good thing from the beginning till now, from the days of your infancy till your head is covered with the gray hairs of old age?

All your children know how kindly you have cared for them; how tender and how constant your solicitude has been about their food and clothing, their health and reputation and happiness; and, more than all, for the eternal salvation of their souls. But, great and kind and constant and tender as your care has been for them, it bears no comparison with the care of your Heavenly Father for us. You have in-

deed carefully numbered all your children, and been attentive to all their minutest wants, as long as they were under your maternal and watchful care; but the care of our Heavenly Father for them and for you, extends beyond all your thoughts. With all the affection of your maternal heart, and with all your watchful and unceasing care, extending to the minutest articles of their food and raiment, from earliest infancy to the days of their mature age, did you ever once think of counting the hairs of the head of one of them? Did any mother or father ever think of doing such a thing?

But so dear to God, our Heavenly Father, are all his children, that the very hairs of their head are all numbered by him! If, then, so minute, so small a thing as the hair of our heads is numbered and registered by him; if not a hair can turn gray or fall from our heads and perish, without his special providence, who has numbered them all, may we not be fully assured that he is attentive to all our wants, and will supply them, if we look to him with filial confidence and love? If our hairs, so soon to perish, and so worthless in our esteem that we cut them off and throw them away, are of so much consequence in his sight, that he numbers them all, then how precious are our undying souls, which have been redeemed by the blood of his only Son! Does he not care infinitely more for them than for the poor perishing hairs of our heads?

A letter from William informs me that you had fallen, and felt, to some extent, the effects of your fall. What a mercy it is that God has kept all your bones for seventy-seven years, so that not one of them

has ever been broken! I trust you will find yourself soon restored, and that the Lord will graciously preserve your going out and your coming in, from this time forth and forever. If our Father's providence is concerned in the fall of a sparrow to the ground, how much more in the fall of one of his own dear children! These frail bodies must finally fall into the grave, but they will rise again at the last day.

[To a son, teaching.]

DEAR SON, — I hope you will give your pupils line upon line, and precept upon precept, never discouraged, though you may see no satisfactory evidence that your instructions are appreciated. Childhood and youth are vanity, but still are capable of receiving instruction, and do often receive deep and permanent impressions when they seem to be inattentive and unimpressed. This should encourage us to persevere.

You remember the meetings I used to conduct at Lady Georgiana's, at Pietà, Malta, when Mrs. S. and her daughters attended. I knew not at the time that any impression was made on the mind of either of them; but the evidence of this has been very abundant and satisfactory since. Two of them are now, I trust, in heaven, and the remaining one seems to be on her way thither. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; yes, in the evening, as well as the morning.

It is now morning with all your precious charge. May the Lord give you eminently the spirit of prayer, that you may sow the incorruptible seed not in vain.

My dear Sister, — We are sometimes tempted to think that our trials are very peculiar, and we think so because we are as ignorant of the trials of others as they of ours. Every heart knows its own bitterness; but it is the privilege of us all to make our sorrows known to our sympathizing Saviour. David said, Mine eye poureth out tears unto God. This was wise and pious in him, and it is wise and pious in us to imitate his example.

In all our troubles we should look above and beyond all instruments to God, who is the sovereign agent, and only employs or permits men and devils to be instruments in our trials. They are only the rod; the hand is his, and there is always honey at the *end* of the rod with which he chastises us.

I think of you, and pray for you, my very dear sister, with a brother's love. Be of good courage. Remember the direction of James, "Is any afflicted? Let him pray!" Pray much, and God will hear and answer, if you pray with all your heart.

Dear Brother, — I am anxious, if possible, to aid you in the present perplexed state of affairs in Reading. At a time when the Israelites were at their wit's end, and knew not what to do, the command of God was, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." Does he not call to you in this language at the present time? You will do well, it seems to me, to stand still now, to wait upon God only, and have your expectation from him alone. (There are times when it is neither safe nor wise to say much to man, but it is always safe and wise and pious to speak much to God.)

Let me entreat you to be much on your guard against the evil and the danger of indulging uncharitable dispositions towards any one. I know it is not natural to you to indulge such a spirit, but circumstances sometimes give birth to feelings which ordinarily have no place in our bosoms.

It is spiritual death to me to think and speak and feel unkindly and bitterly towards any one. An uncharitable disposition makes the soul wither. Let us not think evil of any one; but if the thought enter our mind, let us lay our hand on our mouth. If the fire burn in our bosom, let it not blaze out at our mouths.

Oh for the meek, forbearing, and forgiving spirit of our Lord! How lovely, how godlike, how heavenly was his spirit! Dear brother, there is no danger of pouring out too many tears and prayers to God; but at the present time there is much danger of saying too much to man.

The following letter to Mr. Temple's mother was occasioned by the uneasiness she felt at seeing the farm which had long been held by the family, cut in two by a railroad running through Reading.

July 8.

I joyfully hail all the wonderful inventions and improvements in our times, the increased means of diffusing knowledge, the facilities of communication by sea and land, by the aid of railroads and steamships, as the means which God is preparing to send the gospel to every creature. He has waited for a long time, and now he is hastening this great work,

and will finish it in his own good time. I contemplate these events with great joy as harbingers of brighter and better days nigh at hand. They all seem to say, The night is far spent, and the day is at hand. You would rejoice to see my father's farm cut asunder by a railroad, if you could regard this as a channel which God is opening, through which he is sending the waters of eternal salvation to a multitude of dying men. This is the light in which I am accustomed to regard all these things. Without knowing it, men are in this manner preparing the way of the Lord. They aim at one thing, and he at another. They think only of promoting their own interests, and he only of the interests of his kingdom.

We may well set our hearts at rest in regard to all these things, for it is the Lord's hand that is stretched out. He governed the world wisely and well before we came into it, and he will govern it wisely and well when we are gone from it.

During a temporary absence of his wife Mr. Temple addressed her almost daily in the form of a journal, from which the following extracts are made: —

August 6. — I attended the funeral of Mr. C. this afternoon. The church was crowded, and a multitude went to the grave. So man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. How many of them will go to their Saviour and to their closets I know not, but, I trust, a few at least, and I would be among them.

7. — The weather is delightfully cool this morning.

I feel as if new life had been breathed into my whole soul and body too. I would think with vivid interest of that blessed world, where the sun does not light on the holy inhabitants, nor any heat. How blessed will that day be when the soul will no longer, as now, dwell in a vile body, but in a spiritual one, undecaying and immortal. Now, when the spirit is willing, the flesh is often weak; it would be active as an angel, but who shall deliver it from the body of this death?

10. — I preached twice yesterday; attended the Sabbath-school concert, and afterwards visited Miss F. She seems happy, but could utter only a few words. As I rose to go, she took my hand and drew me to her and kissed me most affectionately, and said, I shall probably not live to see you again. I think it was love to Christ that prompted her thus to express her love to me as his ambassador. She seems to love him truly, and to be looking for his mercy unto eternal life.

Gen. P. with Lucy B., has just called on me. She is returning to her parents with as much happiness as her little bosom can hold. Home, home, sweet home! Let us think much of that home, that blessed, holy, happy home, which our Lord is gone to prepare for us. With the prospect and the promise of such a home for a whole blessed eternity, may we not most joyfully consent to have no certain dwelling-place during our short stay on earth?

13. — Has there ever been another child born with such dispositions as those which characterized our Lord, from the hour of his birth till he expired on the cross? Can a parent be found partial enough to his

child to think so? How delightful would the office of parents be, were they called to train up a family of immortals, all of them having dispositions as holy as those which were at all times exhibited by the child Jesus!

17. — If I could be as certain that my heart follows hard after God, as I am that my affectionate thoughts do eagerly follow after you and Daniel and Charles, I should find no reason to doubt that I am one of his adopted children, for I never need any thing, by day or by night, in solitude or in society, to aid my remembrances of you or of them, for I always have you and them in my heart. An affectionate husband's love is always with you, and I trust our Heavenly Father's blessing, and our Saviour's peace, are at all times with you. Happy are we, if we constrain all who see us to take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

25. — I called this morning on Miss H., who is in the city. We visited the East together, and lived over again in conversation and recollection a part of our past fugitive years. Solomon says, There is no remembrance of former things, and that the things that now are, in the days to come, shall all be forgotten. As he meant it, this is true; but can the former things be forgotten by us? Can we ever forget the years we spent, and the scenes we passed through together in the East? I am quite sure I never can. My heart is sensibly touched and powerfully moved by this interview, which recalls them so vividly to my recollection.

It is three weeks to-day, since you left me. These weeks have not seemed to me but a few days, as the

seven years did to Jacob, which he served for Rachel, for the love he had to her. The same cause which made seven years seem so short to him, has made these weeks seem long to me. I am thankful, however, that I am not called to think of you as one whom I am to see no more till the last day. Though we cannot unite in prayer, I trust still that our prayers are not hindered. How precious is this privilege of commending each other to our Heavenly Father, when separated, no less than when we are together! May he separate our sins infinitely further from us, than we are separated the one from the other.

In the autumn of 1846, the pastor whose place he had supplied, having returned to his people with improved health, Mr. Temple left Concord, but not till after an affecting admonition of the approaching failure of his health, which is described in the following letter: —

Reading, November 17.

Dear Brother Mack, — We left Concord on the 7th inst. Our situation there was very pleasant to us, and I hope my ministrations were not without some benefit to the church and people. All seemed to set as high a value on them as I could reasonably desire, as far as the preacher was concerned; but the precious truth is seldom, if ever, esteemed as it deserves. The glorious gospel of the blessed God does, I trust, become more and more precious to me, as I become better acquainted with my need of such a Saviour as it reveals.

On the 22d ult., after imposing a heavy tax on my lungs by much speaking, in pastoral visits and ex-

position of the Scriptures in the evening, I expectorated, on returning home, a small quantity of blood, apparently from my lungs. From that time till I left Concord, I remained quiet, and for the most part, almost silent, but thoughtful; and, I trust, I can most truly say, that in the multitude of my thoughts within me, the comforts of the spirit delighted and refreshed my soul. I favor my lungs as much as I can, and intend to do so; but (as candles were made to be burnt out in giving light, so were the lungs of a preacher to be used up in making known the unsearchable riches of Christ.) This I desire to do.

1847.

Soon after leaving Concord, Mr. Temple was invited to visit the Presbyterian Church, at Phelps, N. Y., with reference to becoming settled as its pastor. He accepted the invitation, and went there in January, 1847. Soon after arriving, he was invited to assume the pastoral charge, and having finally accepted the call, was installed by the Presbytery, on the 24th of June. This was the only church to which he ever sustained this responsible and endearing relation; and he discharged its duties with exemplary fidelity and diligence. The people were principally farmers, and most of them lived at a distance of three or four, and some of them six or seven miles, from the church. The state of his health rendered it difficult and almost impracticable to visit them much, but he succeeded in attracting many to the weekly prayer-meeting, and exerting an influence which resulted in their being much edified and quickened. The

following letters were written during the first year after Mr. Temple went to Phelps.

February 1.

Dear Brother Mack, — Should the indications of Providence inform us that this is to be the lot of our earthly inheritance for a season, I hope we shall be both satisfied and thankful; and especially should a door of usefulness be opened for us, and my services be accepted of God, and approved by good and devout men. I covet the honor ascribed in the Acts to Apollos, who "helped them much who had believed through grace." It seems to me there is no excellence a preacher should so much desire to attain, as that of excelling to the edification of the Christian church.

I am not well yet, though much improved and improving. I trust I find it good to be afflicted. The merciful design of our Heavenly Father by it is, I am well assured, to make me a partaker of his holiness. His only begotten Son was made perfect through sufferings. Few of the sons of men, if any, ever become holy in any other way. The gold is not purified by being filed and polished, but by passing through the fire.

Happy indeed are we, if we are allowed with good reason to hope that at a future day he will make us glad according to the days in which we have been afflicted, and the years wherein we have seen evil; that our light affliction which is but for a moment, will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! Then, surely, we shall reckon with Paul that the sufferings of this present time are not

worthy to be compared with the glory that is to be revealed in us.

My dear Mother, — Your maternal though not apostolic injunction to "obey my wife," has not been forgotten nor disregarded. I need some one at my elbow to caution me in a thousand things in regard to health, that least appreciated of all blessings while it is enjoyed, and so hard to be recovered when it is once lost. In the uninterrupted enjoyment of health, how apt we are to forget our dependence on the God who gives us every good gift. How many of his gifts come to us from his infinite bounty unsought and unacknowledged, exciting in our frozen bosoms neither love nor gratitude!

I have tried to improve some of my sleepless hours in the night, of late, by recalling to mind happy days and quiet nights in years gone by, which I enjoyed without duly considering to whom I was indebted for favors so great and so long continued. My impaired sight, and the impaired hearing of my right ear, remind me that the seeing eye and the hearing ear are both from the Lord. Oh for a heart to love him, who so loved us that he spared not his Son, and is with him freely giving us all things! How much has he given already! and yet he has only begun to give, and will continue giving to his people more and more for a whole eternity!

1848.

January 6.

My dear Mother, — A painful experience of almost fourscore years, has compelled you to know

and deeply to feel that this world is full of temptation and sin. Satan goes up and down and walks to and fro in it, ever seeking whom he may devour. It is a world where suffering, the consequence of sin, abounds. The whole creation groans and travails together in pain. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

This world is the infancy of our being. Who would be willing to be always an infant? In this world the most gifted minds are but the minds of children. They think, speak, and understand as children. They see, as the apostle declares all Christians do, and even the apostles, too, as a child. Their conceptions of divine and spiritual and heavenly things, are feeble, dim, and childish. They see, at best, only as through a glass darkly. They neither see as they are seen, nor know as they are known. A child does not see as a man sees, nor does he know as a man knows; he cannot take in the extended views, and comprehend the broad plans and purposes of a man. But a man can most easily comprehend all the views, feelings, and thoughts of a child.

Our days on earth are days of infancy and childhood. When, by the grace of God, we shall have accomplished as an hireling our day on earth, and departed to be with Christ which is far better, then we shall see as we are now seen by those who have passed away from this to a better world. Childish piety, childish thoughts and views and feelings, will there no longer find a place in the hearts of the children of God.

It has not been your misfortune to learn only from

the experience of a long life, that all on earth is vanity and vexation of spirit. You have had the happiness of learning, that in seasons of sorrow and mourning and desolation, strong consolation can be found. Clouds have often gathered around you, it is true, but still it has been your privilege to see light breaking through them all. I trust light will continue to shine on your path, and on your soul, from him who is the light of the world, till you shall find yourself in that world of light where no clouds or darkness will ever be known.

May 17.

My dear Brother, — I regard it a great kindness that you favor me so often with your communications. I cannot feel very sorry if a violent north-east storm sometimes drives you from the field, especially if by this means I am permitted to receive a letter from you. Solomon cautions men not to be overmuch righteous, and if he were here, and knew you as well as I do, I think he would caution you against being overmuch laborious.

I think you did well in selling the wood and timber on the great island lot. More than forty years ago I assisted in cutting off all the wood and timber then on it, and my recollections of it are as fresh as if it had been but a recent thing. How little do we know whose those things will be which we provide! I hope you will be anxious to be rich toward God. For the most part, I fear, men have little other profit from their goods, save, as Solomon expresses it most justly, "the beholding of them with their eyes."

[To the Brethren of the Missions in Turkey, at Smyrna, Broosa, Constantinople, and Trebizond.]

June 6.

DEAR BRETHREN, — It is this day four years since our eyes caught the last glimpse of the hills that surround Smyrna, as we bore away in the Stamboul from that land of the Moslems towards this new world, this land of the Pilgrims. Our bosoms were agitated by strong emotions on that occasion, not easily to be forgotten. The voice that said to us, after being so long associated with you, and taking part, though a very humble one, with you in the mission there, Arise and go hence, constrained me to feel that my purposes were broken off, even the thoughts of my heart. The trial was no ordinary one. But I trust we could say then, and can say now, Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. It seems to have been the will of God that we should have no more place in those parts. It gives us much joy, however, to know that so many of our brethren are permitted still to remain there, and that no circumstances have yet risen to forbid their speaking to the people that they may be saved. It is our earnest desire and prayer, that the Lord would open to you all a wide door, and give free course to his word through the length and breadth of that country, opening the hearts of the people to receive the truth in the love of it. When will they learn that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord? This is the true bread which our Father gives us from heaven.

The predicted time seems now to have come, when God would shake all nations, and not the earth only,

but also heaven. Surely God is now coming out of his place to shake terribly the earth, coming upon princes as upon mortar, and trampling on them as the mire of the street, casting down thrones and dashing them in pieces like a potter's vessel. It is our consolation to feel well assured, that by all these convulsions, overturnings, and terrible shakings of the earth, the way of the Lord is being prepared, and remember, when we see these things coming to pass, that our Lord had foretold them all.

Should not all these wonderful events, following one after another so rapidly that the pen of a ready writer can scarcely record them, strengthen and confirm our faith in the predictions concerning the last times? How easily can the mystical Babylon be overthrown, and all her sorrows come upon her in one day! How easily can she be made to sink like a millstone to the bottom of the sea, not to rise any more! Let God but speak the word, and it shall be done. And how easily can God, in ways unthought of by us, open doors long closed and barred against his gospel, and raise up thousands of friends to hail and welcome it on the very spot where it had encountered only the most determined and virulent enemies. Surely, nothing is too hard for the Lord. Well might our Saviour say, Have faith in God!

Dear brethren, in this present evil world, and with hearts deceitful and desperately wicked, how do we all need to be exhorted to take heed to ourselves, to keep ourselves in the love of God, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is to be feared, that only a few professed Christians, may I not say, only a few Christian ministers, and

must I add, only a few missionaries even, make any such progress in real holiness as they ought. Is it not painfully true, that the standard of Christian attainment is extremely depressed in all directions? How few seem to have really high aims in the Christian course? In how many do we witness an abatement instead of an increase, in love and fervor and zeal in the Saviour's cause, after the lapse of a few years? Oh, how much to be deplored will be the fact, if the love of Christ constrains us less, as we know him more! It was not so with the apostles. It should not be so with us. I hope it will not be so with any of you. How important it is for us, and for others too, that we imitate the Apostle Paul, in forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before, looking so steadfastly to Jesus as to be continually changed more and more into his image. The promise of our Saviour is, that he will give us the crown of life, if we are faithful unto death.

It is now your precious privilege to sow the incorruptible seed of the word of God, and it will be your privilege, or that of others who may succeed you, to gather at another day fruit unto eternal life. This hope may well cheer and encourage you. Though far away from you in presence, I am still with you in spirit, dear brethren. I cannot desire or ask a greater blessing for you all than this, that He who graciously said to the apostles, Lo, I am with you always, even to the end, may fulfil this promise to you, and give you his peace.

The admonition which Mr. Temple received be-

fore leaving Concord that his health was in danger of failing, was renewed by the recurrence of hemoptysis before he had been pastor at Phelps quite a year. From this time till his decease, the future before him was one of ever alternating light and shade. He was always hopeful and cheerful, and perfectly ready for what Divine Providence had in store for him, whatever it should prove to be, but to one who loved a quiet home, and longed to preach the gospel, as he did, it was a far greater trial to be weakened in the way, and made to keep silence, and travel from place to place in pursuit of health, than he ever suffered to appear in his conversation or his letters.

June 22.

Dear Brother and Sister Taylor,— Since the morning of the 15th instant, I have found it expedient to keep silence the greater part of the time, in consequence of having raised on that morning a little blood from coughing. The quantity was small, probably less in all than a teaspoonful, and only a small portion of it fresh. This had been preceded for several weeks by more or less irritation at my lungs, with a slight hacking cough, especially at evening, rendering it sometimes a little difficult to speak. I have employed only simple remedies thus far, and my prospects are encouraging. A blister applied to my chest yesterday seems to be beneficial. I speak to-day with more freedom than I have done for many days. There is a little soreness at my chest, but no pain, no fever, no loss of appetite or of strength, and in almost all other respects I am as well as usual. I encourage the hope, that with the

Divine blessing, and great caution, I may be allowed again to open my lips in making known the unsearchable riches of Christ. I have long regarded this as the noblest work in which man can be employed, of which I am, and must ever be, infinitely unworthy. I believe I am sufficiently aware of the complexion and nature of my present symptoms. I think I hear the voice and see the hand of God in them. They admonish me of the dissolution of this earthly house of my tabernacle, and I would joyfully and thankfully look towards that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. (If I am saved at all, as I hope I shall be, it will be by grace,—yes indeed, it will be by grace, by the exceeding riches of God's grace in Jesus Christ his dear Son! What other hope of salvation can a sinner find? And what a grateful multitude must heaven's saved inhabitants be!) The heavens over our heads are now continually declaring the glory of God, and the heaven which is to be the everlasting home of his redeemed people, will declare, through all the days of eternity, his grace which brought them to that holy blessed home.

Let us, dear brother and sister, study and strive and long and pray more and more, to know the fulness of the grace that is in Christ, and to be filled from his fulness. Is there any thing else, comparatively, worth knowing but Christ, or any thing else worth seeking, but to be like him in all our feelings and dispositions?

July 19

My dear Son,—I preached last Sabbath morning, a kind and pious young merchant of this village

reading the Scriptures and hymns, and offering one of the prayers, but was obliged to omit about one fourth of my sermon from coughing and hoarseness. In the afternoon I did not attempt to preach, but the same friend read a sermon, and one of the deacons offered one of the prayers. My text was 2 Cor. 5: 1. Many tears were shed, and the day was a solemn one to us all, and I hope edifying too. When God imposes silence on the pastor, by some solemn monitory visitation, there is an impressive language in this very silence which appears powerfully to pious and considerate minds. I thought I saw evidence that it was so on the Sabbath.

We had not met for three weeks, and when we came together, the Lord allowed the pastor to speak only in great weakness, and but little.

Dear Sister Taylor, — I was truly sorry to learn that your disappointment in not seeing us, as you had hoped, was so great. There is a sovereign and infallible remedy for that heart-sickness which is occasioned by hope deferred. It is the assurance that our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. This truth, remembered by faith and prayed over with a filial spirit, will never fail to be a speedy and efficient cure of this specific sickness, and many other complaints akin to it. Let us always try it. It will never injure any one, if it should do no good.

But, my dear sister, I am much better at prescribing for others, than in applying my prescriptions, so as to cure my own complaints. I try to practise as

well as to prescribe. I would wish to remember always the apostolic injunction, to rejoice in the Lord always, and again to rejoice in him. It is neither the dictate of wisdom or true piety, to allow our poor hearts to become sad and sick, because our Heavenly Father is so much wiser and more benevolent than we, that he chooses infinitely better for us, than we could for ourselves. Oh, how much of heaven might we enjoy if we always had that mind which was in Christ, who said, I came down from heaven not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me! What a regard for the will of God, what a submission to it does this astonishing language express! Let us pray much for such a spirit as this. It was certainly no small matter for the only begotten Son of God to come down from heaven to such a world as this, to do the will of the Father. In comparison with this, how little is demanded of us. And can we not cheerfully submit?

I think I see reason to hope, that I may soon be able to preach again. This season of silence has been indeed a trying one to me, as you may easily imagine, but it has been also a very precious one. It has allowed me more time than usual for reflection and prayer. It has brought forgotten sins to remembrance, and impressed on my heart a deeper feeling than ordinary of my need of lively faith in Christ, and a more heart-felt repentance towards God. It has told me, in impressive language, of a brighter, better, and holier world, and made me cling more closely, I trust, to the precious and only Saviour of sinners. Should I be permitted to preach

again, I hope it may be with more unction from the Holy Ghost, with more power from on high.

In a letter to his mother on the 8th of August, after describing his symptoms, and speaking of his partial restoration, he said, "My complaint has been induced, probably, by the great and sudden changes in this climate from heat to cold, and from the extreme humidity of the air in this vicinity of the lakes. The season has been unusually rainy and wet, with less than the usual amount of warm weather. (Ah! how frail are these vile bodies, which can stand neither before the heat nor the cold. Blessed be God, it is our precious privilege to look forward with confidence to the promised day, when our blessed Lord will change them, and make them like his own glorious and glorified body, by the operation of his Almighty power.) How glorious, my dear mother, will that day be, when this mortal shall put on immortality, when disease and death shall be swallowed up of life! All this, and infinitely more, yes, more than we can conceive, our blessed Lord has purchased for us, by his death and mediation. I think I now see reason to hope, that I may be allowed to preach again with comfort, and I would hope with an unction from on high. Without this, I might as well be silent, for I should only be a savor of death unto death to others, without accomplishing any thing for my own salvation.

"I trust, dear mother, that you are attaining more and more to the full assurance of hope to the end, finding the inner man growing stronger and stronger, as the outer man decayeth.

"My heart, dear mother, has not forgotten you, though it is some time since I have written you. You may be assured that, writing or silent, I am always your affectionate first-born son."

[To Mr. S. E. Mack.]

October 2.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE, — When you took leave of us, we had no anticipation that your visit at Cleveland would compel you to seek a grave there for your precious little infant boy. How little do we know at any time what a day may bring forth, and how happy for us, is this our ignorance, of all that is before us. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. It is indeed the glory of the Lord to conceal a thing. How much better for us it is, that all the future, though known to God, is hid from us. No strange thing has happened to you. Rachel was neither the first nor the last that has wept for her children, because they are not. She refused, poor mother, to be comforted. If some distant intimations of a future resurrection had been given to her and to others, in that patriarchal age, it is still quite certain that life and immortality had not then, as now, been brought to light by the gospel. You sorrow, indeed, when you think of this precious little one, so promising and so dear to your heart, now no longer a member of your family, nor a subject of your prayers, nor a companion of the living; but you do not, you cannot sorrow, as those who have no hope. He has been taken from you, it is true, but it is not an enemy that has done this. That glorious and blessed Saviour, who rebuked his disciple for forbidding

those who brought their children to him, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," has taken this little one away. Could he have fallen into better hands? Would he have been more safe in the hands of his father and mother? You cannot think so. I know, indeed, what fond parental affection feels and says in such cases, and I trust I know, and that you both know, what Christian submission says and does, when our Heavenly Father, in his faithfulness, lifts up his hand and smites. He tells us why it is. It is for the most benevolent purpose. It is for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness! Though he seems to speak against his people in such visitations, he earnestly remembers them still, and his bowels are as much moved for them, as they were for Ephraim of old, when he uttered this language concerning him. You have found, I doubt not, as millions of others before you have done, that it is good for you to be afflicted. It reminds us of our forgotten sins, and of God's unnumbered, but too often forgotten mercies. It embitters sin. It calls aloud for a deeper repentance. It endears a precious, sympathizing Saviour. It has a tendency to brush away the too bright coloring, that makes earthly things appear in a false light to our mind. This little one has, perhaps, been taken away to render the parents more faithful to those still spared to them. You will both find, I trust, that it is good for you to bear the yoke in your youth. In this childhood of our being our Heavenly Father is giving us an education, which is designed to prepare us for all the future of our immortal existence. Afflictions and trials are a

very necessary, even an indispensable part of our education for heaven. The most distinguished among those who have gone from earth to heaven, have had their most valuable training in this school of affliction; their best lessons, those which were most deeply impressed and longest remembered, were received thus. You do not forget that God is dealing with you as with sons, and I trust you will neither despise his chastisement nor faint under it. How light and momentary will this affliction appear to you if it should, as God designs, work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! Oh, if our troubles and tears and sighs and sorrows on earth, which last but for an hour, are to be succeeded, as they certainly will be to all the righteous, by a whole eternity of blessedness, heightened and refined by these very means, then we may well count it all joy when we fall into affliction. We should earnestly pray, that we may not lose the benefit, when our Heavenly Father, who is love, is constrained to afflict us, which he never does willingly. He would never afflict us, if we could be safely spared such visitations. Let us think of this.)

Dear Brother Mack, — We are glad to learn that your lame uncle is so much improved. It has borne you about in all the active and busy scenes of life, for the long period of about seventy years. The lame man at the door of the temple, who was healed by Peter and John, as soon as his feet and ancle bones received strength, stood and walked and leaped, praising God. He had been lame from his mother's womb. Which ought to be most grateful to God

and to praise him most, that man who had never walked till then, or you, my dear brother, who have now recovered the use of your ancle, which had served you so faithfully through almost a whole life-time? If much is required from those to whom much is given, then you and I are under far greater obligations to the Father of mercies than that poor man was. But how little, alas, are we apt to realize what our obligations are, or to render to the Lord according to the benefits received.

We are sorry that the tranquillity of the evening of your days should be disturbed by any embarrassments in your affairs, but at the same time, we are consoled by the assurance, that all will be well with you in the end. The mariner, though he reaches his port in a storm, soon forgets all the dangers and troubles of the sea in the bosom of his family.

Your beloved Benjamin has left you in your old age. But the God of Abraham has not left you. When the venerable, devout, but sorrowing patriarch Jacob said, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and you will take Benjamin away," how little did he anticipate the happy meeting with all his sons, which awaited him. The God of all grace was at that moment preparing to do for him exceeding abundantly above all that he asked or thought. How many blessings came to him through his momentary parting with his beloved Benjamin!

Oh how precious are God's thoughts to us, and how great is the sum of them! who can count them? What plentiful streams of mercy have been flowing down upon us from the Father of mercies all our life long! How desirable it is, that as we advance

in age we should abundantly utter the memory of God's great goodness to us, delighting in the remembrance of his holiness, and entering more and more into the spirit of the psalms of the sweet psalmist of Israel. The spirit of the heavenly world is breathed out in those psalms of praise.

Dear Sister, — I congratulate brother T. on the success of his namesake as the President elect of these United States. But we must not forget the caution of the Bible not to put our trust in man, nor must we cease to say with David, My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him. I presume, dear sister, you did not find the music of the sweet songsters of the old Granite State, so sweet as the songs of the sweet psalmist of Israel. Still I should like to hear them sing for once, but intend to hear one or more of David's sweet songs every day, if possible, as long as I live.

December 23.

My very dear Mother, — Fifty-nine years ago this morning, you heard for the first time the voice, and saw the infant form of your first-born son, who now sends you his most hearty congratulations, his most affectionate salutations and filial love. Is it not a great mercy, that so long after my birth it is my privilege to address the mother that bore me, still having her place among the living, and looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life? I trust that, during all the unnumbered and immeasurable ages of a blessed eternity, you will have good reason to rejoice and to bless God for the birth of

your first-born son, and that he will unite with you in giving thanks for the event.

There is at present much more than ordinary religious interest among the people here; many seem to be in an anxious state of mind, and some exhibit hopeful evidence of having come to Christ as their Saviour. The Spirit of God is among us, I cannot doubt, and this encourages me in my work. I am able to preach with a good deal of freedom and comfort, and, as I hope, not without some good impression being produced. A part of the church seems to be revived, active, and prayerful. But this is not true of the majority of the members. We had three extra meetings this week for preaching and prayer, a neighboring pastor assisting me. How would it refresh my heart to hear such tidings from Reading! Let us not despair of this. Let us not limit, as ancient Israel did, the Holy One of Israel. Does he not still wait to be gracious? His mercy, I trust, is not clear gone forever from that church. Should each one repent truly, and with a broken spirit and a contrite heart return to the Lord, I cannot doubt that He would be gracious and restore to them peace and the joy of his salvation. Each one should say, What have I done? and, Lord, what will thou have me to do? Should it be so, the blessing would not long be delayed, for the Lord is gracious.

Dec. 27. — The religious interest among the people here, is daily increasing. I need much strength of lungs and vigor of body and mind to discharge the various duties devolving upon me, now that the people wish to have almost daily meetings for preaching and conference and prayer. I am trying to im-

press it deeply on my own heart, and on my Christian brethren, that as it would be in the highest degree unreasonable to pray God to give us our daily bread, and to expect it to be rained upon us like the manna from heaven, without our patient and diligent toil to obtain it; so it is equally unreasonable to expect that God's name will be hallowed, and his kingdom come, and his will be done, on earth as it is in heaven, without our utmost endeavors to secure this end. He gives us our daily bread by the use of means which he has appointed, and not without them; nor will he grant the other petitions in the Lord's prayer without the faithful use, on our part, of all the means of his appointment for that end. If we could obtain much grace we must seek it by much prayer. If we would see religion revived, we must use the appropriate means for its revival; otherwise it is as vain to expect it, as for the farmer to expect a harvest without ploughing or sowing.

1849.

January 27.

My dear Brother, — On the first sabbath of this month, nineteen persons were admitted to this church, five of them by letter, and fourteen by profession. Several others entertain hope among us, and will probably unite with us at our next communion. We have witnessed no such interest before, since we came here, nor had the scene of last Sabbath been witnessed here for many years. There seems to be a more pleasing exhibition of pious feeling in the church, than we have seen before; though all the members do not participate in it, I fear.

February 14.

My dear Mother, — Like the aged Barzillai, you can say, "I am this day fourscore years old;" and with Moses, the man of God, you will doubtless feel constrained to say, that these long years are soon to be cut off, that you may fly away. It is your great and precious privilege to feel, that when your days and years shall be numbered and finished, you are not to be banished into exile from the blessed God, whose presence is life, and his loving-kindness better than life itself; but that you are to fly away and be at rest, to enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Trust in God, dear mother, at all times, even to the end. "Fear not to go down into Egypt," said God to Jacob in his old age, "for I will be with thee there." Does he not say to you, "Fear not to go down to the valley and shadow of death, for I will be with thee there?" I hope you will think of death as nothing more to you than a kind and gracious invitation from the Saviour, saying, "Friend, come up higher; come up from the lower world of sin, to join the general assembly and church of the first-born and the spirits of just men made perfect, in my holy kingdom. Come and see my glory with my Father. Come, and be with me for ever where I am!" Death is neither more nor less than this, substantially, to every true believer.

You seem to me now to be somewhat in the condition of the children of Israel when they had passed through the great and terrible wilderness, and were encompassed on the plains in the land of Moab, waiting for the command of God to pass over Jordan into the promised inheritance of Canaan. The wil-

derness was then behind them, and Canaan before them. The wilderness is now behind you, and, as I hope, the heavenly Canaan before you. Their march through the wilderness had been very trying to them; it has not been without its trial to you. They learned there what was in their hearts, many things which they probably would not have been willing to believe concerning themselves, had they been told them when they left Egypt. You doubtless know many things concerning the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of your own heart now, which you would not have suspected at the beginning of your course as a Christian professor. Years and experience cannot fail to give a Christian a deep feeling of his own exceeding sinfulness. It is well when he obtains by age a clearer apprehension of the infinite fulness that is in Christ, a livelier faith in him as an almighty Saviour from sin. Happy indeed is the man who can say of Christ, He loved me, and has washed me from my sins in his own blood! What a precious truth it is, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth those who believe in him from all sin! From all sin! Nothing else can cleanse us from one sin. We have redemption only through his blood. All the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, sing and say to Christ, "Thou art worthy, for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." I hope you say this and feel it now, and will sing this song with them for ever in the heavenly world.

Dear Brother Mark, — I was glad to receive the tidings that a new church and society is organized at Reading. A lawsuit would have been expensive

and tedious, and the result uncertain. It is better, in my opinion, to imitate the example of Abraham and Lot, who separated as soon as it was apparent that they could not live together in peace. What a happy thing it would be should strife now cease, and the spirit of the Lord be poured from on high upon you all.

I hope your pulpit will be occupied by some one, who will come to you, not with flowery and empty declamation, but in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. It would give me more pleasure to hear, that you have for your pastor an eminently devout and good man, than that his talents and greatness are more apparent than his goodness. I do hope, dear brother, that you and the Christian brethren with you may now enjoy a season of repose and peace, after being so long rocked and tossed and jaded and troubled by the storm that has visited you. Do not fail now to listen to the kind voice of the Saviour who invites you, as he did his weary disciples, to come aside with him and rest awhile. He promises to give rest to the heavy laden who comes to him, and he fulfils his promise.

For nearly a year after experiencing hemoptysis at Phelps, Mr. Temple had remained there, discharging faithfully the duties of his pastoral office, though often compelled to use great caution on account of hoarseness and failure of his voice. In June, 1849, he went to Massachusetts, hoping for benefit from change of air and rest for two or three weeks. The exposures which he necessarily underwent in travelling amid great and sudden changes of temperature,

affected him very unfavorably, however, and revealed to him his diseased condition so fully, that he was led to remain in Boston much longer than he had designed, submitting himself to medical treatment, with the hope of experiencing a radical cure of the difficulties under which he labored; being assured by his medical advisers that they affected only his throat. After passing more than five months in this manner, and in occasional visits to friends at Reading, Concord, N. H., and other places in the vicinity, he found himself little benefited, and was advised to keep silence and give himself up to rest for some months. The hospitable mansion at Cleveland, where he passed the first winter after returning to the United States, was again thrown open to him, and he accepted a cordial invitation to return to it and seek to regain his health by quiet and rest. During these months which he passed under medical treatment, his letters were less numerous than they had been at almost any previous period, and contained mostly incidents and particulars concerning the state of his health, which have now only a melancholy interest to those who mourn for the blighted anticipations which his cheerful and hopeful spirit encouraged him to cherish. The following letter was written after his arriving at Cleveland to pass the winter.

December 1.

My dear Son, — While we were at Boston I consulted Dr. Lane, who has for some years devoted himself successfully to the cure of complaints of the throat and lungs. After a careful examination of my chest and throat, he expressed the opinion that

my lungs are sound, but that the left lobe is tender. He expressed the confident opinion that I might be entirely relieved, and recommended the entire removal of the uvula, and the introduction of a sponge, dipped in the nitrate of silver, into the larynx and the region about the roots of the tongue. In the mean time, I took three spoonfuls of cod-liver oil each day with some other drugs for my cough. All these various appliances coöperated very favorably, so much so, indeed, that Dr. L. thought I might migrate to the West with little risk. On the thirteenth November, therefore, a day which you will always remember as the visible beginning of your endless existence, we left Boston at four, P.M., and came to Springfield, and spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Bontecu, and the next morning, at half past eight, left for Utica, where we arrived at eight, P.M., and at nine found ourselves at N. Hartford, by private conveyance. We remained there with our friends till Friday morning, and then went to Phelps. There we met a very kind reception, arranged our effects, disposed of our furniture, remained with them from the 16th to the 27th, gave the people a short parting address on the Sabbath, which was responded to by many tears, and prayed with them and commended them to the Good Shepherd, the Chief Shepherd, who said to his disciples, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." I resigned my pastorate there, and at six, A.M., the twenty-seventh, took the cars for Buffalo, and at ten the same evening left for this city in the steamer Key-stone State, and reached here on the twenty-ninth, at half past two, A.M., after a

tedious and stormy passage of twenty-eight hours. Your mother was very lake-sick, and I was foolish enough to sympathize with her so fully in this as not to be able to aid her much, a kind of sympathy by far too common in this world. Though late at night, or rather early in the morning, when we came to our brother's door, cold, chilled, and sick, it was opened to us in a moment, and the warm greetings and cordial welcomes of these dear friends made us soon forget our sorrows *in transitu*, or rather remember them as waters that had passed away. (Oh, what a blessing is Christian friendship and Christian love!) Our reception at the spacious and hospitable dwelling of our kind brother and sister has aided my anticipations of that most gracious reception which awaits all the children of God in their Father's house of many mansions, when the darkness and the tempest and the sorrows of life shall be at an end! Oh, will they not all be glad then, because they will be at rest, because God has brought them to their desired haven? I am thankful to say that I am much improved in health, have very little cough, scarcely any soreness in my throat, a good appetite, good spirits, and, I hope, a fair prospect of being restored. Dr. L. recommended me not to preach for some months to come, but I could preach now, I think, with comfort, though I intend to follow his advice if I can.

1850.

March 14.

My dear Brother, — I hope you now find all your precious Sabbaths seasons of peculiar spiritual

refreshment and Christian edification, and at the close of each are constrained by your happy experience to feel that you have worshipped God our Saviour in spirit and in truth, and have advanced a Sabbath day's journey nearer to heaven. How happy would it be for all who visit the sanctuary, where God records his name, should the prayers and the preaching, and the psalms and hymns, kindle in every hearer such fervent devotion that they would feel as if they were at the gate of heaven, and should soon enter there to go no more out! Why should it not be so with us always?

March 16.

My dear Mother, — Were it in my power to impart so great a blessing, your consolations in your present enfeebled, distressed, and almost helpless condition, would be strong and abundant. I trust the God of all consolation does impart to you such support and spiritual comfort as you need. He knows your frame, and remembers that you are dust.

In the day of my helpless infancy, I lay in your arms, and was nursed at your bosom; but did not know how kind and tender and affectionate and maternal were the yearnings of your heart towards me. The mother may forget her own offspring, and cherish towards it none of the feelings which should fill a mother's bosom; but the blessed God says to each of his people, "I will never forget thee, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!" What a precious assurance is this! There are times of affliction and temptation when a Christian is almost disposed to say, as Zion did, "The Lord hath forgotten and forsaken me." But this is never true, never

can be true. When your children have been in distress, has not your compassion been more tenderly excited than at other times towards them? Have you not felt constrained to be near and with them, if possible, in such seasons? God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Though he is at no time afar off, he is especially near in trouble. You have always found him so in years past, and I trust you do find him so now, and will continue to do so to the end. How much more bitter were the dregs of that cup which our Saviour, the well-beloved Son of God, drank, than any thing which our Heavenly Father ever calls us to drink. Well might he say, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." How light and momentary are all our afflictions compared with his, who is called a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Looking unto Jesus in the agonies of the cross, will aid us in patiently bearing the sufferings which our Heavenly Father appoints. He sees, perhaps, that there is no other way in which we can be made so effectually partakers of the Divine nature as by suffering with this Divine example before us. John says, it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know, that when He, that is, Christ, shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. At present we do by no means see him as he is, for, at the very best, we only see as through a glass darkly. All is very misty and obscure. In this world we could not bear the sight of him as he is. It would be too much for our feeble organs of vision. When he appeared to Saul on his way to Damascus, so bright and dazzling were the light and glory that shone

from the Saviour around his persecutor, that he was blind for three days. And when John afterwards saw him in vision, such and so great was the brightness of his glory, that the beloved disciple fell to the ground, and was as one dead. But when his people shall be with him where He is, they will then behold with open face the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, and it will neither strike them blind, like Saul, nor make them as one dead, like John.

Perhaps you have never in your whole long life glorified God so much as you may now, by patiently suffering, and cheerfully and submissively bowing to his will. Not as I will but as thou wilt, was the language of our Lord in his most distressing hour, when his soul was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death. This is our example.

Soon after reaching Cleveland, Mr. Temple experienced a bilious attack in consequence of exposure to the cold lake winds, and the cheerful prospect that had been before him of speedily restored health was much darkened. But, though his friends could see almost constant evidence of gradual diminution of his strength and increased power of disease, he spoke hopefully of himself, and almost always wrote his friends that he believed he was improving in health. His desire to preach the gospel was ardent, and made him anxious to recover. His natural temperament, strongly hopeful when no tinge of melancholy was cast over his views by certain forms of disease from which he had sometimes suffered, led him to look almost continually on the bright side of

his prospects, and it is regarded probable by those who saw him most in these last years of his life, that he did not fully realize the extent of the ravages disease had made upon him.

As the spring opened, he found himself a little improved in health, but still far from well; and, with the hope that travelling might benefit him, he accepted an invitation to accompany an esteemed friend from Philadelphia on a trip to St. Anthony's Falls; but the prevalence of cholera on the great routes of travel broke up the plan. About this time he received from Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Boston, a letter so kind and so honorable, alike to the writer and the one to whom it was addressed, that the practice which has been thus far adhered to, of giving only letters written by Mr. Temple himself, is broken over to present it.

Boston, April 17.

My dear Brother Temple, — I have come to the House again and again resolved to write you, and the currents of business would sweep me from my purpose. I have heard that you do not regain your health: is it so? I have even heard that you had the prospect of passing over Jordan at no distant day, and of entering the Land of Promise: is it so? I have written you but little since your return to this country, and have found but little time for conversation, even when you were at Boston, and at the Missionary House. This has been to me an occasion of more pain than it seemed proper to trouble you with at the time. I knew that your good sense and experience in missionary matters would enable you to appreciate my circumstances.

But, not to pursue this train of remark, I am desirous to know how you do, how you are situated, and how you feel in relation to the future, — the great future. I can hardly doubt that you enjoy the Divine presence and the light of his countenance, who is the light and joy of heaven, and that you find it easy to trust your all in his hands. To me, it seems quite certain that the prospect of death will seem less trying to you than did the prospect of being obliged to return to your native land in the year 1843, when we were together at Smyrna. The latter was an act of resignation, as to a serious disappointment and trial; the other cannot be otherwise than matter of joyful anticipation. One of the (as yet) unresolved providences I have witnessed, was the remarkable closing up of your field of labor in the East; but a few minutes in the light of the upper world will no doubt resolve it all to your satisfaction and to mine.

You have, my dear brother, as strong a hold as ever on our respect and affection, though we have not the same opportunity as formerly, to manifest our feelings. Is there any thing I can do to administer to your comfort and happiness? May I not expect another letter from you? At any rate, let me have an interest in your prayers while you remain in the body. You well know that I greatly need the prayers of God's people.

Learning from Mr. Temple the state of his health, and his views in regard to travelling, or a sea-voyage, Dr. A. and other equally kind friends at Boston, interested themselves to secure for him some foreign

voyage of a character likely to benefit him; but none such was then to be found. Disappointed thus in regard to a sea-voyage, and not knowing of any other change likely to benefit him, Mr. Temple continued, through the summer and autumn, with his kind brother and sister at Cleveland. The following letter was written during this residence at Cleveland.

October 11.

My dear Son, — The list within will inform you who, and how many, attended the recent Colporteur Convention held in this city. The sessions were continued five days, without interruption. I attended many of them, and heard the relation given by many of the colporteurs of the means and manner of their hopeful conversion. There was a great variety in their religious experiences. No two were alike, and yet all seemed to have been led and taught by the same Spirit. It was not a little instructive to listen to the narrative of each. The men had been born and educated in different countries, and as differently as possible, and yet they seemed all to have learned now of one Master. One was a Methodist, and still he ascribed his conversion, as all must, to the sovereign grace of God. He felt and acknowledged that the Spirit had come upon him like the wind, which bloweth where it listeth. Another was a Baptist, and he made no account or mention of water or immersion in his conversion. He had not gone to "Aenon near to Salim, because there was much water there." A third was a Perfectionist, but ever since his conversion he had been struggling and battling most painfully with the sin that dwelleth in

him. A fourth complained of being afflicted with a much greater evil than the man in the Gospel who had a withered hand. He said he had a withered heart! Another said he had been seeking some situation or field of self-denial, but could not yet find one; for though he had lost an eye, and his wife a limb, in the service of Christ, they still found his yoke so easy, and his burden so light, and his service so delightful, that there was no self-denial in all this. There seemed to be an excellent spirit in them all, and much good, I trust, will be the result of this convention. More than $2,000 have been raised in this city, to aid the colporteur cause, as the result of the meeting.

Unwilling to pass another winter at the West, and desirous to do something for his restoration, more decided than any course yet adopted, and hoping, also, to find some sphere in which he might be useful, even in his feeble state, he came in the month of November to Brooklyn, and while enjoying the kind hospitalities of his old and tried friend, Mr. Joseph Howard, placed himself under the care of Dr. Horace Green, of New York city. A voyage to Chagres and back, on the steamship Empire City, was kindly procured for Mr. Temple, by the generous friend, whose guest he was, of which he availed himself, with much evident advantage.

1851.

Chagres, January 25.

My dear Son Daniel, — I write this at Naval Bay, lying within a few rods of the spot where the

terminus of the Panama Railroad is to be. This road is now in rapid progress, about a thousand men being already employed upon it. It runs through a forest in this vicinity, which is as dense a jungle as India can furnish. I never saw any thing like it. The trees are many of them very large, and their branches from top to bottom are covered and interwoven by vines, and so thick is the undergrowth and so luxuriant the evergreen foliage, that the soil has not seen a ray of the sun probably for many ages. Cutting through this jungle and disturbing the immensely accumulated masses of decayed vegetable matter disengages volumes of malaria, which produce most dangerous fevers.

Many of the trees are cocoa-nuts, and laden with an abundance of fruit, which, as it hangs on the tree, is not less than eight or ten inches in circumference, being enveloped in a thick outer covering. As it hangs on the trees it resembles in color and size small yellow pumpkins.

There was neither house nor inhabitant at this spot till the railroad furnished both. The spot destined to be the terminus of the railroad was, a short time ago, so dense a jungle, that no one could pass through it without cutting his way. Forty men have been employed four months in felling the huge trees and clearing up a few acres for this purpose. The poor operatives suffer much from sickness, their business exposing them to the fierce rays of the sun, and to the sad malaria. The railroad is a noble work, but its completion will, doubtless, cost the life of a multitude of workmen. But who or what can close the gate leading to El Dorado? (Were men half as

anxious to find the way to heaven as they are to the land of gold, it would no longer be true as now, that "few there be who find it."

27.— Yesterday was the Sabbath, but what a day to me! Passengers and baggage, and more than a hundred boxes of various sizes, filled with gold dust, weighing from ten to a hundred pounds, came on board from the land of gold. Such an exhibition of sickly and sorrowful looking men never met me before. We have already received on board between one and two hundred, all returning to the United States. The greater part of them return disappointed men, bringing back impaired health instead of purses filled with gold. The will to be rich, and the love of money, have pierced them through with many sorrows. Scarcely one of them has a word to say in favor of California or any place on the route there.

The testimony of all is the same, that Chagres, containing a population of five hundred souls, exhibits a concentration of desperate depravity and consummate villany hardly paralleled in this world that lies in wickedness. No Sabbath; no pastor; no Bible! The hotel keeper did not know it was the Sabbath till I reminded him of it! Oh, what are our Sabbaths worth to us! Were the Sabbath annihilated all over the world, I doubt not that the wickedness of man would soon require its entire destruction in one way or another.

The warm affections of my heart visit you, my dear son, and Louise, and my dear little Gussy. Oceans can separate us in body, but not in heart. May the health I seek so far away from you be long continued to you, and fully appreciated by you!

Soon after his return from Chagres, Mr. Temple accepted the offer of a voyage to Liverpool and back in some of the finest ships that sailed between these ports. The following extracts are made from a journal he kept on the voyage in the form of a letter to his wife: —

Ship New York, February 18. — We left the wharf at twelve, M., yesterday, and were towed by the steamer a little below Sandy Hook, where we opened our canvas to the light but favorable breeze, which grew more and more fresh through the night. I find the motion of this ship very graceful and easy, none of that shaking and quivering, and none of the noise and confusion, which annoyed me so painfully on board the Empire City. It seems strange to me that less than a month ago I should have been carried by steam within a few degrees of the equator, and now be wafted by the waves towards the north pole. A feeling of desolation came over me at the thought of parting with you and taking my lot with them who are afar off upon the sea, nor did that feeling vanish from my bosom for many hours after our embarkation. Every step, however, of my path seems obviously to be directed by Divine Providence, and this has more than reconciled me to my allotment. The God who made the sea is the same that made the dry land, and I trust I can as sincerely worship and bow down before him here as if I were with you and my Christian brethren in the house of prayer. It is very refreshing to me to look at this great, wide, and majestic sea, this great gathering together of waters, and to think that it is His. These

mighty waves, which are sometimes lifted up to the heavens by the stormy winds, these floods which lift up their voice and clap their hands, do all praise the Creator, and I would unite with them and the whole creation in his praise.

23. — Sabbath, half past ten, A.M. How glad should I be could I now hear the voice that says, "Let us go into the house of the Lord, to praise the name of the Lord." But I would bless his name that as he is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, so he is also of them that are afar off upon the sea. I feel that he is here, and is, I trust, a little sanctuary to me floating on this world of waters. My heart does sincerely pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and for my brethren and my *dear companion's* sake, I cannot but say with all my heart, "Peace be within thee." John, an exile on Patmos, was in the Spirit on the Lord's day; why should not I be so, though an exile on the ocean? I feel well to-day, and my cough is certainly much diminished. No feeling of sadness lingers about me; why should we not always rejoice in the Lord? My feelings, I find, rise and fall with the weather and the motion of the ship, as much as the mercury does in the barometer. If duty did not demand it, you may be sure that I would never again be the sport of the ocean, if I might be allowed once more to set my foot on the dry land of my native shore. I am pained by the noise and the voice of these mighty waves and waters, but am cheered and consoled by the recollection that the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the

sea. He ruleth the raging of the sea, and when the waves thereof arise he stilleth them.

27. — Steam and wind can bear and waft my poor body away very far from you and my beloved friends, but they cannot separate my warm and tenderest affections from you and them. I can most truly say, I have you and them in my heart; and this I am sure our Saviour can say of us and them, for he has loved us and given himself for us and them. If I did not know that the winds are the Lord's servants, and breathe gently or blow violently only when, and in what direction he in his infinite wisdom and goodness commands, I should be violently tempted to murmur when compelled by them to go to the north or to the south, in a direction perfectly opposite to the haven where I desire to be.

March 1. — This month begins very mildly with us here on the ocean. We are now very near the middle of the Atlantic, and I do feel for my consolation that here, no less than if I had taken the wings of the morning and had reached the uttermost part of the sea, the hand of God our Heavenly Father leads me, and his right hand holds me. Our sails are flapping loosely against the shrouds, and of course our progress is scarcely perceptible, but I know it is as rapid as infinite wisdom and goodness see to be best for us; what more could one reasonably desire?

2. — Sabbath. This is the day which the Lord hath made, and I would be glad and rejoice in it. Though not permitted on any mountain, or on the dry land, to worship the Father whom the heaven

and heaven of heavens cannot contain, still I trust I can and do worship him in spirit and in truth. His way is, in a special manner, in the sanctuary, but he hath his way also in the sea. You, I suppose, are now preparing to unite with the multitude who keep holy day. Happy may you and they all be in beholding the glory of the Lord in the sanctuary, and worshipping him in the beauty of holiness, finding the church none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven. Our mutual prayers will meet and mingle, I am persuaded, on this day before our Heavenly Father's throne of grace, though the ocean keeps our bodies so far asunder; and it is my joyful hope, that we shall meet each other again, and be united forever in that blessed and holy world where there is no more sea. Every blessing that I can ask for myself, I do with all my heart invoke for you, and all my dear friends, and the whole Israel of God.

5.— I am sustained by the hope of better things. I cannot, indeed, hope to renew the days of my youth when my heart cheered me, nor that my face and my flesh, which are covered with wrinkles, will ever become fresher than a child's. But I do anticipate a far more glorious event than this, the transformation of this body of humiliation into the likeness of the glorious body of Christ. This may not happen till after an interval of long ages, but it will come at last.

Our voyage, thus far, has been signalized by no remarkable events, except the goodness and mercy of the Lord which have been constant. We have felt neither gale nor storm, have seen only a few ships, only one shoal of sporting porpoises, no blackfish,

no whales, the aristocracy of the ocean, the leviathans which God has made to play therein. We have seen, I should think, far less of God's wonders in the deep than is usual.

9.— A most lovely morning of the Lord's day, the wind fair and strong. We look for land to-day. Every unfavorable change of wind disturbs the captain's equanimity a good deal, and sometimes provokes the language which the natural, unsanctified heart, dictates when its desires are not gratified. I asked him at breakfast, whether if he had a servant and should send him to a neighbor on some important errand, and he should go as he directed and discharge his duty faithfully, but should be maltreated and cursed for it, he would not feel wounded by such a course of conduct, feeling that these curses had been uttered indirectly against himself, rather than against his servant. He said, yes. I then made the application, the winds are God's servants, they obey his commands; he commandeth and raiseth up the stormy wind; the stormy wind fulfils his word. I said, do we not often insult our Maker, the sovereign Lord of all, indirectly, without thinking of it? He said, it is so.

How little do they who have always lived on the land in a quiet home, and near the sanctuary, know what a privilege they enjoy as compared with their brethren who are tossed on the sea? In my vivid imagination I am with you in the house of prayer, my heart joins in the songs of Zion, and mingles, I trust, in the prayers and supplications and thanksgivings of all that in every place call on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I feel better than usual to-day, the effect, probably, in part, of a clear north-west wind, which is invigorating to my frame. I am grieved to discover no satisfactory indication of real piety in any one on board. How lamentably true is the declaration of our Saviour, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee."

An old Latin poet says, "they who cross the ocean change skies, but not their minds." I feel the truth and justice of this. How are the skies changed to me! Less than two months ago, at Chagres, near the equator, the north star was only a few degrees above the horizon, and only two of the stars in Ursa Major were visible; but here, in the fifty-second degree of north latitude, the north star has ascended high in the heavens, and the Dipper is almost directly over our heads. But my mind is still the same.

The precision of nautical observation and calculation surprises and delights me. The captain has inquired of the sun and his chronometer daily about our position, and the response has been so truthful and exact, that he foretold many hours in advance the very hour when we should make the land, and the prediction was verified by fact.

Liverpool, March 17.

I yesterday attended Dr. Raffles' church in the morning, and heard from him a very excellent sermon. The congregation listened attentively to his discourse, but it seemed to me, that I had seldom heard so much coughing in any congregation before. In fact, the number of persons suffering from colds and sore throats is very great here. It seems to me,

that the weather is more trying here than in the United States. There is just such an atmosphere as one afflicted as I am, should, if possible, avoid. I am sorry to be constrained to feel, that I can anticipate not the least benefit to my health from this climate. I am extremely careful to avoid, as far as possible, all exposure.

26. — I am still a close prisoner, detained constantly within doors by the rain. This is the tenth of rainy days in succession, with the exception of a single day, and that a cloudy one. They tell me, that the weather, during the winter, and until within the last fortnight, had been delightfully pleasant. It has been ordered by infinite wisdom, that my visit and brief stay in England should be at this precise moment, though it is quite certain that a very different arrangement would have been made, had the matter been submitted to our arbitration. But it is well that the time and the seasons are in the power and at the sovereign control of the Lord, and not in our hands. I have quite abandoned the idea of travelling, feeling assured that the unavoidable exposure and fatigue and excitement, could not fail to operate unfavorably upon my health. Besides, I am sympathizing so deeply with Solomon in his feelings about almost every thing in this world, that I can hardly refrain from saying with him, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," as I contemplate the honors and titles and riches and possessions of men. It is nearly all an empty show. The things that are seen are temporal, and are all to perish with the using. My eye is so nearly satisfied with seeing, and my ear with hearing, that neither the one nor the other

has any longings after more, though there are some things which I should be glad to see if I conveniently could.

Though there seems, therefore, to be little prospect of my ever seeing the metropolis of this kingdom, and the wonders it contains, I trust I am on the way to that of another infinitely more extended and better, the dwelling-place of the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, where the Lord, even the Lamb, is the everlasting light of it.

Had I written you a copy of my thoughts and feelings last night, at the hour when deep sleep usually falleth upon man, an hour, however, which found my eyes waking and my thoughts busy, the perusal of that copy would have made you sad. I am glad I did not, and could not, for it would have done me harm, and you no good. What reason have I to be grateful, that those gloomy thoughts and forebodings have vanished entirely with the shadows of the night; and how thankful, too, ought I to be, that, though a prisoner on the land, I have not been at the mercy of the unstable waters of the troubled sea, during these ten days of windy storm and tempest! This protracted season of constant storm and tempest may well encourage our hopes, that there will be a clear shining after the rain. The copious rain was much needed, for there had been very little during the winter, and the whole vegetable kingdom would have suffered exceedingly, had it been withheld; so that these dark and dismal clouds have been full of mercy and rich blessings. Is it not so with every cloud that ever darkens our sky? How happy for us, could we always realize this!

The return voyage from England proved very disastrous to Mr. Temple. Icebergs were encountered, which imparted a peculiar chill to the fog with which the vessel was enveloped much of the time, and the course of the wind compelled the sails to be set, so as to prevent the possibility of a fire in the cabin. The weather was also very tempestuous. He arrived at New York on the 29th of April, extremely worn and enfeebled. For a few weeks he remained at Brooklyn, and there received the news of his mother's death on Sunday, the 11th of May, at the advanced age of eighty-two. The following was his reply to the telegraphic despatch which announced to him these tidings.

Brooklyn, May 12.

My dear Brother, — I received your despatch at the very moment when I had taken my pen to write to our dear mother, who is now, I hope, through the infinite mercy of our Saviour, among the glorified spirits in his kingdom. For her to die was gain. I had waited till to-day, hoping to get strength enough to write her; but now she is beyond all earthly communications, and needs no more our affection or sympathy.

When you stand at her grave, do not regard it as a land of darkness and the shadow of death, but rather as the only path to heaven. Let us bless God for the gospel, which abolishes death and brings life and immortality to light. Let us listen to our Saviour who says, I am the resurrection and the life, and promises to raise up at the last day all that die in him, as we doubt not our mother has. I shall be with you in spirit, though not in person.

Soon after his mother's death, Mr. Temple's brothers invited him to come to the old homestead at Reading and remain with them for a season. He gladly accepted the invitation; and for a few days, breathing again the fresh native air of his early home, was revived and cheered once more with the hope of yet recovering his health. The following letter was written on his arrival at Reading.

[To Mr. J. Howard.]

June 13.

My dear Sir, — Your great kindness to me and Mrs. T. assure me that it will not be without interest to you to learn something of our welfare since leaving Brooklyn.

[Mr. T. here gives some details of the journey from Brooklyn to the "dear old home of his childhood," and then continues: —]

It seemed to us, on arriving here, that if an angel had received a commission to make our way prosperous, little more could have been done. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." I trust we do in some good measure observe these things, and enjoy the comfort of feeling that they are tokens and proofs of our Heavenly Father's love.

I am very weak, but still think, on the whole, that I am better and stronger than when we left Brooklyn. My lungs seem to delight in breathing again the air they inhaled at the day of my birth and for more than twenty years after. The scenery all around charms me.

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In conclusion, I can only say that we cherish a

very lively and truly grateful sense and remembrance of your and Mrs. Howard's kindness. From us you look for no reward; but the great Rewarder will not forget what you have done.

The encouraging symptoms which cheered Mr. Temple, on coming to Reading, were of short duration. His strength diminished, and his hope of recovery, though not entirely destroyed, became fainter and fainter. He was really unable to write at all, but the love of his sons and his friends still led him occasionally to handle his pen, though he could do so only for short intervals at a time. Shortly after a visit which one of his sons was privileged to make him at this time, he wrote him the following letter, the last he traced with his own hand.

July 23.

My dear Son Charles, — We feel truly thankful for the visit you and our dear Lucretia were permitted to make us. It has refreshed our spirits, endeared you both to us, and made us happy by our anticipations of your prospects of mutual happiness and usefulness, should your lives be spared, in your new and most endeared connection.

25. — How was I delighted and charmed and edified to-day, by a visit from one of my old and most beloved Christian and missionary brethren, Mr. Byington, who has been among the Choctaws thirty years. He came with another broken down missionary, who arrived a fortnight ago from Ceylon. This interview of companions in tribulation and in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, was not a little affecting to

us. We kissed each other, I trust with a holy kiss, certainly the kiss of charity; we wept, we dwelt on the amazing love of God and Christ, we recounted the mercies of God to us in all the scenes and changes of life, we revived our hopes by the precious promises of the Gospel, and parted with a short, edifying prayer by Mr. Byington. I lay down a part of this time, and think I am not injured by the scene. Mr. B. told us how the sermons he has heard among us appear to him. But I wait for another time to tell you.

26. — He spoke of one sermon in which were almost no quotations from the Holy Scriptures. He thought the Scriptures should shine in and adorn all sermons, as the stars do the firmament of heaven. Dark indeed would that be without the stars, even though millions of tapers and torches were lighted on every hill and mountain here below. Is not this a beautiful, striking, and just thought? What light do all the fancies and figures of rhetoric give in a sermon, when compared with the word of God?

29. — Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Goodell made us a most edifying visit. He is one of the most thorough Bible men that I have yet known, knowing not merely its letter, but also in an unusual manner its spirit. He remarked that God calls himself I AM. Does not this imply that he is to each what each needs? Are you a sinner? I am ready to pardon. Are you weak? I am strong. Are you in darkness? I am light. Are you dying? I am alive for ever. You see the drift of his thoughts on the subject. At parting we sung,

"My faith looks up to thee,"

and he offered a pertinent prayer, like a heaven-born son. Were all ministers like him, how changed the church would be!

Mr. Temple's course was now nearly run. He was exceedingly prostrated by the extremely hot weather and the gradual failing of his powers. He still remembered his friends, however, and being unable to write himself, dictated to his wife. The following extract is made from the last letter in which he ever had a part.

[To Mr. John Bement.]

My dear Christian Brother,—It gives me great joy to address you by this endeared appellation. My heart loves you and bounds towards you. My earnest prayer is, that the remnant of your days may be distinguished by rapid growth in knowledge and grace, by the fulness of Christian joy and peace, by ever brightening hopes of heaven, that you may constantly enjoy what God has in infinite mercy granted me during all my illness, and still continues to grant.

Death came to Mr. Temple, as it comes to almost every one, at an hour not looked for. Until within a few hours of his death, he had no immediate apprehension of its approach, though he knew that he had little if any prospect of more than a few months of life. It found him weak, able to speak only in a whisper, but not in the least alarmed or startled. He said to his wife, "I think I am going," and with a parting kiss, thanked her a thousand times for her kindness and tender care, and said that no words

could tell the strength of his love for her. He then asked successively for each of the unconverted persons in the house, and, with the ruling passion strong in death, urged them to secure their soul's salvation. He was asked what message he would send to his sons, and said, "Nothing new; they know how much I love them; tell them to follow on." He said he had no rapturous views of Christ's presence, but felt that he was near, and added, "We walk by faith now, and not by sight." He gradually failed, and at eight in the morning of Saturday, the 9th day of August, fell asleep.

On the Wednesday following, the funeral services were held at the Bethesda church. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. Goodell, and prayer was offered by Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D. The secretaries and several members of the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. were present, and many clergymen and Christian friends from the vicinity.

There were incidents connected with Mr. Temple's last days, the contemplation of which suggests the pleasing thought, that even the delicate fitnesses of things are largely regarded in the orderings of Divine Providence.

The interview between him and Mr. Goodell, with its touching meditations upon the character of the great I AM, was one of them. Could the nicest taste have dictated any thing more gratifying or consoling to Mr. Temple in his last sickness, than this unexpected meeting with the cherished friend of his

youth, and all his after-life, from whom it had been one of the trials of his last years to be so far removed? What could have been more fit than for him, after describing it, to lay down his pen, and take it no more?

It was also a circumstance of touching interest, that he should finish his days at the parental home. He died at the old homestead sketched on the title-page, where his parents and grandparents died before him, and where he and his father were born. At the hour of his death, the old elm-tree under which he played when a boy, flung its shade upon the house, and he was in full view of the poplar-tree which he had himself brought from Andover, while a student there, and set out at the corner of the road.

Mr. Goodell's part in the funeral services, is also a circumstance very pleasant to remember. Could any thing have been more in accordance with the feelings of relatives and friends, than that the surviving one of these two loving and beloved friends should preach the funeral sermon of the other?

It is pleasing to fancy that Nature herself was touched with the funeral scene; for, as the tearful group of mourners gathered close around the grave, and looked for the last time at the coffin laid in it, a passing cloud above them, for a moment obscuring the sun, stopped and mingled a few tear drops with theirs.

Shortly after their father's death, Mr. Temple's sons, one of them in Maine, the other in Illinois, preached upon the subject suggested by their recent great loss. From one of these discourses a few extracts have been made, for which, it is presumed, no apology will be deemed necessary.

"I cannot remember a single instance in which, when at home and not confined to his bed, he failed to conduct the morning and evening devotions of the house in the most artless, simple, and solemn manner. If any little incident had given a peculiar character to the day, it was always beautifully remembered at night, and any thing unusual in prospect at morning, was always embraced in the subjects of supplication. If either of the sons had been guilty of a serious fault, he often mentioned it in the kindest and most tender manner, asking that it might be repented of and forgiven. Every day the family had evidence that he passed a season by himself early in the morning, in prayer and reading of the Scriptures; for he generally went to his study and passed some minutes there, before meeting them. We often knew during the day that he had bowed his head over his well worn Bible, and uttered a brief prayer. At night he always went by himself and passed a short season before retiring to rest. To all the family it was well known that he delighted in prayer, that he 'continued instant in prayer.'

"His love of the Bible, and his acquaintance with its meaning and spirit, were remarkable. It was impossible to quote a passage from it wrongly before him, without being corrected; and he needed no concordance, for the Bible seemed to be all at his tongue's end. His use of the Scriptures was remarkably happy and appropriate. There could hardly be a circumstance in life, which would not remind him of some verse so well befitting it, and yet so fresh as to provoke at once surprise and delight. He would not suffer the Bible to be treated with disrespect, and

always rebuked the slightest disposition to trifle with its language. He constantly enjoined the study of it upon others, and often mourned that a more scriptural spirit did not characterize the ordinary preaching, and commonly received theology of the church. It is a sweet thought to his oldest son, that this love of the Bible was beautifully exhibited by his father, in the gift to him, as they parted the last time they were together, of an elegant Greek Testament, in which he had written, in the original language, the passage from James, 'Receive in meekness the ingrafted word which is able to save your souls.'

"As a preacher, he was remarkably simple, clear, and scriptural; and his efforts to reach individuals by direct personal conversation were very faithful and successful. I do not believe he ever neglected an opportunity for such efforts; and he often sought and found them when few others would have made the attempt. The number of persons thus reached, and apparently benefited, cannot be computed; but it is large. With so many persons was he brought in contact while abroad, and in his travels in this country, that I can think of individuals who called him their spiritual father, in the English army and navy, in our own merchant service, among travellers, American and English, among foreign residents at Malta and Smyrna and Constantinople, and at numerous points in this country."

The few following passages, from various acquaintances of Mr. Temple, are the only ones selected from many in the possession of his surviving family, because no others could be brought within small com-

pass, without entirely destroying their appropriateness and completeness.

"Mr. Temple was a perpetual reproof to me. His holy life and conversation shamed me, and I may say that, during the entire year of our acquaintance, I never heard him say any thing, or exhibit any spirit which might not be said or cherished even in heaven. I would that I possessed his confidence in God, that I loved prayer so well, and that this world had so little power to make me wayward. I cannot but believe that he is with our dear Saviour, and is gladdened by the welcome of many a sinner who was awakened on earth by his instrumentality."

"Our dear friend was indeed a man of wonderful excellence. For godly simplicity and guilelessness, for Christian consistency and humility, for habitual devoutness and heavenliness of temper, for familiarity with the word of God, and communion with Christ, and for a kind and faithful discharge of his duty to men, I am compelled to feel that I have never known his equal. I desire to feel still, and more than ever, the power of his holy example, and I pray God that it may yet be so set forth to the world that great numbers may see his good works, and glorify God for his sake."

"In his conversation, in his prayers, in his whole appearance, there was something which continually reminded me of an apostle; a charm which quite won my heart, and was the subject of frequent and most emphatic remark in the company of young missionaries, with which I was connected. I doubt if the uninspired man has ever lived, whose constant

reference to the Scriptures was so strikingly apt, so inimitably beautiful.

"My wife and I bless God, that we were permitted to number him as one of our most faithful, most tried, and most Christlike friends. It has been an exceedingly pleasant reflection to us, that after so many years of sweet Christian fellowship, we were permitted to look upon his remains in death, and join with the multitude assembled in his native village, to lay them away in their long repose, without a single painful reminiscence."

The following passages from Mr. Goodell's sermon will appropriately close this volume:—

"More than forty years ago, the Holy Spirit of God softened his heart, and 'applied to him all the benefits of redemption;' and from that glad hour, the whole strong current of his thoughts and affections were turned into a new channel; and he set his face directly towards heaven. And how has it been with him during these forty years? Do you think it has been with him a simply walking on towards a distant and unseen heaven? No; it has rather been a walking along, from day to day, on the very borders of the promised land, where the opening vistas continually cheered him with the beautiful prospects. He was one of the happy few, who do not wait for the millennium to come to others; but he commenced his own millennium long, long ago. That is, he evidently endeavored to be as upright, as sincere, candid, gentle, kind, benevolent, economical, true, and good, as he expected everybody would be in the millennium."

"To those who were not personally acquainted with him, this language may appear extravagant; but on this subject, 'I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen.' Wherever he was found, whether at the academy, the college, or the theological seminary; whether at Malta or Smyrna; whether in the pulpit, at the press, or in the street; whether employed in that which was secular, or in that which was spiritual, — he was always recognized as a stranger here, 'whose citizenship was in heaven.' He had no occasion to say to men, that he 'was freeborn;' for his very manners and countenance attested to his high parentage and heavenly birth. He was trained to habits of economy from his youth, and these habits became, in riper years, sanctified by the Word of God, and by prayer. He received no salary during any part of his missionary life; and all the expenses of his household, and of the whole great printing establishment with which he was connected, (so far as the latter could be controlled by him,) were curtailed with special reference to the account he must render at the great day. All the money of the church, which passed into his hands for his own necessary expenses, or through his hands, as treasurer of the station, he ever most sacredly regarded as belonging, every farthing of it, to Christ; and he would no more think of using the very smallest part of it unnecessarily, or for his own personal gratification, than though the Lord Jesus had himself been the treasurer, to whom he had to send back his annual list of expenses."

"The three languages, of which he made constant use in his intercourse with men, were the English,

the Italian, and the Greek; and by his connection with the press, he may be said to have used also, to some extent, the Turkish, and the Armenian. His study of the Bible — the whole Bible — in various languages, from beginning to end, and his familiarity with the very language of the Bible, the copiousness and pertinency of his prayers, the seriousness of his deportment, the perfect ease with which he would introduce religious conversation, even of the most personal kind, and the truly Christian courteousness of his manner under the contradictions of cavillers, were all wonderful. So kind and courteous was he on all occasions, that I never knew him in any instance to give offence by his faithful, personal conversations with men, though he not only embraced every opportunity that naturally occurred for such conversations; but he sought opportunities and made them occur. His labors were blessed, wherever he went, and soldiers and sailors, as well as many others, look up to him as their spiritual father. No person could remain many hours in his family without beginning to feel deeply, that God himself was there in the family. Every stranger present at his family prayers would be almost sure to feel, that he was carried by him into the holy of holies, and placed directly before the mercy-seat, where he was drawing down upon himself and those around him the special attention of his Maker. Some (sea captains and others) who were providentially members of his family for several days, and thus came with him to the family altar, there learnt for the first time the way to the throne of grace, and how to worship God in spirit and in truth."

"In every place, and at all times, he was known as one of God's friends, — as one who 'waited for the Lord more than they who watch for the morning; I say more than they who watch for the morning.' Our Saviour once said of himself, 'The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.' I have often thought, that the same language might, though not absolutely, yet in a secondary sense, be used of our departed brother. When the prince of this world comes to men generally, he finds much in them, that immediately takes hold of his baits; but the world might come up in ten thousand ordinary forms before the mind of our departed brother, without finding any thing in him to correspond to the temptations presented. That is, most of those forms, which so inflame the passions of worldly men, had long ceased to have any effect on him, or rather they excited in him only such affections as are pure and holy. And why? Because he 'was dead to the world, and alive to God.'

"The first time I saw him after my arrival in this country, though he was unable to speak a loud word, he whispered in my ear, 'I am a happy man.' And indeed it was so. Every thought of his seemed a happy thought. Every view he had of eternal things was a bright view. Every prospect was a most cheering prospect. Not a passing cloud obscured his vision. The darkness was past, and the true light now shined with unwonted splendor. Indeed, he seemed to be already an occupant of one of the outer of those blessed mansions, which the Saviour went to prepare for his friends."

"In his dying moments he 'had no new command-

ment to give even to his own two sons, but only that which they had heard from his lips from the very beginning.' The only marked difference between his living behavior and his dying behavior seemed to be this — that his prayers, like those of David the Son of Jesse, were ended before the night of death came, and the blessed remainder was filled up with the most lively gratitude and thanksgiving, with holy joy and praise. 'I am looking forward to an eternity of holiness,' said he, in his own emphatic manner."

"Of his own character as a student, a companion, a son, a husband, a father, a preacher, a pastor, a sweet singer in Israel, I have said nothing; nor is it, indeed, necessary that I should. His 'praise is in all the churches' of Christ. I have spoken of him chiefly as 'a man of God.' And I only add, that 'he is not, for God has taken him.' 'He is not' — 'he is not' here — 'he is not' dead; but he still 'has life, and has it more abundantly' than ever before. 'I am the resurrection and the life,' said the Redeemer, as he stood up amidst our sepulchres, — 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this?' Yes, Lord; 'we will try to believe; help thou our unbelief.' Amen."

END.

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